Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER 1989

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

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L.A. WAR:
A BLOODY PICTORIAL EXPOSE OF LOS ANGELES' GANG WARFARE

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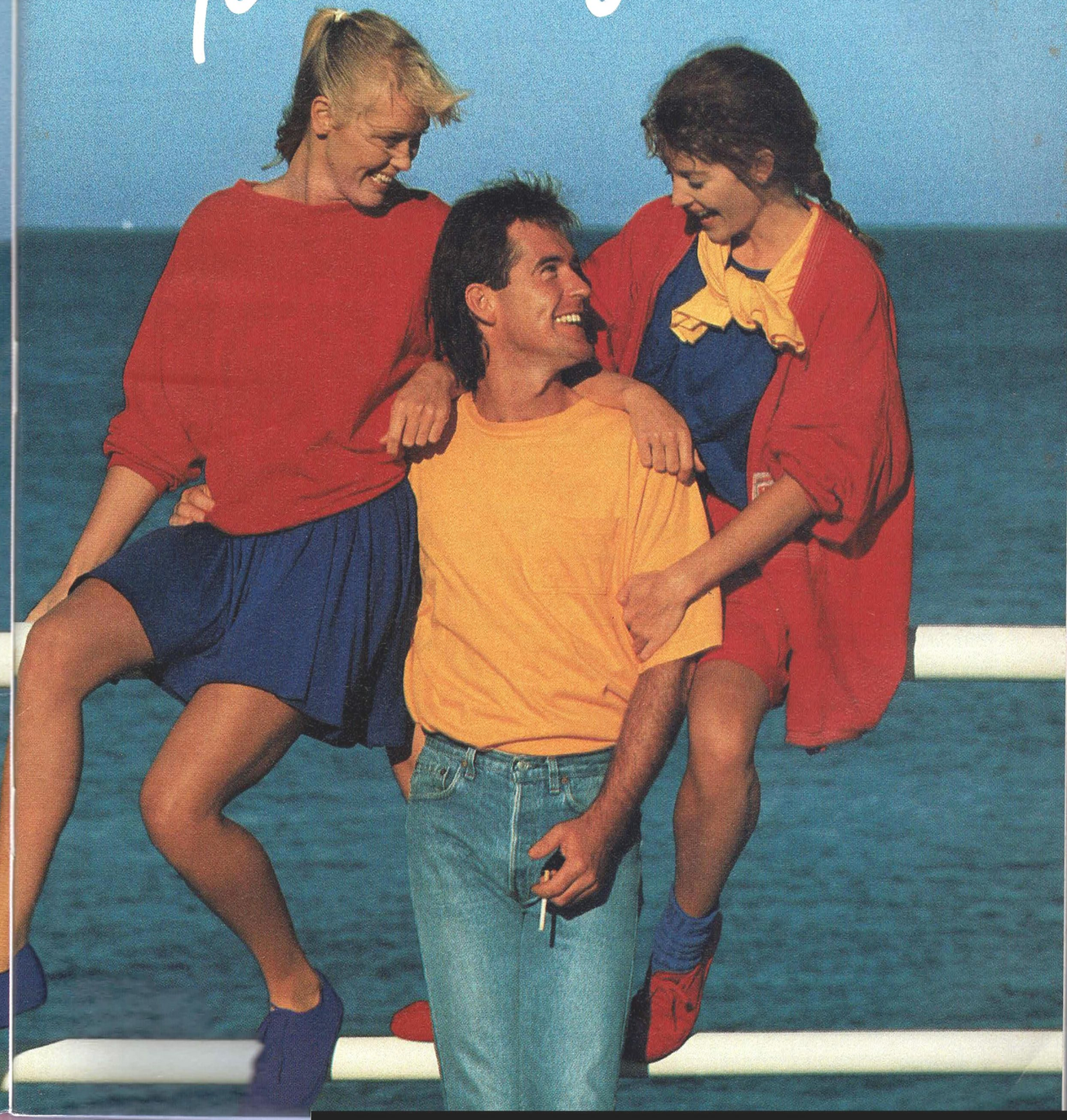

Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 9/September 1989 Black Label Edition

Cover by Suzie Sauvage

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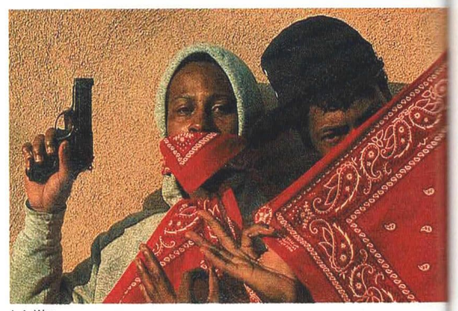
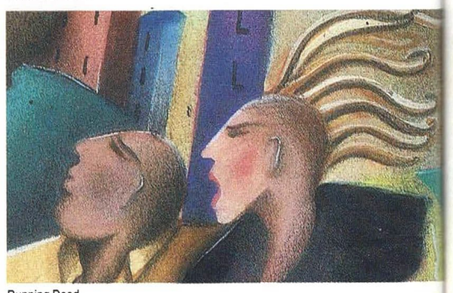
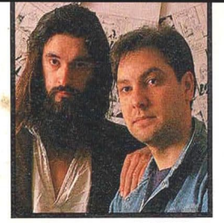

L.A. War

Pet of the Month

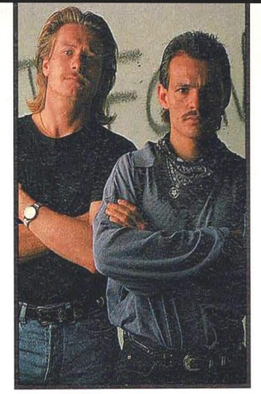

Running Dead

Bodyguard

KERRIE LEISHMAN


LUMSDEN AND DE VRIES

NIGEL BUCHANAN


MOLLER AND MILES

HOUSECALL

BODYGUARD
Clarry Wright used to be a contender, but got sick of being belted for peanuts. Christine Fox used to be a cop, but got sick of police harassment. Now they've teamed up in the bodyguard business — Wright is the guard and Fox is the body. That's the basis of a brand new *Penthouse* comic strip by writer **David de Vries** and artist **Glenn Lumsden**, the most successful comic team in Australia. The Bodyguard storylines are tight, tough, funny and erotically drawn, with plenty of satirical punch. The strip will be a regular monthly feature and an integral part of *Australian Penthouse*. We know you'll like it. Turn to page 135.

LA WAR PART 1
LA War is one of the most extraordinary pieces of photojournalism you'll ever see. **Wayne Miles**, photographer and writer, and his "minder" **Robert Moller** infiltrated the Los Angeles gang scene at great personal risk to bring back a unique photographic essay on the out-of-control crack war that is literally bringing America's largest city to its knees. The first instalment deals with the LA "gangbangers", as they're called. Next month looks at the authorities' desperate attempts to deal with them. Turn to page 34.

IAN BOTHAM INTERVIEW PART 2
Last month the big man spoke mainly of cricket. This second instalment of the interview with *Penthouse* Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** focusses on Botham The Man. The most controversial cricketer of our age faces up to a barrage of bouncers covering the major scandals that have rocked his career. **John Knight's** photo portrait is on page 50.

WATERHOUSE BLUES
Bookmaker Robbie Waterhouse has suffered dearly for his "prior knowledge" of a little scam called the Fine Cotton ring-in. He's already spent five years in the wilderness, with no apparent prospect of clemency. As **Neville Penton** poetically states on page 58, it might be okay to kick a man in the goolies while he's down, but does the AJC have to keep planting the boot till his tripe falls out?

FUTURE FUN
In many respects, the future of home entertainment is ready and waiting: digital TV, Video Compact Disc, Surround Sound, total remote control, split-screen VCRs, voice-activated computer systems . . . Can you imagine how all this stuff is going to be put together to create the complete home entertainment system? **Gary Oliver** looks at the fantastic possibilities on page 74. The illustration is by **Nigel Buchanan**.

RUNNING DEAD
Mark Noakes is a hard-nosed repo man with a liking for flash women and literary allusions. Superintendant Charles Colby is nicknamed "Cutter" — and not just because he takes a cut of every dirty business in town. All hell breaks loose when the two of them cross swords. Superb, high-powered fiction from **John Baxter**, illustrated by **Kerrie Leishman**. It starts on page 54.

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

War on sex

I have just finished reading your article "The War On Sex" (April '89) and I want to commend you on a job well done. I felt the article was well-written, well-researched and, most importantly, gave both sides of the story.

Personally, I think the whole issue has been blown completely out of perspective. One of the announcers on our local radio station recently interviewed author Sidney Sheldon and asked for his views on censorship. Mr Sheldon replied, "I think censorship is justified when it protects children, but nobody should be telling adults what they can and can't read or watch." To date, that is the most intelligent thing I've heard anyone say about the subject.

Anyway, keep up the good work. I know myself and the other 128,136 *Australian Penthouse* buyers are behind you all the way. — *B. Williams, Lismore, NSW*

Blood sport

The article entitled "Fighting Cocks" in the March '89 issue made me feel ill. The cruel practice of cockfighting is one of the most sickening and shameful pastimes invented by mankind. These birds are sentenced to pain and suffering from the outset. What kind of "sport" is that?

While believing that such issues should be brought to the attention of Australian readers, I am appalled at the way in which the article was written. The author fails to present a balanced or objective viewpoint. "Satisfying", he calls it. It's certainly not satisfying for the unfortunate participants. Because it provides entertainment, profit and jobs and is "part of the Philippine culture", he would have us believe that it is justified. Is it?

I only hope that other readers of *Australian Penthouse* have enough intelligence and compassion to see the other side of a story and oppose this terrible form of cruelty. — *S. Reid, Katoomba, NSW*

Spectacular Angie

I wish to congratulate you on your choice of Angie Burton as May '89 Pet Of The Month. With such a spectacular debut in the modelling world Angie will certainly go places — fast. I previously bought your magazine infrequently but have now subscribed to your Black Label Edition and

Vanessa Walton . . . elegant brunette

hope to see more of the captivating Angie when she becomes Pet Of The Year. — *L.S., Buddina, Qld*

No gentleman

Your June '89 Pet Of The Month Vanessa Walton was mesmerisingly, exquisitely beautiful. It's always refreshing to see an elegant brunette in your pages, given your apparent fondness for blondes. I've got nothing against blondes, mind you, I simply don't subscribe to the theory that just because a woman bleaches her hair she is somehow sexier in the public's eye than a natural brunette. Gentlemen may prefer blondes but I never did lay much claim to being a gentleman. — *R. Blake, Sydney, NSW*

Informed fan

I was amused and informed by your story "Gotham And Gomorrah" (June '89) by unashamed voyeur Al Goldstein. It is stories such as this one and your copious use of good cartoons in each issue that make yours my favorite Australian magazine. — *L. Quaid, Forster, NSW*

Al Goldstein is the only guy I know who writes exclusively about his own sex life. I'm not just referring to Gotham And Gomorrah (June *Penthouse*), but to all the man's scribblings over the years. Pardon me, but does Goldstein really think readers could give a shit where he puts it every other day? It's one thing to brag about sexual conquests to your mates, another to insist they be listed on the Stock Exchange. I agree that he's a good, if somewhat obsessive, writer but his self-indulgent reminiscences do not turn me on. If you'll excuse the expression, he should be instructed to pull himself out of his stories. — *G.M. Marsh, Brisbane, Qld*

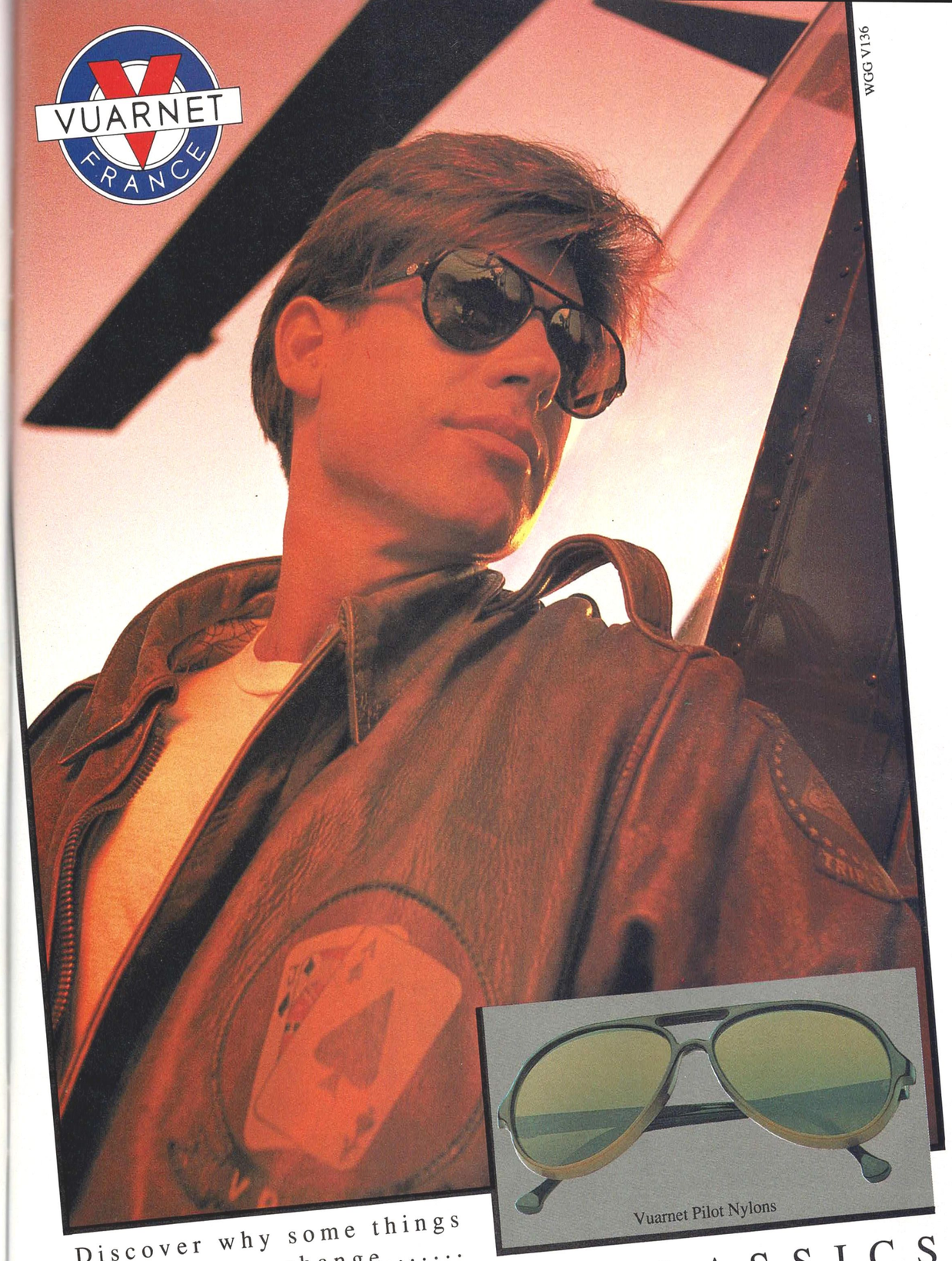
Fitness forum

Congratulations on your story "Fitness Forum" (June '89). It was a good insight into the psychology of some of our best sportsmen and I'm sure I'm not alone among your readers when I say that *Penthouse's* commitment to quality stories about Australian sport sets it apart from just about every other general entertainment magazine.

I had to laugh when I read Jeff Fenech's boast that he couldn't give his all in a fight unless he'd had sex the previous night and that his bedroom bouts were never quick on/off jobs because he really had to "perform" in the sack. So now he's hung up his gloves and we eagerly await his performance on the football field. I'm sure there are more than a few League players who are just itching to teach him the rudiments of wham-bam-thankyou-man. — *M. Scott, Kogarah, NSW*

Handy hints

Aunt Matilda's Handy Hints For Bachelors (June *Penthouse*) changed my life. The grande dame's hints on everything from skidmarks to spring cleaning gave me the confidence I need to live the way I've always wanted to — *without guilt.* I've recommended the article to my mates and we're all much happier and content within ourselves. Who needs a mother when you've got Aunt Matilda? Here's one more hint I reckon should be added: when girls drop by and start whining about your shocking living conditions, why not tell them they are your only hope of survival? If that doesn't work, proceed to the pub. — *R.J. Hammer, Newcastle, NSW*



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DARREN TAYLOR

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AGE: 29.
PROFESSION: Master Chef and owner of French style restaurant/guesthouse.
HOBBY: Playing sax – music is the food of love.

LAST BOOK READ: "Rude Food" Thorpe.
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Cooking dinner for the King of Spain. "Everyone should eat like a king".
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: Cooking is technique and romance. You must be in love and in love with cooking to be a truly great chef.
QUOTE: "Good food is like art, it should be for everyone not just kings."
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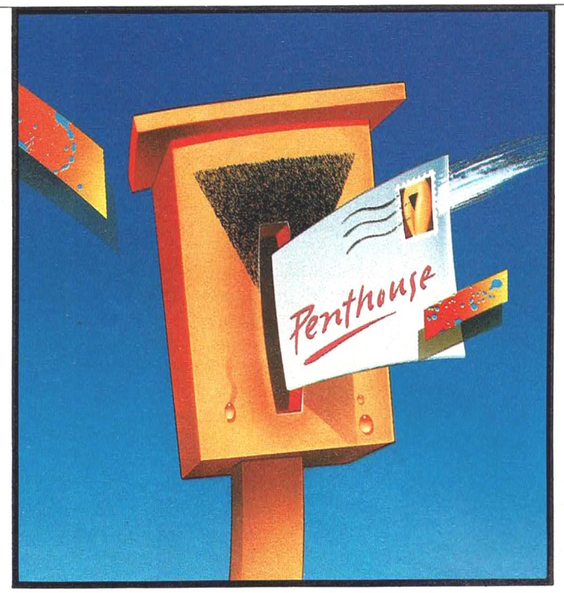
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Monster cock

I am a sexually uninhibited woman of 18. Next year I start uni and I can't wait to enjoy the endless crop of young studs available. I love men, and the bigger the cock, the better. I'm one of those women to whom size *does* make a difference!

I am about 165 cms tall and quite proud of my 38C breasts, coupled with my 20-inch waist and rounded hips. I've worked hard to keep my figure and like nothing better than to devour a man with it. My problem stems from my inability to come unless fucked to exhaustion by a huge cock. Needless to say, those don't come about that often. My last encounter had ten-and-a-half inches (I always measure), but he lacked the technique to truly master such a magnificent tool.

It is very difficult to spot big dicks. A good-sized bulge doesn't always mean a large cock. In fact, my most recent experience, which prompted me to write this letter for all to enjoy, was somewhat of a surprise — a *big* surprise! One particularly hot and sunny afternoon, I went out jogging. I was wearing tight light-blue jogging shorts and a white cutoff T-shirt that bared my midriff. My firm, jutting tits kept the shirt away from my stomach and chest, allowing a cool breeze to rush over my chest, cooling me off. I had passed a man mowing his yard and he looked *very* interesting. He had a nice body, but he certainly didn't lift weights. He had smiled as I ran by, so I took a loop around the block to catch a little more. He was walking a bag of grass to the curb as I neared him. I stopped and said hello while crouching to catch my breath. "Hi," I said. "Looks like this heat has got to you, too!" His shirt was soaked with sweat, and so were his light-weight grey shorts, revealing the outline of a very promising cock. My own shirt was sweat-soaked as well, and he nervously stared at my hardening nipples, which were quite visible through the wet material. "Would you like to cool off with a glass of lemonade?" he said. "Sure, I need a break, anyway!" I replied. Off we went into his house.



We sat on bar stools in his kitchen as he nervously poured us each a drink. We made small talk, I stealing glances at his crotch, and he totally absorbed with my tits. I could tell he was relaxing, because the outline of his dick beneath the shorts was growing longer and fatter. He explained that he had been divorced about a year and had not yet been intimate with another woman. He said that a beauty like me made it very difficult for him to maintain control. "Then let it go," I said, now looking directly at his crotch. With these words his cock began to surge toward erection, the head coming to view at the end of his shorts. It must have been at least eight inches long at this point, and I was thrilled to see it continue to grow on its journey toward my snatch. He leaned forward, grabbing my tits in his hands, and pulled me toward him for a long, heavenly kiss. I reached down to grab the biggest hunk of meat I had ever seen and found that I could not encircle its entire girth with my hand. I shuddered at the thought of what this pole must look and feel like when untethered. I finally told him to stand up.

Kneeling in front of him, I slowly lowered his shorts to savor every inch of his enormous cock. I hesitated at the tip, seeing him wince as his love hammer surged with an incredible hard-on. Suddenly his banger sprang free, brushing my face as it pulsated to full glorious erection. I watched in amazement as it rose to a 45-degree angle, the veins in its sides throbbing, pushing it to full extension. "I have to know," I said. "What?" he replied. "How long is it?" I panted. "I don't really know. Why don't you measure it?" he smiled. He reached into a nearby drawer for a 12-inch ruler. I placed it on top of his telephone pole, and to my amazement it passed the 12-inch mark by another half-inch. "Twelve-and-a-half loving inches!" I exclaimed, and wrapped both my hands around this cock with long slow strokes.

I tongued that big pulsating head for all I was worth, sucking as far down his shaft as I could possibly go. I made do by pumping my hands on the base of his pole until I could feel that he was about ready to explode. He could stand no more, shooting a surge of delicious hot come down my throat and around my mouth. I kept sucking at this wondrous tool and he instantly sprang back to attention, hungry for more. I was only too happy to oblige, and tore off my skimpy jogging outfit. He rolled one hard nipple with the fingers of one hand, while his other grabbed his long, hard, hot cock and slowly drove it into my waiting pussy. We both watched as his big dick slowly entered my hole, every beautiful inch sending waves of pleasure through me. As he quickened his strokes, I grabbed on to his remaining meat outside of my pussy, feeling it expand as he came again.

I needed more of this guy's huge prick, not wanting this to ever end. "Fuck my tits," I begged. "Stick that huge long dong between my huge tits!" He loved that, and straddled me as I lay on the floor, his cock dangling over me like a drawbridge. He slid it slowly between my mounds and into my waiting mouth, which sucked eagerly with each long thrust. After a while I could see his cock expanding for yet another explosion. "Yes!" I quivered, pausing for breath. "Come in my mouth again, let that big cock pour your delicious sweet come

down my throat!" The sight alone of his huge dong pulsing hot spurts of come into my mouth sent me into a frenzy. I came, too, in another totally outrageous climax.

I grabbed his cock with both hands, finally seeing it begin to shrink, spent from our afternoon interlude. I gently laid it on my stomach and marvelled at its length even when partially soft. I jog by his house every chance I get. Now and then I'll taste his monster cock again. I don't think I will ever be able to top this 12-and-a-half incher, but I'm always on the lookout for some fresh meat! — *Name and address withheld*

April showers

I should have realised what was going on a couple of weeks ago when April, my wife, quizzed me about my sexual fantasies. Anyway, last Friday after work April met me at the door and told me to have a quick shower as we would be going out for dinner. Just as I was about to get out, she called to me from the dining room. I put on a towel and, still dripping, went to see what she wanted.

The sight that greeted me instantly turned my cock into a volcanic plug. April is not what you would call ugly. Tall, with long brunette hair, her greatest assets are her long slender legs and beautiful feet (my two weaknesses). She stood in the living room wearing nothing but high heeled shoes and a red cut-away singlet. One slender leg raised on a chair afforded me an excellent view of her ample bush.

"Kiss my foot, slave," she commanded. I walked in front of her, dropped to my knees and began to kiss and tongue her beautiful foot. April stood like a statue, feigning disinterest. I slowly ran the tip of my tongue up her beautifully silky calf and inner thigh. Cool as a cucumber, she didn't react.

When I touched her slit, and ran my tongue the full length of it, she let out a soft moan and instinctively pulled her pussy lips apart, so I could see the redness of her watery vagina.

"Come on me," she moaned, as I ran my flicking tongue all over the delicate internal walls of her ribbed, fleshy pussy hole. I grabbed my already throbbing cock and feverishly rubbed the sensitive undertip.

April's moans built to a crescendo, and she pushed my face deeper into her love box as an intense orgasm caused her whole body to shudder. Simultaneously I spurted huge gobs of thick, white come on to her foot. A single drop of perspiration ran down her leg, and with some come dripped between her beautiful toes. The slippery, whitish fluid glistened beside her brilliant red nail polish.

As (for the time being) I was unable to satisfy April's voracious sexual appetite, I pushed her on to the dining room table and smeared some of my come on her chest and firm tits. April then reached beside her, grabbed her largest vibrator, and handed it to me.

She lay on the dining room table with her legs apart. She gasped and arched her back as I pushed the humming vibrator all the way into her body. The buzzing dildo soon had four hands guiding it to its mark as April put her hands on mine and pushed the ridged tool deeper into her delicate snatch. Her juices, thick and hot, covered the surrogate cock and produced delightful slurping noises as April squealed dramatically before her body went limp.

"My pussy," whispered April. "Stick your tongue deep into my pussy hole and suck me out. Clean up all those sticky juices."

Once again I found my face buried in April's slit, tasting the spoils of love. When her pussy was clean, April rolled over on the table. Her beautiful rounded bum and pouting cunt sent a tingle of revival through my cock.

My wife moaned as I placed my two hands on her tight arse, and gently pulled apart the cheeks.

"Yes," she said. "Suck my arse, fuck my big arse." April was now straddling the table and when I guided my cock towards her firm arse, she clenched hard on the table sides.

She let out a scream when I pushed my swollen knob into her small brown hole, then a long, loud moan as I pushed it in, and then drew it out of her crack. Finally I pushed my poker as deep as I could into her tight arsehole and squirted what seemed like gallons of come deep into her. After I pulled my cock out, her anus, twitching and dripping with sperm, returned to its normal size. I can't think of a better way to spend a Friday night. — *Name and address withheld*

Sexual pursuit

I recently had a sexual encounter with a unique twist that put a real spike on our erotic pleasure. I met Beth through an ad I placed in a local newspaper, seeking to make contact with a young woman to share "music, magic, romance, and passion." She answered with a very interesting note, including her phone number. After our initial telephone conversation and later meeting for a drink, we arrived at the conclusion that we both wanted to explore as many avenues of sexual stimulation as possible. We agreed to meet at her place, where we would begin the evening with a game of "strip" Trivial Pursuit. The rules would be identical to the original game, except that with each wrong answer, the player would lose one piece of clothing of the opponent's

ACCUSED

THE MEN WHO RAPED HER.

ACCUSED

THE MEN WHO STOOD AND CHEERED.

ACCUSED

THE WOMAN CONDEMNED FOR PROVOKING THEM.

JODIE
FOSTER

KELLY
McGILLIS

THE ACCUSED

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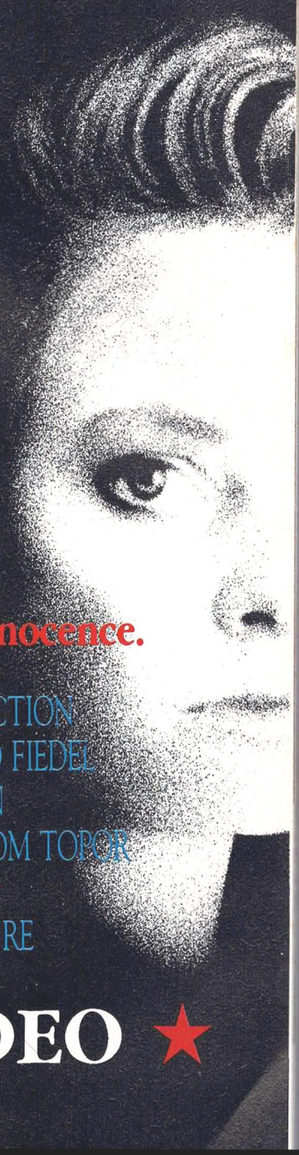

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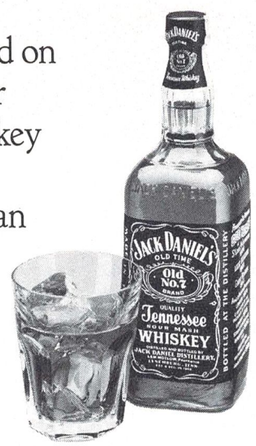

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FORUM

choosing. Each player would answer only one question per turn until one had lost everything.

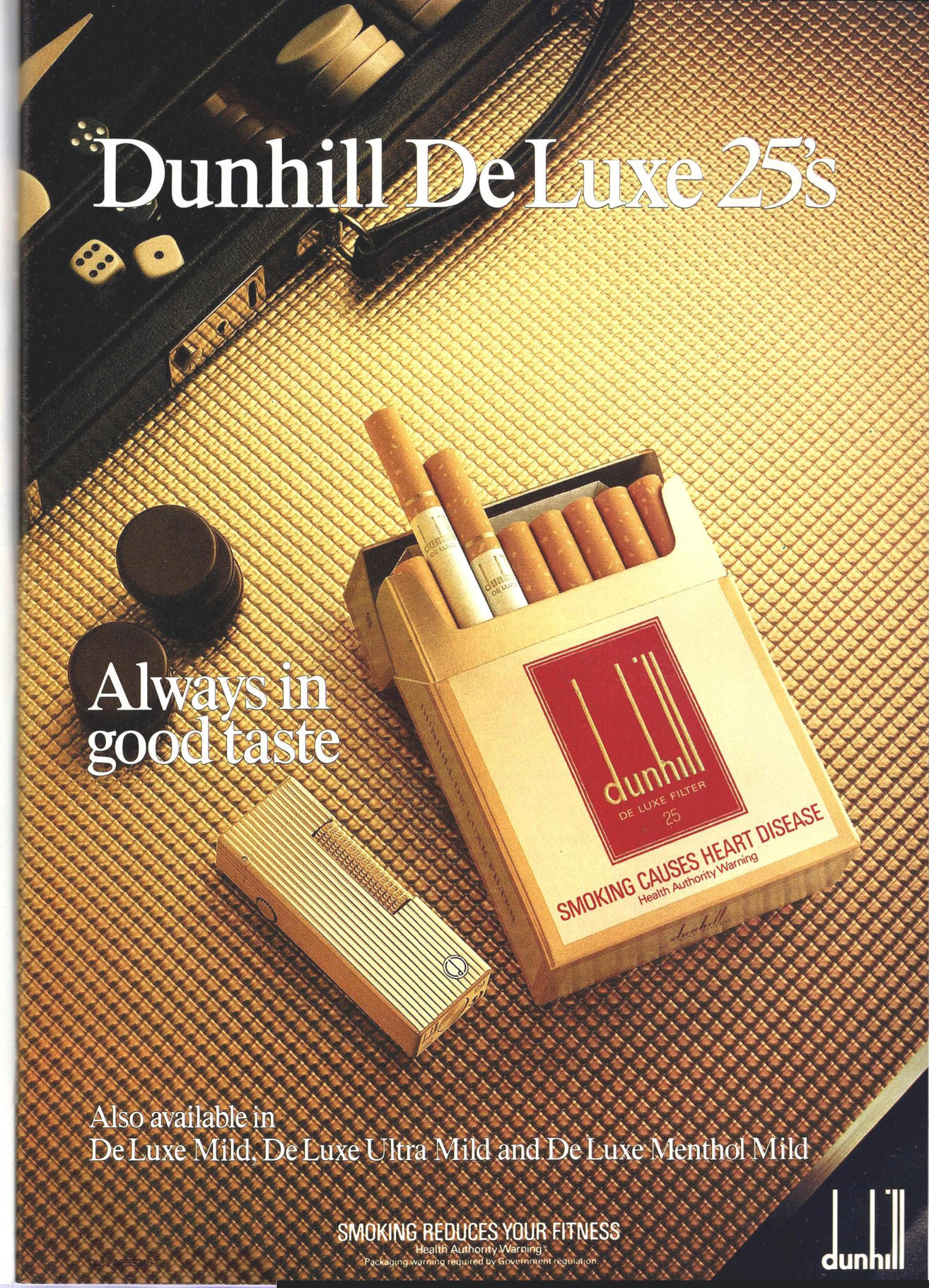
I arrived at her place to find the board set up in the living room, a fire in the fireplace, and soft music on the stereo. Beth has a striking figure, short black hair and huge brown eyes. She had on a pantsuit she'd worn at the office. During our pre-game drink, she protested that she was sure she would fare terribly at the game. Feeling confident, I stood up, "spotted" her a jacket and tie, and we began.

Initially, things were going much according to her predictions. After several rounds, I had lost only my shoes while busily claiming her shoes, jacket, earrings, pants, and blouse. Of course, with the removal of each piece of clothing, I took the time to kiss and caress the piece of newly exposed flesh. Beth has very nice breasts — large and firm. They were barely supported by the lacy black bra that I discovered as I unbuttoned and kissed her out of her blouse. The pantyhose were next, unveiling the matching black panties.

We were both quite aroused by now, and I was beginning to wonder if Beth might be intentionally "throwing" the game. A rude awakening followed shortly. In a few short rounds I was down to my shorts and T-shirt, while she remained in her frilly underthings. It was obvious that her competitive nature was not going to let her throw anything — she was prepared to battle to the end. I got a break and answered an easy question on my next turn, while Beth missed hers. With anxious fingers, I unhooked her bra, bringing her gorgeous breasts into full view. I bought some extra time by letting my mouth travel every sensitive inch of each bosom, driving Beth deeper into the throes of passion. She ground her pantied hips into mine as I continued to pleasure her with my lips and tongue.

Finally, I took my turn and got another question right. Once again, she missed hers. In a move of supreme confidence, I elected not to go for her panties, but to give her one more chance by removing her gold necklace. It almost proved to be my undoing, for in the next round I missed my question, losing my T-shirt, while she answered hers correctly. We were both down to one piece of clothing each, and the next round would decide who'd be naked.

My next roll enabled me to move to a sports question, where I correctly identifed a retired football player. Now it was Beth's turn. Her science question was "What is the name of the Egyptian sun god?" From the initial look of frustration on her face, I knew the game was over. While she protested weakly about



the degree of difficulty of our respective questions, I laid her down on the carpet and knelt beside her. As she fell silent, I inquired, "And your answer is . . . ?" She closed her eyes and whispered, "Take my panties." The delight with which I slid her silky underpants over her bottom and down her legs can scarcely be described. Beneath I found a perfectly shaped bush of black pubic hair barely covering her pouting vaginal lips. Her panties were already wet, indicating that her arousal was at least equal to my own.

I buried my face in her delicious lovenest, and she was soon moaning and thrusting her hips into me spasmodically. After 15 minutes of pulsating foreplay, I swept her into my arms and carried her back to her bedroom, scattering her cats that had collected on the furniture to watch our "contest." There we drank deeply the wine of our passion for the rest of the evening until we were both spent and satisfied. It was an experience we shall not soon forget. But I can't help but wonder if Beth had really never heard of Ra before. — *Name and address withheld*

Fast friends

The most gratifying experience happened to me recently. On Saturday nights I stay at my boyfriend Joe's house — which gives me great pleasure. There are usually a few people there ready to party hard and I always have a great time. Last week my boyfriend invited his new neighbor, a very handsome black man. As the night wore on, I found myself incredibly attracted to Joe's friend. I was so horny that I asked Scott, my new sexual interest, to dance with me. There were some other couples there already getting it on, so he jumped at the chance to get close to me. Joe smiled and under his watchful eye, Scott and I danced for most of the evening. You see, Joe likes to see me fuck other guys — just as long as he knows the dude. By now I was really getting turned on, kissing and rubbing myself against Scott.

It was getting quite late and all of the other couples left, leaving me with two gorgeous horny men. I was so excited, I smiled ear to ear with anticipation. Joe lowered the lights in the living room and put some soft music on the stereo. This really set the mood, and I asked Scott if he would fuck me while Joe watched. Right in the middle of the room, Scott took out his prick. It was beautiful — so thick and dark that I almost came right there in my panties. He pushed me down on my knees and I gently grabbed his cock with both hands. I caressed him, moaning that he had such a lovely prick and I wanted him in my mouth. Scott smiled and pumped his purple head down my throat as far as I could swallow it. He came very fast — it was the most come I ever sucked from a guy. I kept on sucking his beautiful tool. Scott sighed and became hard again — I was amazed at this man's stamina, and I was eager for a fuck.

Scott lifted me up to him and caressed my body, concentrating on my breasts. He pinched my nipples and they became twin peaks of pleasure. I ground my crotch into his hard, muscular thigh. Scott knew that I really needed more than just a kiss, and he brought me over to the couch. Meanwhile Joe was bopping his bippy and watching us both intensely, urging us on.

Scott worked his way down to my pussy with his tongue until he found my pleasure centre. I came fast and wanted this man to fill me in the worst way. I like to do it doggie-style, so I got back on the floor on all fours. When I looked up, all I could see was an enormous black prick in my face. I was totally aroused as Scott walked behind me and positioned himself for action. I could feel his dick resting against my cunt lips. He waited a second, then rammed his meat all the way in. I screamed with relief and desire.

Seeing how turned on I was, Joe got a large mirror and placed it behind both me and Scott so that I could see his prick going in and coming out of me. Pretty soon, I couldn't take it any longer. It was a beautiful sight — a huge black prick going in and out of my white golden-blonde pussy. I yelled encouragements with sheer delight, and finally both Scott and I came together.

The next day my pussy was pleasantly sore. Both Joe and I were completely satisfied with our encounter — we asked Scott over again the next evening, and the three of us have been going at it ever since. — *Name and address withtheld*

New boy in town

I'm an 18-year-old who'd like to share my exciting story with you. It was a typical night in March at the local restaurant where I work. Things were slow and we were all tired, edgy, and ready to go home. As I was cleaning the windows, a nice-looking guy walked in. Being the flirt that I am, I easily started a conversation with him. I found out that his name was Glenn and he was from interstate. After taking his order I quickly pointed out to my fellow waitress and girlfriend this great-looking hunk patiently waiting for his food to come from the kitchen. She promptly walked over and invited him to go out with us after work for some drinks so that he could get to know our little town. I didn't really like the idea — after all, he was a stranger from a big city; he could be an axe murderer for all I knew — but I reluctantly went along with them.

Continued on page 122

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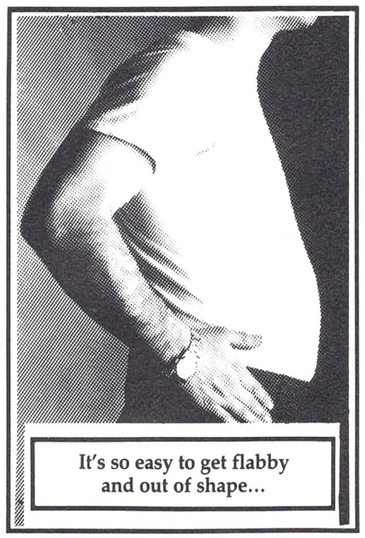

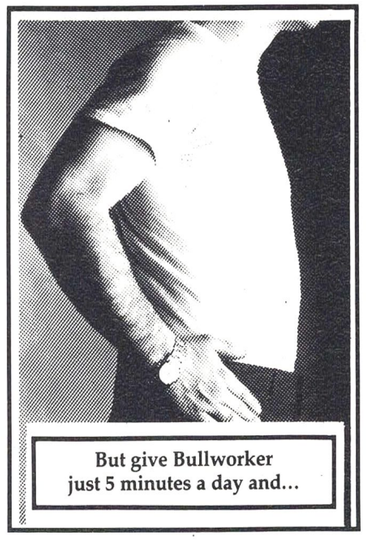

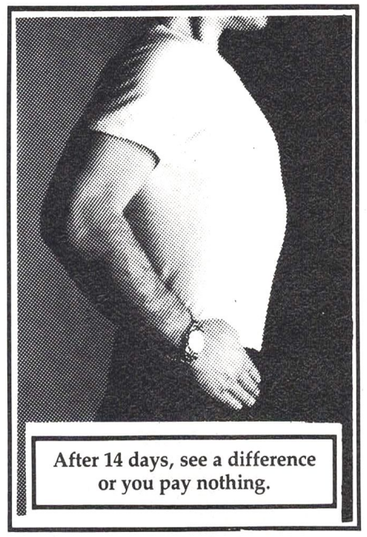

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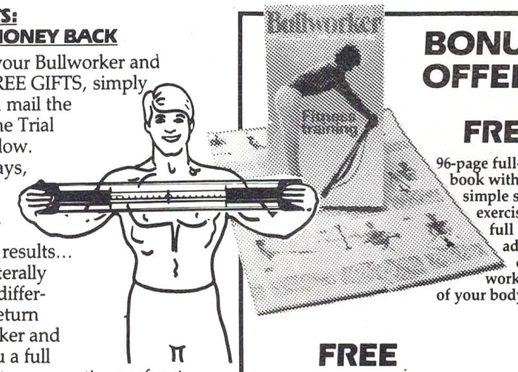

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Sins

ANGER

A GUTFUL OF DOLLARS

Bring back the days when talk was cheap

Money talks. It never shuts up. It dominates a conversation so that nothing else can be heard above the dull roar. It used to be that only unimaginative cretins with nothing else to recommend them crapped on about money incessantly. But now it's nearly everyone.

Meeting a new person is akin to being interrogated by a finance company: "What do you do? So what's that nett you a year? Whereabouts do you live? Renting or buying? So what sort of outgoings do you have? What sort of car do you drive? So what did that cost you?"

It's partly the fault of the media, who've elevated businessmen into candidates for canonisation. Seedy little dorks whose only accomplishment in life is to amass stacks of loot are treated as if they were sporting champions or rock stars. Money men are greeted by reporters at the airport as if they'd just returned from exploring outer space or negotiating global arms treaties. Stuffy business news that was once thankfully buried in the depths of the newspapers is emblazoned across the front page so that we can all be enthralled by how many trillions some corporation has just made in a takeover.

And money is apparently equal to talent or courage. As well as seeing sentences starting with "Pulitzer Prize-winning Whoever" or "So and so, who won a VC in Vietnam," we can note stories beginning: "180,000 per annum-earning Thingie" or "So and so, who's worth over a billion . . ."

But everyone — even people who are having major problems paying off their Bankcard or stopping their car from being repoed — seems to be drooling to discuss the buck at the moment. Try talking to most people about anything at all and observe how quickly the conversation degenerates into money. It takes between 30 seconds and two minutes.

As an example, imagine that you mention a movie you've seen. Shortly you'll be talking about box office figures, what it grossed in its first week, whether it's broken even yet, what the lead actors were paid, how much Steven Spielberg is worth, what someone like Paul Newman must make in residuals, why the government should restore the tax write-off so people can invest in films again . . . An innocent topic like your holiday quickly turns into an impassioned analysis of tariffs, air fares, hotel charges, duty-free goods, exchange rates, and the big bikkies to be made in tourism for a smart operator. What you paid, spent and bought is of far more interest to people than what you did, saw or thought.

At art gallery exhibition openings, people used to get pissed and discuss the nuance of particular brushstrokes, the mood conveyed by a painting and who the artist was fucking at the time. They still get pissed, but the conversation now is more along the lines of: "Well, we were so lucky, you know, as we bought one of her etchings back in '83 and it was only $600 — yes, can you believe it? — and now of course it's quadrupled. We want to hang on to it for a few more years and just see what happens."

Hosts/hostesses at dinner parties bring out the wine and without even being prompted launch into a soliloquy about the wine's rarity and value. It is a designer label, naturally, and they bought a case of the plonk as an investment, you know. People do the same with drugs so that you feel as if it would be almost bad form to guzzle or snort the stuff — even though it's being offered.

It probably all began at the time when people who could hardly even balance their cheque books leaped gaily into the stockmarket and made overnight killings. A new jargon ensued at social gatherings and people sitting intimately together in the corner at parties were most likely to be discussing the futures index. And people whose properties had tripled in value overnight were so thrilled that, like the newborn baby, they dashed around informing everyone of their superb good fortune.

Things have receded since then, and any cab driver will assure you that the stock market is about to crash (properly this time) and that the next Great Depression is nigh. But people are still wanking on about money as if it were the only interesting thing left to talk about. Worst of all are the people who feel they have to drop brand names. They make the classic mistake of feeling money bestows nobility upon its owner, and adopt disgusting mannerisms which they think are aristocratic.

An evening out with a money man is always obscene. Eager to impress not only the girl but the whole restaurant — fellow diners and staff included — he'll enquire whether his *Porsche* will be safe parked outside. Then he'll check that they'll take his *Gold Card* and ask if the establishment serves *Bollinger*. Treating the waiter like some sort of feudal serf, he'll

Illustration by Donna Cross

snappishly order and then ease into a monologue about how loaded he is and the incredible status and privilege this affords him. He'll wave his Amex around like a carrot in front of a sluggish mule and let a plethora of cards concertina seductively from his wallet. He'll tenderly divulge to his date the amount of his credit limit and lean back with a challenging glint in his beady eyes.

Money matrons are just as bad. With the crash they deserted their corporate husbands in droves and now lunch a lot with one another to discuss alimony and fun ways of spending it. Taking Krystal in *Dynasty* as their role model, they vie with one another for the biggest shoulder pads, the most money given to charity and the most expensive shrinks.

Next time you feel tempted to announce your take-home pay for the week, proffer the name of your accountant or rabbit on about real estate values, you should shut up instead. Take a deep breath, count to ten and start a cheery chat about the weather. It is far more fascinating and at least people can't invest in sunsets or calculate the monetary value of a hot, moist morning.

As an English magazine said recently: "Discussion of the Buck stops Here." — *Jean Norman*

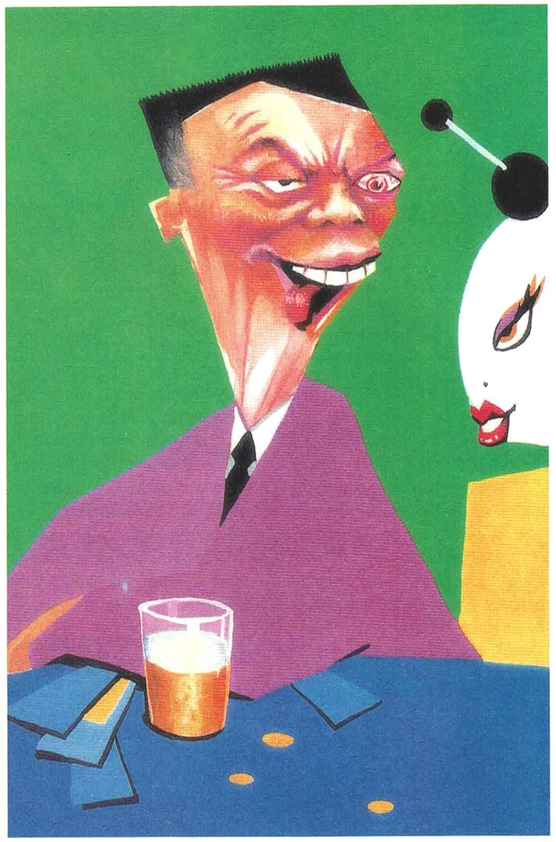

Illustration by Charles Kenway

LUST

WHISKEY AND SYMPATHY

Inside Japan's "bullshit" bars

Many Westerners snigger at the Japanese businessman's penchant for hostess bars where, for exorbitant amounts of money, the tired office worker can relax with a whiskey and a woman.

What goes on in these bars? Anything? What's the big attraction if, as they say, "nothing" does go on?

In this extract from *Broken Rituals*, by Suzanne Visser (to be published later this year), the Belgian writer, who herself has worked in hostess bars for five years, gives some of the logic behind what is known as the *mizu shobai*, the "water trade."

You see these trios in all the gaily lit side-alleys in the Tokyo bar districts, which is to say, everywhere in Tokyo, because Tokyo is one big bar district. They bound out of noisy bamboo bars, lurch from steaming yakitori bars, stumble, accompanied by bowing ladies in kimonos and white powder, from the small, discreet geisha houses. Three men — one older, two younger and more sober.

By 10 or 10.30 at night the older man, red-faced and happy, his tie perhaps loosened and his jacket awry, is flanked by his two partners: more so to keep him upright than to share in his *bon mots*, which by this time are merely snatches of songs heard at the last port of call.

They have their rounds, these "businessmen", these inscrutable cogs of Japan Inc. Once or twice a week they will go on the town: a boss and his two underlings. They discuss work, women, the world, the quality of the rice, the superiority of Johnnie Walker over Suntory. They will eat in one bar, sing in another. Some will go on to a bath-house where they can get a hot bath and a hot fuck. If they are wealthy they might go to a geisha house or *ryotei*, an expensive restaurant where geishas will ensure their well-being.

Many more will go to a hostess bar: a place where, more often than not, they are known, where they'll have a personalised bottle of Scotch in a locker, and have a favorite girl; where they can drink and talk, talk and drink.

One small block off the main drag in Shimbashi, Shinjuku, Akasaka, Ikebukuro, Kagurazaka — any place where the bright lights signal shops — the side lanes signal food, drink and *mizu shobai*: the water trade.

There are several explanations for the term *mizu shobai*. Some people say that all establishments that serve free water to their customers fall under the term, but that would mean that all restaurants, coffee shops and noodle shops are included, which is not the case. Others say that it means: "places where people sell 'water', that is, lies" and this is closer to the truth.

It's true that lies are sold in the *mizu shobai*. The bars which fall under the term are those places which are outrageously expensive: you pay at least 10,000 yen ($100) for a beer. In those places are pretty, well-dressed, patiently smiling hostesses prepared to listen to your bullshit, laments, complaints, without interrupting.

Men have a hard time in Japan. Women are much better off, although people always think the opposite in the West. Japanese women are not looked down upon (except in business); on the contrary, they are respected and are the real bosses in the home. They manage the money and make all the important decisions in the family.

The position of the Japanese man, however, is sad. Not one of his boyhood dreams has come true. He has only one choice in life: university and then *kaisha* — the company — where it is only a matter of luck whether he gets the work for which he has been educated or is interested in. If he chooses a lifestyle other than *kaisha*, society will close itself hermetically from him.

He has countless duties and almost no rights — except for the right to drug himself to inanity in a hostess bar. These suited, bespectacled, tied, tired, white-shirted men, from 20 up till 70 years old, all visit the *mizu shobai*. Usually the company pays for this unofficial stress management program.

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Sins

All clubs are overseen by a Mama, who is responsible for the mood and the discipline of the establishment. A Mama can never, under any circumstances, let herself go. She must at all times be the smiling, cajoling face of propriety. That counts for a hostess as well. The hostess gets paid well and will be fired immediately if she doesn't sell her wares: her smiles, her attentive ear, her total attention.

Mamas know a lot about two things: money and smiling at the right moment. Hostesses don't need the knowledge of money, but they have to smile, look good and have the patience of a Zen monk.

You understand that I have heard and seen a great deal in my years of hostessing. "Our" club is slightly different to others because "our" Mama only employs foreign girls. She tries hard to make something special of the place and it is always packed with customers, but she has lots of difficulties keeping her employees in line. That's why she employed one Japanese girl, a professional singer, who was Mama's right hand and who worked six times as hard as we did, getting paid probably only half of what we got.

We, strangers, were allowed to pour a glass of whiskey over the head of a drunk who got boring or went too far, because we were supposed to be "different" to Japanese women. For poor Japanese Hanachan it was another story; she was supposed to live under the strict hierarchical rules of the Japanese workplace.

I have never understood why men come to a place like ours, where they are treated like shit by a bunch of highbrow foreign girls, while around the corner, in "normal" places, rows of sweet, patient Japanese hostesses are waiting to comfort them and understand their needs.

For their treatment men pay astronomical sums, and always uncomplainingly. They pay to unload their guilt, their problems, their bullshit. There are no standard prices in our club. Mama calculates each fee according to the client's bullshit quota.

Don't imagine a club as a madhouse where everybody shouts and cries. No, all this psycho-trade is going on under a surface of politeness and light joy. Alcohol helps to create an atmosphere of confession, although there's no excessive drinking going on. The atmosphere is one of a well-behaved kindergarten class where a child here or there may throw a tantrum before falling asleep.

You cannot compare the *mizu shobai* to the hostess bars in the rest of South East Asia. The Japanese hostesses are well paid and well treated and their private lives remain untouched. — *Suzanne Visser*

SLOTH

BREAK YOUR BANK

Opulent Monaco seduces the money from your pockets

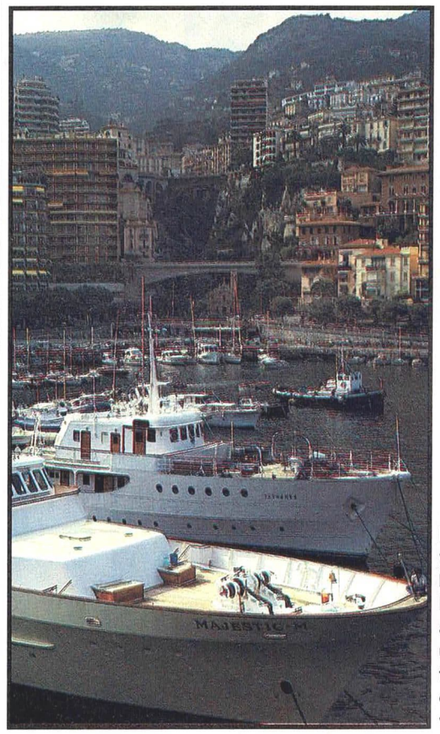
It is 10.30pm on a warm night in Monte Carlo, and the dinner crowd at Rampoldi's in the centre of town is noisily celebrating an Italian soccer win. Eating a lamb's lettuce salad a few tables away is a stunning girl with a twitching furry creature on her shoulder. At first glance, it looks like a cat. No. A vole? Too big. I try to stroll casually by the table for a closer examination. As I attempt to slide coolly by, she fixes me with a withering stare of contempt. "Eet ees a monkee, Madam," she hisses. Oh, of course.

The outrageous is never commented upon in Monte Carlo. The only incident worthy of real note was the night of the three Mexican textile millionaires. Not content with chucking empty glasses into the fireplace at a chic bistro where the said practice was traditional, in went the crockery, every chair in the restaurant and fistfuls of hundred-dollar bills. Even by Monaco standards, it was an over-the-top gesture.

This tiny prinicipality (Monte Carlo, the city, and Monaco, the country, cover exactly the same ground) crouches beneath soaring cliffs, strategically placed between the borders of Italy and France.

Dancing begins at midnight at Jimmy'z, after running the gauntlet of a brigade of leggy black prostitutes, and doesn't end until dawn. If you pour your champagne from a standard 750ml bottle, you will be avoided like cholera; magnums are *de rigueur* among society. The Merc is a servant's car; no-one arrives at the Hotel de Paris in anything less than a Rolls. The casino matches the opulence of St Peters.

Monaco is the perfect setting for those who dream of easy wealth. It is a fairyland with no poverty, social unrest or litter. Everything works. Police cameras decorate every street corner, so that the boys in blue can nab anyone who even thinks of committing a crime. Most of the inhabitants are chic — even the tourist bureau chief is the last word in glossy suaveness. In spite of the packs of tour buses that began arriving in droves about 15 years ago and the construction of skyscraping condos that make Hong Kong look countrified, Monte Carlo continues to be glamorous; its name remains synonymous with style and excess money. Helping to fuel that image are the ups and downs of the Grimaldi family, whose cavortings, tragedies, divorces and marriages appear in every women's publication in the known universe.



From its yacht-filled harbor up, Monaco is an unashamed temple of conspicuous wealth.

The hip pocket nerve appeal of Monaco for most of its 28,000 residents of every nationality is the principality's lack of income, property and estate taxes. The balmy climate and sub-tropical vegetation are just icing on the cake for the mega-rich. In this lefty socialist age, Monaco remains very hospitable to the wealthy, keeping them sealed off from life's

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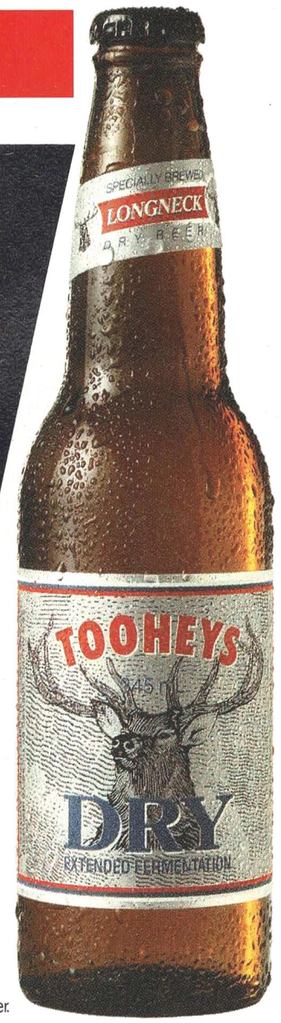

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Extended fermentation gives a crisp, clean taste that keeps refreshing beer after beer.

painful realities.

SBM, the *Societe des Bains de Mer*, is the benevolent master of fun in Monte Carlo. It controls the main casino, major hotels, golf course, tennis club and private beach. Aristotle Onassis once bought his way into control of the SBM, but the Monegasques outplayed him by simply issuing more stock and watering down his interest. Today, the government owns close to 70 percent of SBM's shares. One of the major advantages of maintaining an absolute monarchy.

The private beach at the eastern end of Monaco is the last bastion of good behavior left on Earth. The sound of squealing brats is non-existent, perhaps the result of the annual festival for St Nicholas, the patron saint of well-behaved children. Neat rows of cabanas front the Mediterranean, their occupants having reserved them a year ahead for thousands of dollars a season. It's an unbroken string of tycoons, arms dealers, industrialists and entrepreneurs frequently accompanied by tawny blondes decades their junior. A slight distance away, the well-stacked dancers from the Monte Carlo girlie shows grill topless — in peace.

The principality is officially divided into four parts — Monaco-Ville, the old fortified city, the Prince's Palace, the ramparts, the cathedral and the Oceanographic museum; the defined Monte Carlo area of the casino, Hotel de Paris and Hermitage hotels, the Centenaire gardens and the Monte Carlo Sporting Club; the Condamine, or port area; and Fontvieille, 22 hectares of reclaimed land housing a marina, a sporting complex and Monaco's almost invisible industrial zone.

Monegasques are adamant that their 438-acre country is a welter of sporting activities. For those with the right amount of moolah there's tennis and squash at the Monte Carlo Golf Club, and sailing and big game fishing from the Monaco Yacht Club. May resounds with the screech of wheels during the Monaco Grand Prix. The installation of spectator seats for 40,000 in the downtown area requires hundreds of kilometres of safety railings covered by 10,000 square metres of protective fence. No-one screams about the expense.

The real Monaco, by that I mean historic, is to be found on the Rock. The Pink Palace opens its state apartments to the public from June to September and does the Mediterranean version of changing guard at noon. Since the accession of Prince Rainier, all the ancient frescoes have been restored and the Cour d'Honneur has been re-paved with three million white and colored pebbles forming immense geometric designs. Nearby is the cathedral filled with sightseers in search of Prince Grace's tomb. The only non-ordered section of Monaco life is to be found at the Marche aux Herbes, the outdoor fruit and vegetable market that leads up to the Rock.

But, of course, the great fantasy of everyone going to Monte Carlo is to one day return and repeat what I once heard a tanned, elegant man say to an old friend on the Monte Carlo Beach. "Darling, you look so pale. You haven't been *working* for a living, have you?"

British Airways includes a free ticket to Nice in the price of its return airfare to London. — *Elisabeth King*

VANITY

REAL MEN SWEAT

Sweat's sweet but B.O. is the pits

Does a Real Man smell like Clint Eastwood straight out of the saddle or of Eau de Cricket Pitch? Brut or wood shavings? The heady aroma of liniment or the tang of jockstrap? Nobody knows as we still can't be sure what a Real Man is — let alone what the creature smells of.

But everyone knows what he shouldn't smell like. Have you ever been within a few feet of someone suffering a personal hygiene crisis? Perhaps you personally emit a nauseating stench — they do say even your best friend wouldn't tell you. "They" are the people who market deodorants and anti-perspirants and they're basically blackmailing their male market by saying: "Use our products or else."

It's incredible that radical masculinists haven't complained about their sexist, demeaning advertising campaigns. Girls are made of sugar and spice and all things nice, said the nursery rhyme, and the anti-stink merchants simply tell females that they can smell even sweeter if they use their product. But boys, who are apparently a concoction of slugs, snails and puppy dogs' tails, are bombarded with veiled threats.

The Palmolive Gold advertisement has been going since 1966, so a whole generation of blokes have now been indoctrinated. The worst ad had a bloke diving cheerily into the sack and there, nestling beneath the sheets, was a cake of soap. Instead of telling her what she could do with her stupid soap or replacing it with a spray can of pest repellent and going to the pub, he grinned sheepishly and trotted off to the shower.

What the ad men don't bother telling you is that sweat is practically odorless — it's just water — and the slight smell arises from mineral salts excreted by the body as an aphrodisiac. It's ludicrous that deodorant manufacturers can

Illustration by Andrew Tate

Sins

get away with implying that we're all born emanating a fearful stink that only they can keep in check.

The stench occurs when the perspiration can't evaporate. Synthetic fibres are usually the culprit in severe cases of BO, so steer well clear of the polyester body shirts, boys. Lack of bathing also makes a pong as the natural bacteria that lives on your skin to fight off alien bacteria goes rancid.

Deodorant is just a prettier word for germicide as all it is is a germicidal lotion with a fragrance mixed in. Anti-perspirants contain an aluminium substance that shrinks your skin pores so that the sweat can't reach the surface. God knows where it goes instead.

Illustration by Andrew Tate

I asked my doctor about all this and he said that anyone who showered daily wouldn't have any need of a germicide or anti-perspirant. Even if they didn't use soap they'd be all right, unless they were suffering from something called hyper-hydrosis, which is excessive or uncontrollable perspiration.

People use the anti-pong products for psychological reasons, said the doc, and agreed that commercials tend to assume that the entire population is hyper-hydrotic and in need of salvation. There are more than two million sweat glands in everyone and if you were to shut them all up with anti-perspirant you'd be dead. There are eccrine glands that respond to changes in temperature and physical exertion and apocrine glands that work from emotional fluctuations like anger, sexual arousal and nervousness.

And you know how the blokes in the ads always whack on the anti-pong right after the shower? That's the worst time to put it on, despite the fact that men look so cute dabbing at their armpits when they're wearing only a towel. The deodorant or anti-perspirant should go on to cool and utterly dry skin. This is when the perspiration ducts are fully open.

Thus, germ-free, odor-free and perspirationless, you can set about making your choice of aftershave. Best of luck — there are hundreds on the market and every single one of them is packaged with promises to turn you into a cross between Mel Gibson and Tom Cruise. Or you can stuff the lot of 'em and forget the aftershave. With all the over-perfumed men poncing around these days, your personal essence of Real Man may be just what all we Real Women have been waiting for. — *Jean Norman*

GLUTTONY

HOME ON THE RANGE

The battle of the sexes has moved into the kitchen

I once read a fast-paced article entitled "Hanging Out With Steve Martin." The comedian had just made his seminal epic, *The Lonely Guy*. The interviewer quizzed him about the plot. I quote Martin in disgust: "The heart of the picture is the relationship between these two guys who help each other get through the hard times of being alone. You know, one guy teaching another guy what to do in the kitchen, stuff like that."

No wonder being lonely guys was a permanent condition. Men in the kitchen burn most women up. And that's a fact.

In my view, if a guy can't obliterate cooking from his repertoire of talents he should at least cock things up — badly. Served by the right body, incinerated crumpets are an aphrodisiac. How did Steven Spielberg conjure up sympathy for the ghastly wife-beater in *The Color Purple*? He let him produce a breakfast so bad that even a starving leper wouldn't touch it. One of my favorite movie scenes is that one in *The Apartment* where Jack Lemmon strains spaghetti through his tennis racquet. But alas, such hold-outs are becoming rarer than an effluent-free day on Sydney's beaches.

I'm not talking about professional chefs; they are a breed apart. I'm talking about the Recreational Male Cook (RMC). These are the Saturday tandoori chicken men who have abandoned the Eels for meals without squeals and see the kitchen as just another gladiatorial arena.

If you don't live with an RMC, wouldn't dream of knowing one or aren't one yourself, perhaps you've eyed a member of the species at your local shopping mall. At David Jones, perhaps, opening a store account, or at the video shop borrowing Roux brothers cooking tapes, or at a technical college enrolling for "Aztec Cooking In Australian Kitchens."

Another infallible pointer to this pariah is his range of equipment. An RMC always has a coffee maker elaborate enough for the Wizard Of Oz. He has every mixing bowl size that Pyrex manufacture and two cupboards full of saucepans, each one reserved for a single purpose. The vinegar for his salads is always Italian or French. Extra virgin olive oil is the one and only choice.

The RMC feels deeply about his basic crepe formula and woe betide anyone who begs to differ. At dinner parties, men used to restrict their utterances to football and politics; recently half a night at a friend's place was wasted agonising over truffles. Food is becoming the locker room talk of the Nineties.

Women know that the best they can expect from a man in the kitchen is Hitler with a heart. Everything has to be his way or no dice. If you chop the carrots at a different angle than the one taught in their Fukien Chinese cooking class, the knife is quickly removed from your fingers for a "correct demonstration."

As one who has lived with an

The motorcycle for every desire you ever had.

And then some.

It may be comforting to know that the bigger engine in the all new GSX-R1100 makes even more power and torque than ever before. As a matter of fact, power is up to 138 PS and torque is up by a whopping 10%.

It has four valves per cylinder, a Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber, Suzuki's Advanced Cooling System, new bigger bore slingshot carburetors, an hydraulic clutch, computerised ignition and a stainless steel exhaust system.

You will also discover that the new GSX-R1100 has a more compact, stronger frame made from aluminium alloy, new cartridge type 43mm forks that are fully adjustable and Full-Floater rear suspension.

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In this case, with the GSX-R1100, you can enjoy your favourite stretch of road with the confidence only a Suzuki GSX-R can give.

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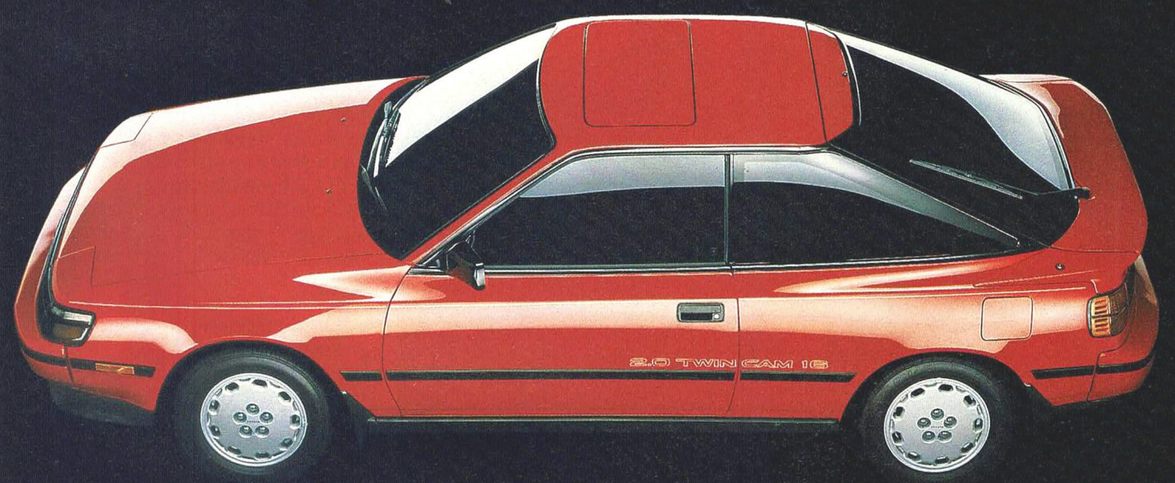


O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !

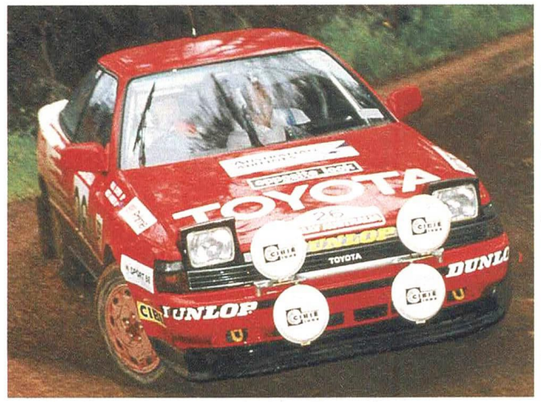
TWO LITRES OF DYNAMITE

Toyota Celica is perhaps the best definition of stylish performance on the road today.

The style was created by Celica's designers when they successfully refined the lines into flowing aerodynamic smoothness.

The performance is delivered by a two-litre deep breathing Twin Cam multivalve engine.

An engine that in its rally guise has notched up numerous impressive wins on the international circuit, which includes the gruelling Cyprus Rally.



Toyota Celica in action – Rally Australia 1988.

In order to ensure useable power across the performance band, Celica has two additional integrated systems: computer controlled electronic fuel injection and a variable induction system which helps produce better engine flexibility and low end torque.

You will feel the performance characteristics change as the tacho sweeps past 3500 rpm and the Celica moves from cruising coupe into high performance machine.

Under any road conditions you will find the handling is precise and stable.

Celica's fully independent suspension combines MacPherson struts up front with dual link struts at the rear for optimum road grip at all times.

Inside the Celica you will experience the meticulous integration of convenience and comfort.

The driver's seat is body contoured. Fingertip controls adjust for side and spinal support.

So when Celica takes on those sporty twists and turns, your body doesn't.

The three spoke steering wheel telescopes and the tilt mechanism has a setting memory which automatically returns the wheel to the driver's preferred position.

When it comes to a stylish performance, the Celica gets it all together. Experience it.

Borrow the keys of our Toyota Celica and take a test drive.

TOYOTA
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Sins

Illustration by Skye Rogers

RMC, I can pick the first ominous signs of addiction. Nine times out of ten, the habit begins with him clipping recipes from high-gloss food magazines featuring recipes that no one but a kept woman has time for. The next six months usually involve the woman in an RMC's life "helping out" in the kitchen by assuming menial tasks akin to those performed in restaurants by illegal immigrants.

Worse than this, however, is the jealousy. Most RMCs have learned the rudiments of culinary expertise from a particular woman in their past — a mother, live-in girlfriend, ex-wife — the dream that got away. As each onion is sliced or each leek peeled, you get a no-details-spared account of the "first time." This is the gastronomic equivalent of Marley's ghost.

Cuisine Neanderthals never draw attention to your shortcomings at the stove. Part of the breed's irresistible appeal is its awe of women in the kitchen, even if those women need a copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald Good Food Guide* to get from the fridge to the oven. The good old Neanderthals are grateful for even a passing semblance of nurturing, and they know how infuriatingly appealing it can be to appeal to a woman's dominance in, dare I confess it, the traditional female role.

The male friends that I really like — most of whom are ensconced in tight, happy twosomes — accept my theory instantly. But a few others — usually those who complain about the modern-day lack of good women — always suggest that my thinking is ideologically unsound. "Call yourself a feminist, eh? What bothers you so much about men in the kitchen? Sounds like a bona fide double standard." Well, yeah.

My female mates, feminists and otherwise, always understand. Nobody's really talking about cooking. The names in the game are power and aggression. Serious cooking by men is a serious threat. I know marriages that have ended the minute husbands started putting little nicks in legs of lamb to insert slivers of garlic and rosemary. The depressing conclusion has to be that some men have started to think that the way to be a good woman is by being a man.

Enough pop psych, let's look at the messes. Show me a man, Chinese chefs excepted, who has ever been able to cook a meal without using more plates, pots and pans than BHP's staff canteen. Offering to clean up after an RMC cooks dinner usually finds you at 3am standing on two sets of Winston Churchill's *History Of The English Speaking Peoples*, desperately scraping the crepes Suzette flame marks from the ceiling.

Your sex life suffers too. Instead of lying in bed until two on Sundays, an RMC has you up at the crack of dawn angling for blackfish at Bondi. No more dalliance after Saturday morning shopping; the weekly dinner party has you on KP at noon.

My advice to any man struck by the impetus to cook is the same as *Punch's* advice on marriage — don't. Ignore the following rules at your peril, unless, of course, you really don't want to retire with something other than your Sabatier knives or Breville Kitchen Wizz.

First off, never criticise a woman's cooking. If you keep telling her it's worse than a concentration camp lunch, she may start to behave like Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*. Your mates need never know that the usual contents of the fridge are a fungus-covered piece of cheese and a wine cooler.

Secondly, tell her *ad infinitum* that she cooks at least one dish better than Escoffier. Tell an untruth if you must.

And most important of all, never, ever let food and/or cooking dominate your life. If you've started to think that in a fire you might be tempted to save your French fish poacher ahead of your bedmate, for God's sake, take up woodwork classes. Now. Before it's too late. — *Elisabeth King*

AVARICE

WAR OF THE DOUGH BOYS

Military history holds many lessons for our corporate gladiators

Many of the more successful players in the world of finance and business play the game as they would fight a war: hard. Let the Red Cross look after the prisoners.

They need not, however, be cruel. The great Kurdish general of the Crusading days, Sala'h'deen (Saladin to King Richard the Lionheart), was a courteous warrior who did not go in for trampling the vanquished into the ground. And his side won that war.

The same goes in business. What point is there in utterly destroying your competition? There is that famous maxim of the Gnomes of Zurich: leave something for the next man.

In war this is usually interpreted as keeping the rape and pillage to a minimum, unless of course you are a plundering horde for whom rape and pillage is the *raison d'etre*. The business version of the plundering horde is the asset stripper, but even they try not to run too much of what they plunder into the ground. Asset strippers

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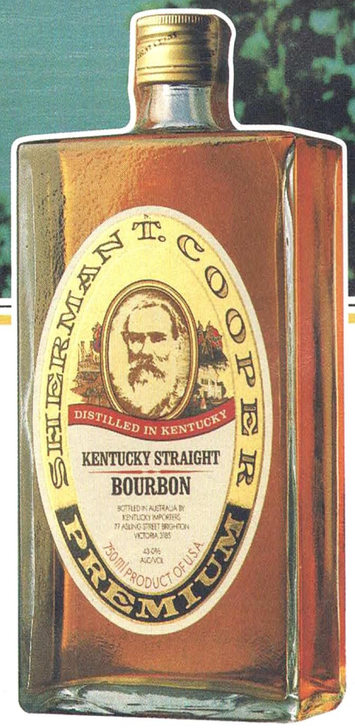

WHEN YOU FEEL YOU DESERVE
A FINE KENTUCKY BOURBON

APB 9377 · A

Sins

operate by breaking up conglomerates and selling off the constituent parts for more than the whole cost — the opposite of synergy, in fact.

(Which is why I am always amused by those chief executives who get their rocks off by growing ever and ever bigger through acquisition and who usually justify their purchases by referring to the "synergies" which will result. Ten years down the track, they themselves become a target for a plunderer because there's more money, apparently, in desynergising.)

Sun Tzu, the ancient Chinese general, wrote in *The Art Of War:* "To fight and conquer in all your battles is not supreme excellence; rather, supreme excellence consists in breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting." That is, destroying and killing isn't *it*, but winning is.

Sun Tzu also wrote that "a clever general avoids an army when its spirit is keen but attacks it when it is sluggish and inclined to turn."

Now look what happened in that never-declared war between the two West Australian titans, Robert Holmes a Court and Alan Bond. Bond, the opportunist, won that (the first round, anyway) by seizing the moment. Holmes a Court, tired from a long and eventually unsuccessful struggle to win Australia's biggest public company, BHP, was hit bad by the October share crash. He lost a lot of his firepower — so did everybody else.

The pair had never really come against each other in full-on battle, but the lack of friendship — and lack of compatibility — between the two was well-known. Bond was clever enough not to take on his opponent head on, so he didn't. But when he believed that Holmes a Court was "sluggish and inclined to turn", he came in for the kill.

Among the gems Bond got was 53 percent of Bell resources, which was fat with cash — almost a billion dollars — supplied from the company that held the royalty rights to the Bass Strait oil field. Bond got hold of that loot but, at this stage of writing (some weeks before you read this), it is not known whether his acquisitions went too far.

And, too, it is interesting to contemplate Holmes a Court's current thinking — or that of Bond's even greater and more direct rival, John Elliott.

For, as the backwash of the share crash continues to batter the financial shores and great companies crumble, another of Sun Tzu's rules springs to mind: "Disciplined and calm, await the appearance of disorder and hubbub amongst the enemy."

"Disciplined and calm": Holmes a Court to a tee as he coolly goes about gathering a massive pastoral empire. "Disorder and hubbub": well, if you don't think there's a bit of trouble within the Bond camp, you've had your head in the sand.

Of course, the real disorder and hubbub was seen in the ANI camp, which was, before the revelations about its dealings with Spedley, a very well run and successful manufacturer and predator. Then Spedley fell, and arguments broke out between rival boards and even among members of the same board. *Whack!* In came big Kerry. The disorder grew and ANI was there for a doddle of a takeover.

But probably the best known military axiom applied to business is the one about not extending your lines of supply too far. This is what Napoleon did on his abortive march to Moscow which resulted in the destruction of the Grand Army (and supplied the plot line for Tolstoy's *War & Peace*, so it wasn't all bad).

And it's what happened to Garry Carter, the young real estate whizz from Newcastle who extended his empire into insurance and diversified industries (chenille dressing gowns!) via the stock market and finally overstretched himself by having a go at concrete pipemaker, Humes Ltd. He lost that and was still licking his wounds when the market crashed. He's been a very quiet budgie ever since.

Rothwells, too, stretched its lines too far. It needed to be well supplied with money to keep the balls in the air. It used real money to chase unreal schemes. It was a bank that got involved in revolutionary motors, gun manufacture, energy plants, fish restaurants, etc etc etc. For a while the balls stayed in the air and market dealing could have generated good profits. But when the crash came Rothwells had gone too far afield without actually conquering anything. There were no green pastures to forage from and the army starved — and so General Laurie fell from grace.

The lessons are many — from war and from recent business history. Even the humble householder can learn. Don't go arguing and hassling for a bargain every day but when you see a big one, grab it.

This is best seen in buying houses. Don't buy when the market is screaming and keen; wait for it to subside — and become "sluggish and inclined to turn."

And as for awaiting the "appearance of disorder and hubbub": you know, you can pick up many a top bargain at a genuine fire sale. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

Why important Companies are coming to Wendy Manzo Diamonds in increasing numbers.

Wendy Manzo Diamonds' Corporate Division offers a remarkable range of services to complement our celebrated jewellery.

Since media-exposure through Grundy Television, corporate leaders have come to Wendy Manzo Diamonds to purchase their business gifts. They want timeless and beautifully crafted merchandise that will be well received. Wendy Manzo Diamonds' Corporate Division helps countless executives select exclusive business gifts of unusual distinction.

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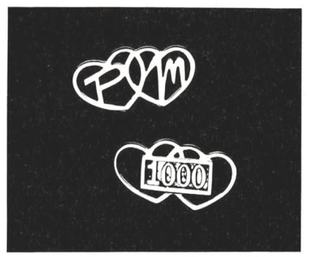

Lapel pins created and designed by Wendy Manzo for Channel 10's Perfect Match.

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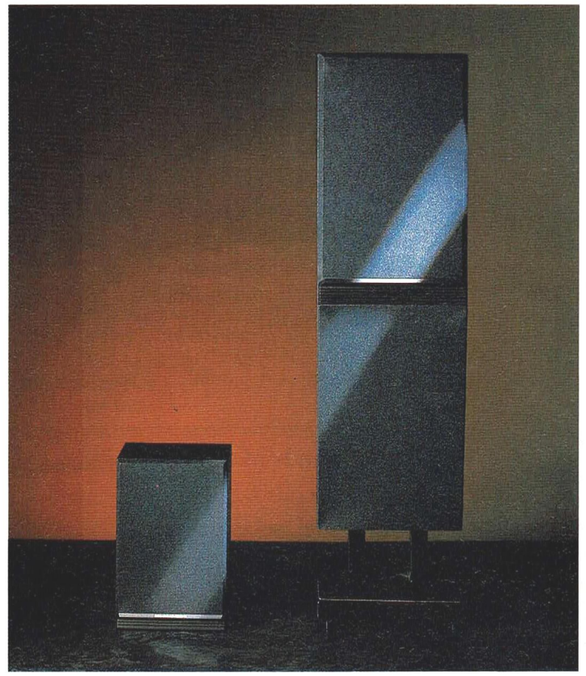

SYSTEM 442

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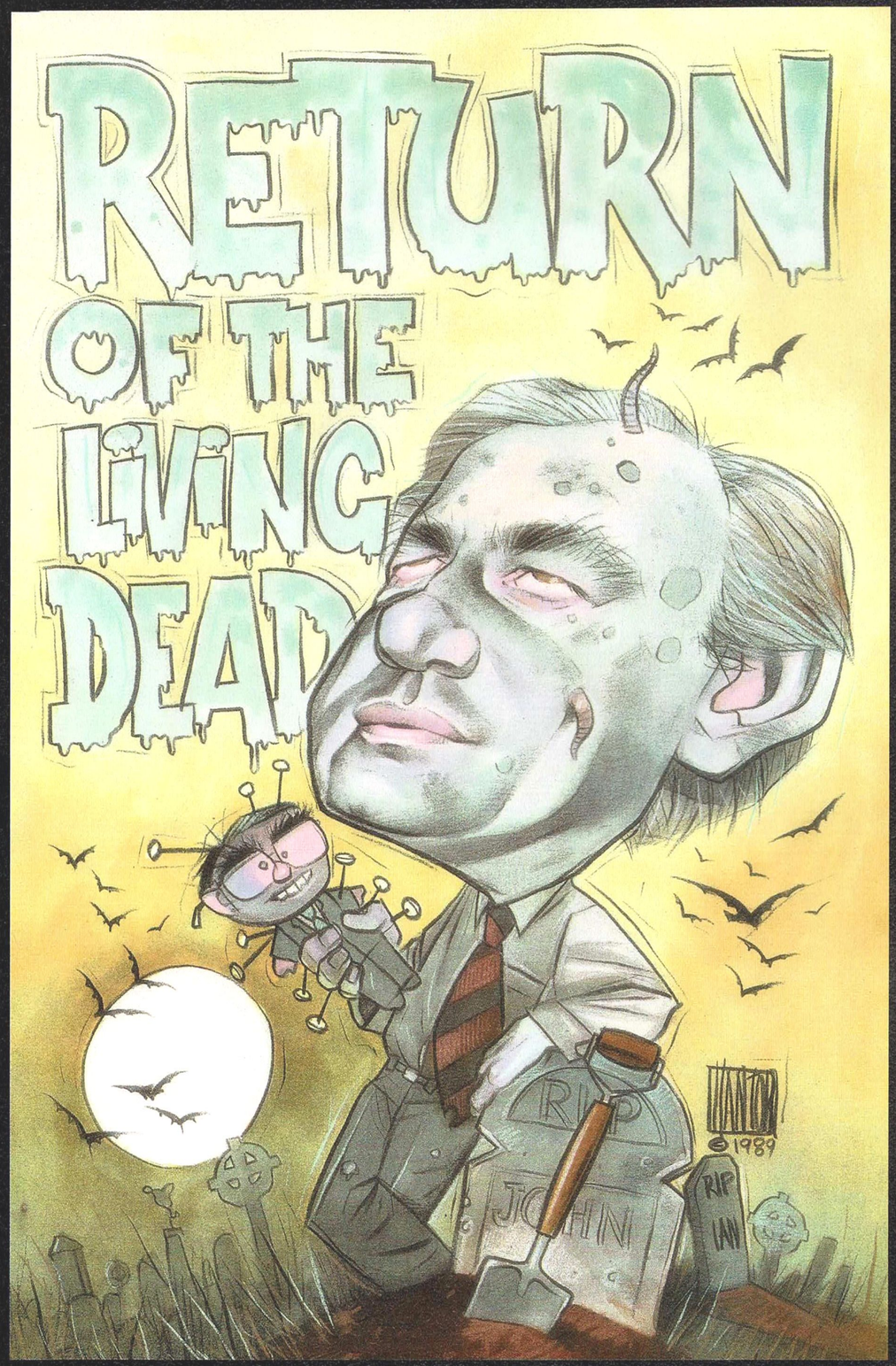
Stunning 28-year-old model Venesuela shyly contends that "a little mystery can make a woman so much more compelling." With a little gentle prodding, however, the enigmatic redhead begins to open up. She studied ballet in Paris for two years before embarking on a modelling career. "It began as a lark," she says, "I never expected to be so successful."

PERPETUAL motion

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

Back-to-back bookings in four continents now keep Venesuela in perpetual motion. "Sometimes I'm in such a hurry, I inadvertently leave behind little 'souvenirs' of myself — a book on the beach in Rio, silk stockings under the bed in Morocco . . ."

Probe deeper and Venesuela reveals how difficult it is to form permanent attachments. But, she says, life on the road does have its perks. "I've learned how to live for the moment. I'm forever seeking out private corners in public places, where I can make love within earshot of the passing crowd. Sex on the run really turns me on!"



KANTOR'S GALLERY

L.A. WAR

PART 1 — THE GANGBANGERS

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY
WAYNE MILES

ROBERT MOLLER REPORTING

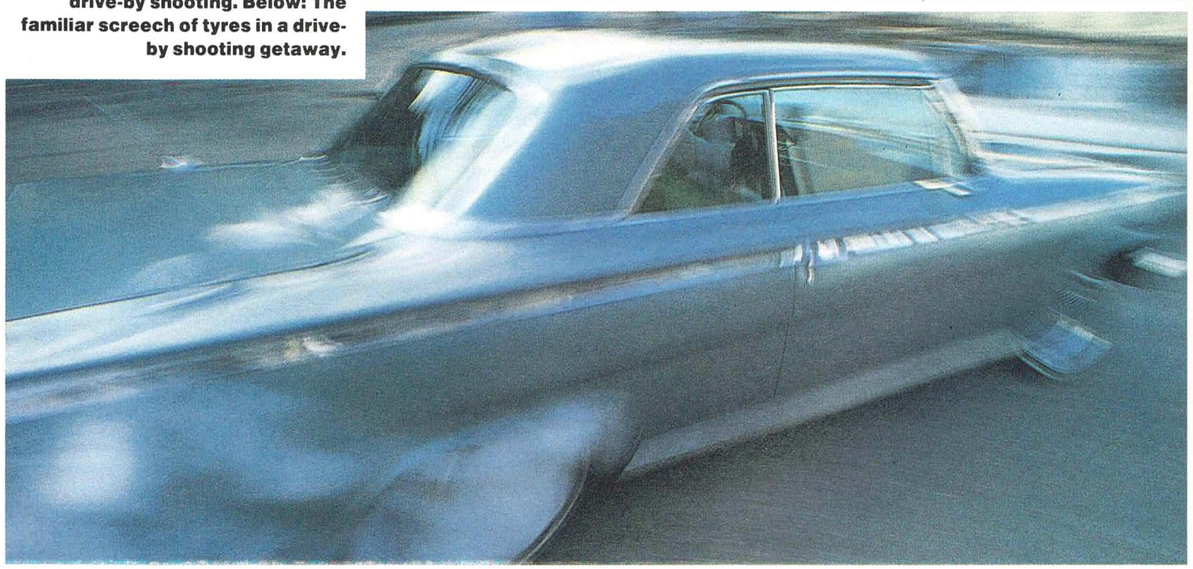
Staying alive on the streets of Los Angeles has become a full-time job

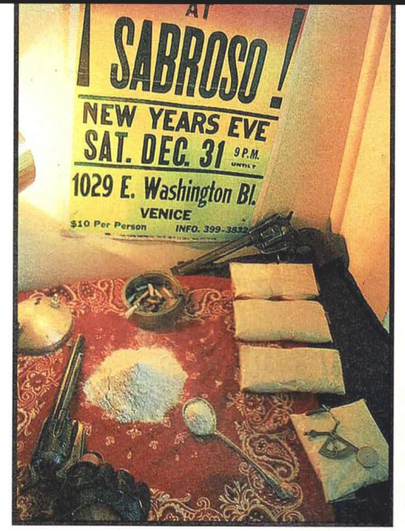
From beneath a blue bandana, bloodshot eyes squint into the California sun. The shadowy figure of a "homeboy" (slang for "local") lingers in an alleyway littered with broken glass and cars in various states of disrepair. Crouching now behind a corrugated iron fence, the kid surveys his territory, watching for the enemy. His trembling black hands stuff a bleached rock-like substance into a primitive glass pipe. He melts the crack with a well-worn lighter, burning his thumb in the process. "Damn motherfucker," he curses.

He inhales the cool smoke deeply, gasping to get it all in. Then, eyes closed, he slumps against the graffiti-covered wall which sports in big blue letters the logo of his gang: SANTANA BLOCK.

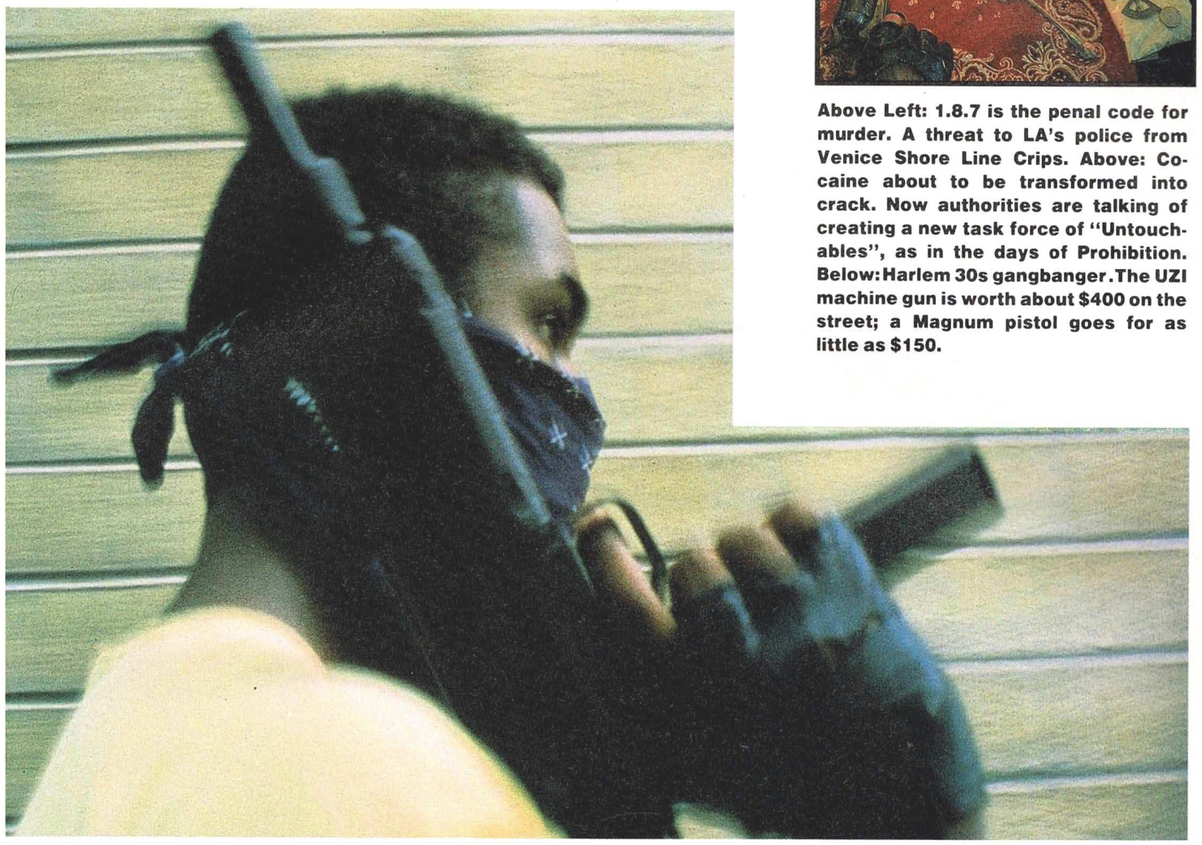
Relishing the instantaneous explosion of euphoria that numbs his brain, he feels his heart pounding away, almost ready to explode. His vision is a blur. He begins to smile, but shortly afterwards the mouth constricts into a grimace. Minutes later, veins

Above: Paramedics work frantically to save the victim of a drive-by shooting. Below: The familiar screech of tyres in a drive-by shooting getaway.





Above Left: 1.8.7 is the penal code for murder. A threat to LA's police from Venice Shore Line Crips. Above: Cocaine about to be transformed into crack. Now authorities are talking of creating a new task force of "Untouchables", as in the days of Prohibition. Below: Harlem 30s gangbanger. The UZI machine gun is worth about $400 on the street; a Magnum pistol goes for as little as $150.



LAWAR

begin to pulsate along his sweaty brow. The hit is gone. He now thinks of nothing but another fix.

Nervously he fondles a concealed 9mm machine pistol. If necessary he will kill for it. This gangbanger does kill for it, regularly.

TRUE COLORS

Tyres screech, bullets fly. Another adolescent male lies splattered across the pavement. Just another drive-by killing in a city under siege.

"A fucking war zone, for want of better words" is how Lt Alan Kerstein, a police expert on the inner city drug trade, describes present conditions in the neighborhoods of South Central and East Los Angeles. These districts are the front line in a protracted and still escalating battle over cocaine and colors. This is one case where Hollywood didn't exaggerate; the reality is even worse than Dennis Hopper's film suggests.

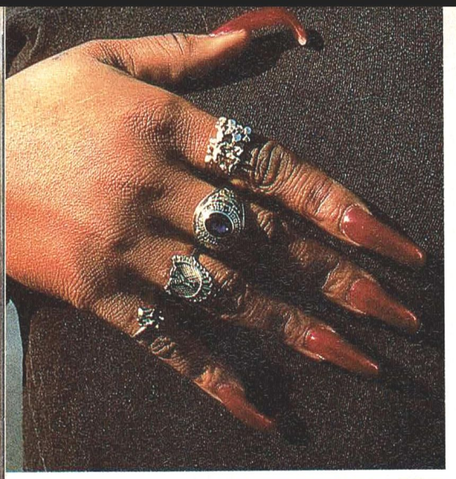
Amidst the miles of empty avenues that criss-cross Los Angeles, in areas where the unemployment rate runs at 39 percent, there seems little hope of a future for an unskilled, poorly educated youth. Consequently, hordes of them have turned to America's most lucrative option: dealing crack, or in street vernacular, "slanging rock." Driven by a lust for fast money, the entrepreneurs of the crack trade sport expensive jewellery, drive fast cars, and dispense death at every turn.

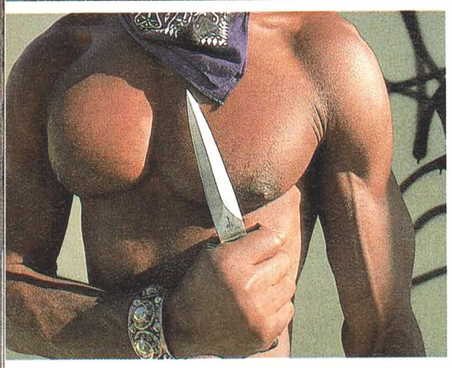
"Once upon a time," Lt Kerstein reflects, "the trademark of a drug killing was a stabbing. Drug pushers used flick knives and the occasional home-made zip-guns." But Los Angeles' new breed of crack barons, lacking the authority of the old guard (the drug cartels and the Mafia), have compensated with firepower. They routinely gun down rivals (and anyone else who gets in the way) with automatic assault weapons. They communicate with state-of-the-art walkie talkies. They are sophisticated, organised gangsters — "gangbangers", as they're known in LA — and there are roughly 70,000 of them.

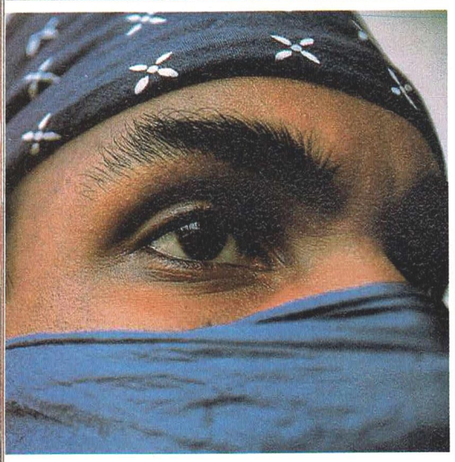
First it was PCP, then cocaine. About five years ago, crack, or "rock" as it's sold in LA, appeared in the inner city. No-one is sure where it originated, but gangbangers would have you believe it was the southern LA suburbs of Compton and Watts. Crack is a cheap, powerful cocaine derivative. Cocaine powder is combined with bicarbonated soda; the drug is then prepared over an intense flame, taking on the form of a crystal, which renders it smokeable. Crack trades on the streets at around $5 a hit, each hit lasting around seven to ten minutes. Long-term effects of crack abuse include paranoia and drug-induced schizophrenia. Combine those effects with rampant greed, heavy-duty firepower and a total disregard for the value of human life, and you've got a recipe for very serious trouble.

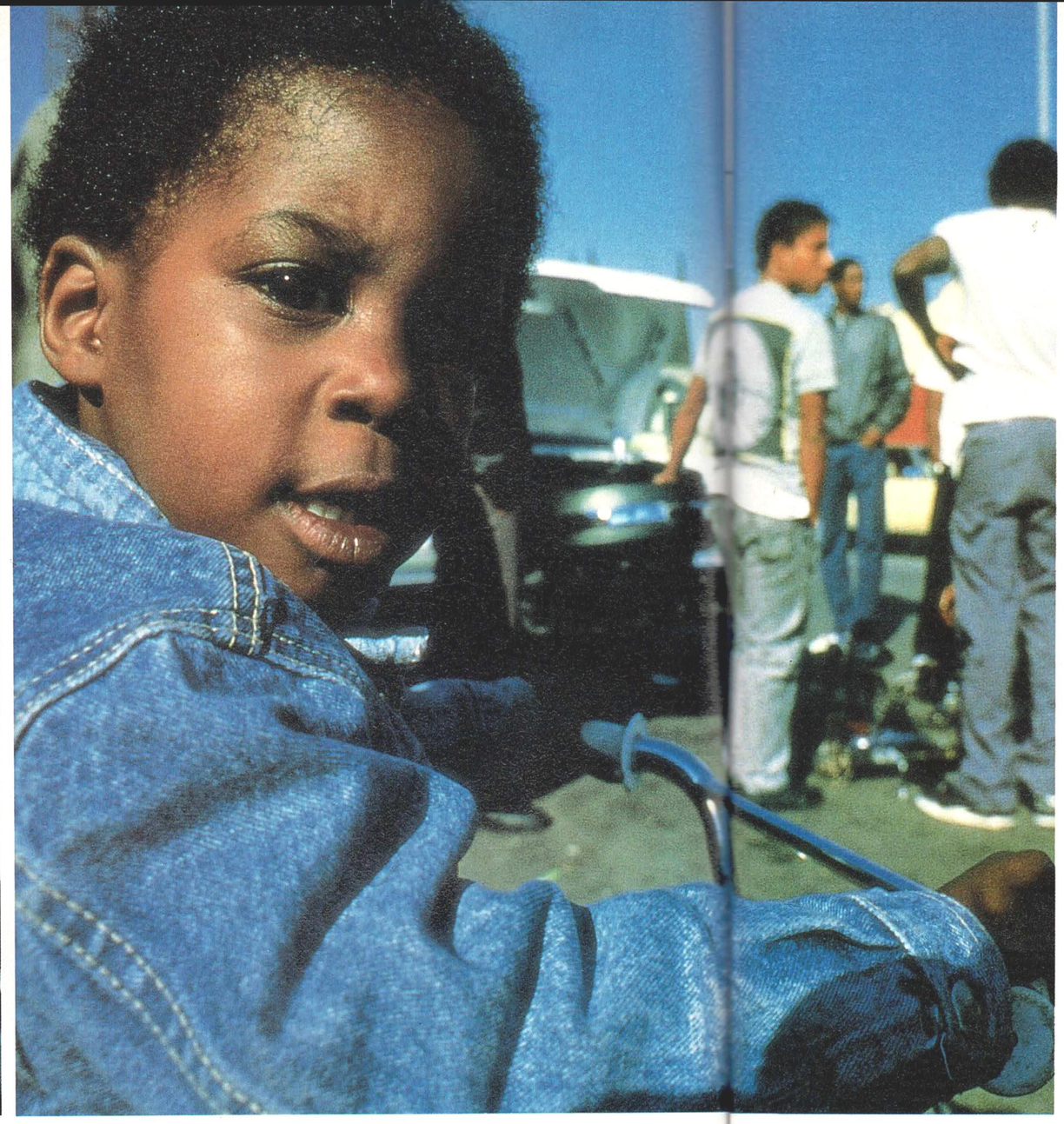
Staying alive on the sidewalks of South Central and East LA is a full-time job. Gangbangers, some as young as eight or nine (entry-level kids), push crack, participate in gunfights, and never question the orders handed down by the overlords — hierarchies that peddle the belief that fulfilment lies in a seven-minute crash rush.

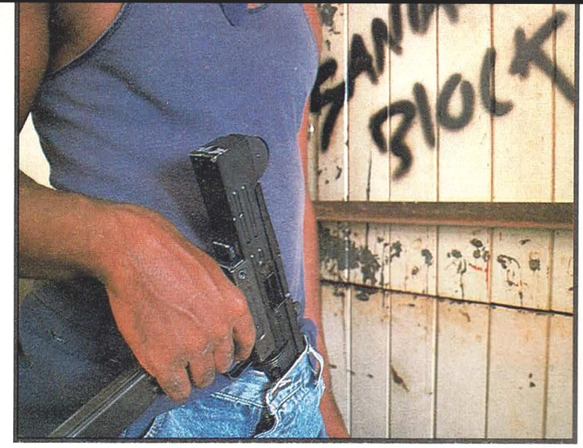
Gang membership has climbed consistently over the past decade. There are now 650 identifiable gangs, most of them ethnically based: Black, Hispanic or Mexican. The gang they are all up against — the Los Angeles Police Department —

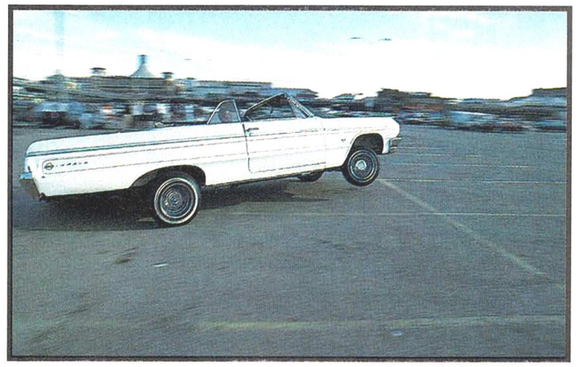


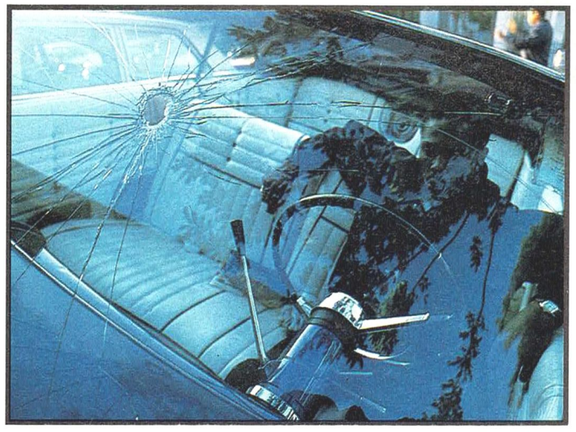












Far Left, At top: Venice Shore Line Crip sporting ostentatious wealth; At Middle: Rolling 60s Crip, one of a notorious gang of hard-core cop killers; At Bottom: Masks disguise when the heat is on. Centre: Congregation of Venice Shore Line Crips. Entry-level age is eight or nine. Left, At Top: Santana Block Crip with heavy-duty firepower; At Middle: Mexican gang the "New Arrivals" ripping around the Santa Monica pier in a V8 '64 Impala Lowrider — a challenge to other gangs; At Bottom: "Mann", leading member of hard-core Oakwood Venice Shore Line Crips — one of LA's oldest gangs who've battled all comers at one time or another.

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is massively outnumbered and tragically outgunned. The authorities have little control of the crack epidemic, which scars the streets with robberies, muggings, prostitution and almost daily shoot-outs.

In 1988 the LAPD "CRASH" units (Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums) responded to tens of thousands of emergency calls from victims caught in the cross-fire. This veritable wave of terror saw the erasure of 257 men, women and children in the city — LA's worst ever year of gang slayings. And for the first time, homicides committed by gang members in the greater Los Angeles county exceeded 400. More than half of these victims were innocent parties. The violence is so widespread and routine that the city's newspapers made little mention of the wounded, the crippled, the 333 "assaults to commit murder", and the 58 serious assaults on police officers alone. The 1989 figures, though not yet complete, are only looking worse.

It appears that most crack-related violence stems directly from the deals that go down on the street, rather than from the behavioral effects of the drug itself. Perpetrators and victims, black or white, are getting younger each year as the drug barons call on the pool of replaceable juveniles to do their dirty work for them.

City officials keep promising more resources and tougher penalties. But despite the leniency of the American legal system, the jails are currently overflowing and juvenile gangsters arrested on drug charges are routinely released before the cops can even complete their paperwork.

"It seems highly unlikely that this drug war will be won on the streets," confirms Lt Kerstein. "Nobody seems to be listening. These gangsters have superior firepower to the LAPD, and they're using it. We've got to break up the gangs, and we'd better do it real soon."

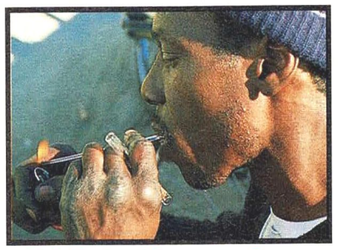
YOUNG IN YEARS, OLD IN HOURS

Most LA gangbangers come from the ragged fringes of the Great American Dream. Trapped in their decaying tenements, they flex fierce reputations, governing without mercy and often without logic. They are the lords of their "barrios" (housing projects or marked turf), obtaining status and power through drug sales backed by ultraviolence. They exist in a world where you can be young in years but old in hours, a world in which the everyday soundtrack echoes to the pop of automatic weapon fire, screeching tyres, cursing homeboys and thumping rap.

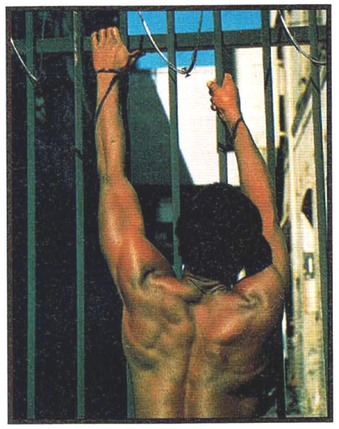
The "hoods" of South Central and East Los Angeles (neighborhoods, long vacated by middle-class blacks) are controlled by the biggest and most powerful gang factions, the Bloods and the Crips — warring clans that oversee graffiti-strewn territories through a subculture of communication and colors.

Blood gangsters wear red, throw up hand signs and greet each other with: "Yo, Blood." Crip members sport blue, slap each other's hands and live by the rule of "What's up, Cuz?" The two factions are perennially and persistently at war. Wear the wrong colors in these hoods and your life will end.

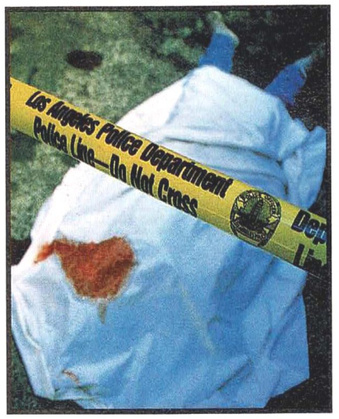
In downtown LA, and in the districts of Compton and Watts, an aggressive gangbanger offering a curbside service in crack fixes can pull in anything up to $700 a night — an enticing prospect, to say the least, for impoverished youngsters. But apart from the lure of fast money, gang



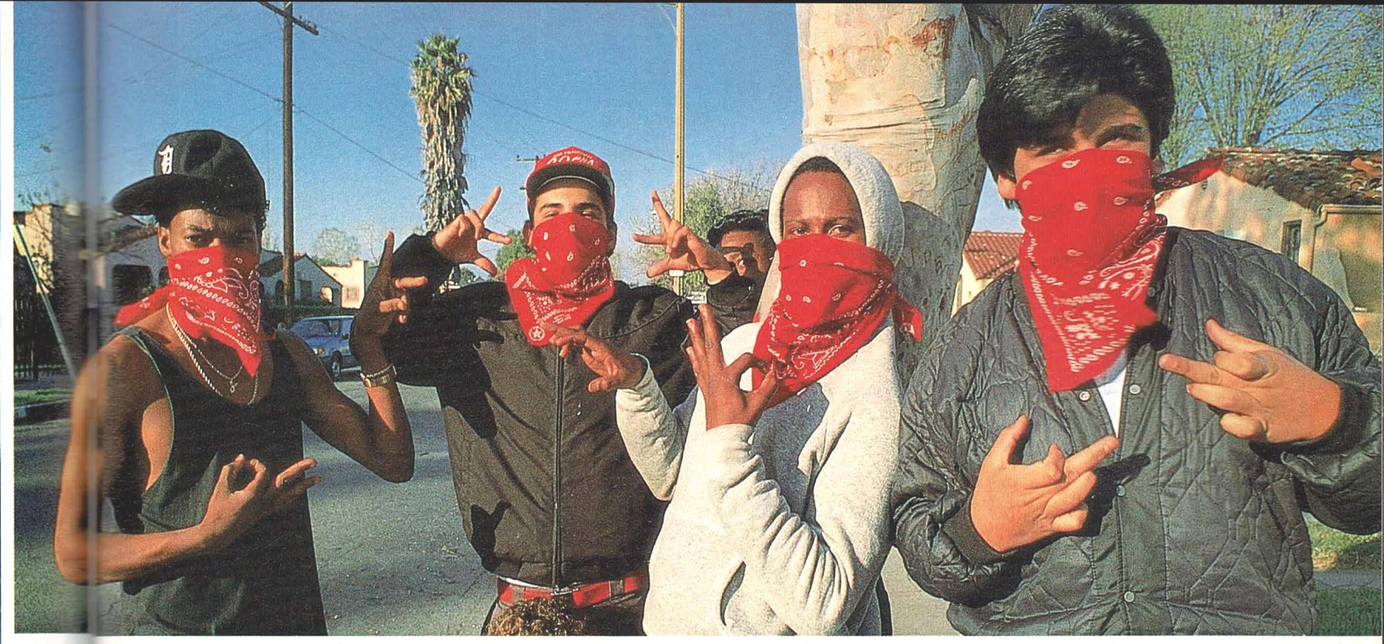
Addicted to crack . . .

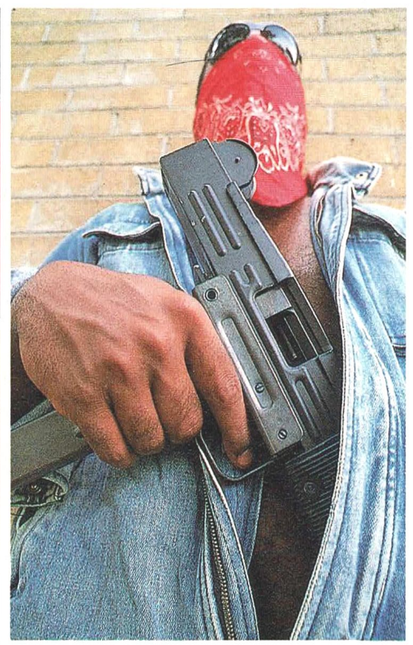


Serving time . . .



Or simply wasted.





Far Left: The innocent — Compton, East LA. Clockwise From Top: Piru Bloods on Elm Street, throwing up hand signs to indicate authority; hard-core Piru Blood gangbangers; homeboys in these hoods carry heavy-calibre weapons under their jackets; trademark of crack dealers — 18-carat gold chains; Blood firepower — an M16 automatic assault rifle.

LA:WAR

membership offers a sense of belonging, identity, protection and love. Law enforcement agencies can't counter those attractions.

The young gangbangers are not only violent but extremely unpredictable. They crave the glamor of the Hollywood high life, as perceived on animated screens through a crack-induced haze. They've embraced a style of living that promises to lift them out of their concrete cages and oppression. Little wonder the authorities find it impossible to convince kids arrested carrying thousands of dollars that they're doing wrong by selling drugs; often they're supporting fatherless families in the only way possible. And so, sadly, entire sections of Los Angeles are now desperate centres of poverty, tragedy and major crime.

The daily rhythm of life in these battlegrounds is one of drive-by shootings, stray bullets and grieving families. Juveniles trapped in these ghettoes grow up to see a whole generation of their homeboys either addicted to crack, serving time, or simply wasted. Still they can see only one chance, and they're going for it.

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

In a predominantly non-white sector of LA, far from the glitter of Beverley Hills, stands a district the homeboys refer to as "Rock City" — a part of the world where there are strict rules for survival. Here in the barrio, most everyone knows everyone. Unlike other gangs dominating the turf of South Central LA, the Piru Bloods of Elm Street, as this barrio is officially known, only deal crack, refusing to smoke it. Rock City is full-on action. Nothing that lives here is safe.

A hard-core Piru Blood, who goes by the name of Dennis, spells out for us the current mood in the hoods: "See they hit us! Then we hit them! Man, we were just hangin' out, chillin'. Crip motherfuckers come swervin' into Piru territory, sprayin' us — *boom! boom! boom!*" He adds emphasis by drawing a concealed pistol, imitating the shooting. When the smoke cleared from that particular drive-by attack, a young Blood lay dead on the pavement. Since that time Piru Bloods have been perpetually at war with surrounding Crip gangs — "Rickets", as they call them.

"Fuck man, no nigger Ricket comes down on us wastin' my homeboys," continues the soft-spoken gangbanger. "Ain't no time Piru been badder, flamed up, ready to kick ass."

This particular stretch of territory on Elm Street hosts a constant commerce in crack. Curbside dealers rush out to the customers who dare the gauntlet of this square mile of turf, cocooned in their giant gas guzzlers but scarcely safe. Rights to the territory are also claimed by a rival Crip gang, Santana Block, who, incredibly, occupy the very next street over.

Blood and Crip gangs have been shooting at each other for more years than some remember, but always face to face. That was the unwritten rule. Never did they gun down children and mums and dads. (The original gangbangers, "OGs", even fought the US National Guard for a period.) Now, with the coming of an even harder generation, the rules have changed. While interviewing Santana Block Crips we were told that there are now hard-core gangbangers who will fire an assault weapon into a crowd of innocent people in the hope of hitting an enemy. The Crips have adopted a

MILES AND MOLLER

BY GREG HUNTER

When Wayne Miles delivered these photographs to the editor of *Australian Penthouse*, he didn't seek any citations for bravery. Rather, he preferred to let the shots speak for themselves. Yet the story of how he got them deserves to be told, because these photographs are quite unique. While snapshots of LA gangbangers have occasionally been procured in exchange for crack or cash, no journalist or photographer has ever attempted to get so close to the gang scene; not only that, Miles did it without making a single payment to any of the gangbangers portrayed in these pictures.

Miles initially had some contacts in the LA boxing scene through his partner Robert Moller, an amateur boxer. (Moller accompanied Miles as a "minder" of sorts, but broke his leg in Hawaii on the way to the States, a circumstance which did not prevent him from completing the assignment.) However, the gangs were so secretive, so impenetrable that such outside contacts proved useless.

Having scoured the Venice shoreline, the two Australians eventually found their man — a Muslim ex-gangbanger calling himself "Khali" who'd just done seven years for cocaine and firearms offences and who was out on parole, trying to straighten himself out, but desperately needing a bed and some clothes. Miles would provide these essentials in exchange for an introduction to the gangbangers. "I'll tell you something right now," Khali warned. "If you're cops, then we're all dead."

The attitude of the gangbangers was very heavy at first — "Who the fuck are these white boys? What the fuck they doin' here?" — and it remained essentially negative throughout. What, after all, was in it for them? It was hard to argue against that position. Miles and Moller took things very steadily, gaining enough introductions to enter the various "hoods" in relative safety.

"After a week or so," Miles recalls, "they were getting used to our car being in their hoods, getting used to us jumping out and saying: 'Yo! Blood!' or whatever. The fact that we were Australians was all-important to our gaining acceptance. I was able to prove my bona fides by showing around a book of photos I'd taken of the Northern Territory, and they were fascinated by any talk about the Aborigines. They identified me with Crocodile Dundee, which was handy. And eventually, they came to accept our presence, so when we drove down the street they'd be yelling: 'Yo! What's happenin', Aussies?' At that point I began to ask for photos."

The atmosphere, though, was never less than tension-charged. It was never possible to openly carry cameras — they were always concealed under jackets — and Miles and Moller were always careful to wear the appropriate colors. "They knew we were doing the same thing with the other side, but that was one of our ploys to get them to open up a bit. They didn't want to be shown up by 'Crip motherfuckers' or 'Blood motherfuckers'."

Other ploys were necessary to gain respect. Miles and Moller were always sharing joints with gangbangers, and when Shore Line Crips urged them to smoke crack several times, they saw no mileage in refusing. Ultimately, though, the game was all about bravado. "These kids," says Miles, "are so street-smart, so feral, they can *smell* what you're about. They're almost feral animals. If you show any fear at all, or if you get caught in a lie, they'll take you out straight away. To kill someone is *nothing* to them. You've got a situation where there are 20 or 30 gangbangers hanging around, and every second one of them has killed a man. If one of them pulls out a gun [as occurred on one occasion with Harlem 30s Crips], points it at you and says: 'If I wanted to, I could blow you motherfuckers away any time', then you've got to respond with something like: 'You better do a good job, or else we're coming back.' You've got to think like them, talk like them, act like them — or they'll shoot you just for the sake of it, because they know they can get away with it."

On several occasions, however, mere machismo was nowhere near sufficient. Miles recalls, for example, the first time he and Moller went into the neighborhood of Santana Block Crips. Moller remained in the car, his broken leg reducing him to the role of getaway driver, while Miles, with the help of Khali, went into his act. "I was just starting to get a bit friendly with them — there was even talk of some photos — when all of a sudden this guy, whose name was DJ, came walking across the road with a pit bull on a leash. I could see straight away he was trouble. Immediately he started screaming: 'What the fuck you think you're doin' here?' Khali was trying to tell him I was a journalist from Australia, and he was saying: 'I don't give a fuck. We don't need no white boys comin' down here makin' money on our misery.' I said: 'Wait — at least hear me out', but he was obviously cracked to the eyeballs and as each second passed he was coming down, coming down . . . and finally he said: 'If you don't get the fuck out of here in ten seconds I'm gonna blow you away *and* shoot your car up.' I responded with the usual — 'You better do it fast or you'll be next' sort of thing — but he was already running back to his car. When he got there he pulled out a gun — it looked like a machine gun — and started heading back towards us. He was getting closer, getting well into range, but Khali was still saying: 'Look, man, let me smooth it over' while I was saying: 'Get in the fucking car, man. Let's get going.' Finally, he jumped in and we went flying down the street."

Miles and Moller never carried guns. The LA Police Department advised them that they could hardly be blamed for arming themselves, and privately urged them to do so. They preferred to ignore that advice. "We had our own tactical response worked out in case we did get into a full-on firefight," says Miles. Fortunately, it didn't come to that, but there was always the chance that they'd be caught in the cross-fire of a drive-by shooting. It was a situation requiring constant vigilance. "We sometimes arrived just seconds after a drive-by, to see gangbangers strewn over the pavement, blown to pieces."

Although the war zone of Los Angeles is obviously a product of the economics of crack distribution and the need for group identification in an urban jungle, Miles points out that the reasons for a killing often turn out to be totally childish: "He called me a bitch" or "He crossed me out" — a reference to a gangbanger's name, scribbled on a wall, being crossed out by a rival. "But you have to remember that in so many cases, these people *are* children. How can they be blamed? When you get close to these kids you come to realise that if they *don't* join that gang, if they don't walk down that street and kick ass and prove they're tough bastards by the time they're 11, then they literally *can't* walk down that street. And they can't hide behind their mothers and fathers, because these gangs don't give a shit about mothers and fathers — they shoot them as well. So what kind of choice do these kids have? We spoke with gangbangers in detention centres, gangbangers who were trying to go straight, and they told us the only way they could hope to survive on those streets was to make it clear that they were *still* crazy enough to kill anyone, any time.

"So in that sense, we didn't adopt the attitude that we were lucky to escape alive from our experiences with a pack of idiotic lunatics. We had a lot of respect for the way they lived, because it was the way they had to live. Robert and I agreed that if we'd grown up in those same neighborhoods, among those people, both of us would have been gangbangers."

Above: On a sacred concrete embankment at Mara Vista, Mexican graffiti artists honor homeboys who've met violent deaths. Below: The homeless in downtown LA, a long way from Beverley Hills.

LA WAR

chilling motto: "We Spray Babies To Eighties." Homeboys in these hoods carry heavy-calibre weapons under their jackets and automatically duck when speeding cars approach.

Down on Elm Street, all is calm . . . and then suddenly, from behind us, the sound of a scuffle, a bottle being smashed, and we turn to see a white boy lying on the pavement, a gaping wound to his head. A customer who's failed to pay his debts. He's lucky — it's only a warning.

"Yo! Dude! Check this out!" A six-foot gangbanger cuts in without invitation. The tone has changed. Half a dozen gangbangers begin to crowd around. "Compton is all about money. All the money's in drugs here — the fastest money there is. Now it's getting to the point if you shoot somebody's brother and you're with your mother, I'm not gonna give a fuck — I'm gonna shoot you *and* your mother, because I want *you*."

Yet another two gangbangers come at us from the other side of the road. One shouts: "LA is the big league, man. People don't understand the size of this. Red or blue, Blood or Cuz, it just don't matter. The war on these streets will never die, just multiply. We're willin' to die for our colors. C'mon, homeboys, we outta here."

This LA War was once primarily about turf and respect. It is now primarily about drugs and money. Left standing here on Elm Street, I'm in no doubt that this is a society out of control. Police and the law are fast becoming memories. This is one nightmare that will never go away.

NEXT MONTH: PART TWO — THE LAW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

JUST A BREATH AWAY

Krista Reynolds, 21, loves a challenge both in love and money. She enjoys pushing her body to the limit in her job as an aerobic instructress and part-time model. When she's not sweating it out in the gym or before the camera, she likes to spend time with a man who stimulates her.

"I need a man who's physical and not afraid to experiment. Once I made love on a trampoline. We were bouncing so high we almost fell off laughing," says the sizzling blonde. My ultimate fantasy is to make it underwater. So far I just haven't been able to hold my breath long enough."

Ian Botham

"It's a Catch 22 situation: Go out and be aggressive, knock a few on the head, then come off the field and be all airs and graces, curtsies and bows. It just doesn't happen that way."

PART 2

BY GREG HUNTER

Last month, in Part 1 of the interview, Ian Botham talked about cricket. He analysed the chances of the Australians on the current Ashes tour, explained why he rates himself the world's best all-rounder, discussed his extraordinary comeback from a major back operation, defended his legendary lucky streak, discussed the merits of the game's top players and talked at length about his sacking from the Queensland team last year. This month, Botham The Cricketer gives way to an equally voluminous subject: Botham The Man.

Ian Botham possesses the most controversial personality in the history of cricket. It would be impossible to canvass in this space all the acrimonious events and allegations that have punctuated Botham's decade as the most famous and most visible sportsman in Britain. Briefly, his personal troubles began shortly after his ascension to the national team when a reporter tried to link a serious hand injury with a fictitious bar-room brawl; that was followed in 1980 by an assault charge during the brief period of Botham's England captaincy (found not guilty); then allegations of "booze, birds and pot-smoking", in the tabloid idiom, during the 1984 New Zealand tour; then a marijuana bust in 1985 (pleaded guilty); then the infamous Lindy Field allegations stemming from the 1986 West Indies tour, whereby the former Miss Barbados claimed she and Botham had snorted cocaine together prior to a "torrid sex session"; then the Queensland sacking after Botham pleaded guilty to charges of assault and offensive behavior on a flight from Brisbane to Perth. Threaded between these major upheavals was a continuous fibre of lesser allegations: a bold motif of sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and occasional violence. It was typically Bothamesque that an assault hearing he faced last June had to be rescheduled because it originally coincided with the first day of the First Test against Australia.

Unless you happen to be a cricketer of world renown, none of this is of any great consequence. In the circumstances, however, Botham has consistently rivalled the Royal Family as the primary obsession of the British press, especially the tabloids. At times his private life has been rendered practically unbearable; for example, in the early Eighties when Botham's weight was the subject of mass speculation, tabloid reporters went so far as to harass neighbors with questions about his eating habits, stand sentinel beside his garbage bin, and accost his young son on the way to school with inquiries about what Daddy had for breakfast.

Little wonder, then, that Botham's view of the media is less than complimentary; little wonder that he has adopted the simplistic attitude of blaming all his tribulations on a "press conspiracy." It is, of course, absurd to suggest that the press barons drew his name out of a hat before aiming their snipers at him; but it does seem clear that the pressures of the circulation war made it incumbent upon the comic book media to inflate his already larger-than-life persona into heroic/anti-heroic proportions, at times sacrificing accuracy and any semblance of ethics in the process. Botham clearly views himself as a man more sinned against than sinning, and on balance that is true. But it's also true that Botham has refused to acknowledge that he has sometimes been indulged by the press as well as abused. Don Mosey, in his biography of Botham, recalls that when the man toured the West Indies as England captain in 1981, "within forty-eight hours of our arrival Ian had acted with crass idiocy and in full view and earshot of four newspapermen." We'll never know what this indiscretion was all about because all four reporters chose to put the good of the game before their journalistic instincts, but according to Mosey, had one of them run the story it would have done "irreparable harm to the life and career of a foolish fellow who is also our outstanding cricket talent."

People who know Ian Botham are not reticent about his many qualities: his immense generosity, his unstinting loyalty, his tremendous sportsmanship, his genuine concern for and commitment to friends and supporters. And yet if there were a degree awarded for shooting yourself in the foot, Botham would have graduated with honors. The classic example occurred during his first great walk for leukaemia research, covering the entire length of Britain, in 1985. Towards the end of that spectacular achievement,

PHOTO BY JOHN KNIGHT

Ian Botham

and at the very height of his popularity, an obviously tired and frayed Botham thumped a policeman three times. But how many of us would even consider taking on such a daunting task for charity in the first place?

Patrick Murphy, in his Botham biography, often refers to his subject's dualistic nature as "schizophrenic", which is of course not meant literally. He introduces the tome thus: "Truly a study of Ian Botham recalls the words of Winston Churchill as he strove to discover the secrets of Russia — 'A riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.' There is a more prosaic explanation for the man's behavior — one that has been canvassed in the press — which is that Botham suffers from an ordinary old drinking problem. But that one doesn't fit the facts either. Certainly some of Botham's over-the-top antics have been fuelled by booze (which is no doubt true of all of us), but he is probably one of the fittest men playing cricket in England and these days rarely drinks to excess. It seems he is simply a great big bear of a man who loves to have a damn good time but seldom means any harm to anyone. A rager, but rarely a ratbag.

And he is surprisingly charming, friendly and warm. I expected to encounter a coarser and more profane individual when conducting this interview, but that was not the impression I gained at all. Although under pressure with a tight schedule, Botham cancelled all phone calls, submitted to two hours of interrogation without ever becoming angry, then played some tennis before adjourning to the bar for a civilised drink with his Worcestershire team-mates. Neanderthal Man was nowhere in evidence. Maybe the self-described "lovable larrikin" has resolved to put more emphasis on the former and less on the latter. Hopefully that will help him, as he enters middle age, to achieve his current ambition: to once again stride with giant steps across the playing fields of England.

Cricket will be better if he makes it.

Penthouse: Your private life has effectively been non-existent ever since the early Eighties when you began your ghost-written column in the *Sun*. You've personally blamed all your notoriety on a press "conspiracy", but it seemed to many people that you would inevitably be surrounded by controversy because you were increasing the *Sun's* circulation, so rival tabloids in the circulation war had to attack you — and you would often attack them in turn. If it was that obvious that the column was causing all sorts of problems, why did you go on with it even after friends had pleaded with you to stop? Was the money too good to refuse?

Botham: Well, I haven't written for the *Sun* for over a year, and I think the articles I wrote in it were very innocuous. I would never knock any of the other players, I would never do any of the slagging-off columns — I refused to do them. As regards what happened with me and the media, that was happening before I ever wrote a column in the *Sun*. I think the people who've made that observation are being really rather naive, because there are no morals with certain members of the English media, there are no standards, and as far as they're concerned, anyone who's had any sort of notoriety is fair game.

Penthouse: The media's obsession with you must have started somehow, mustn't it?

Botham: I haven't got a clue why it started. To this day I don't know. England is a great nation of knockers. They seem to love to build you up to shoot you down, which I have never understood. The only thing I can think a lot of it's to do with — it's been around for centuries — is jealousy. And I think that's been a big part of the problem.

Penthouse: There have been others who've been great players for England and haven't copped what you have from the tabloids. There must be some pertinent factor.

> There was a period in about the mid-Eighties when everything suddenly started going a bit weird

Botham: There have been great players, but they were in a different era. I mean, when I first started touring, it was good fun. You could have a laugh, a rapport with the press. The press wrote about cricket; they weren't interested in anything else. Suddenly, at about the end of the Seventies or the beginning of the Eighties, it changed. Suddenly, cricket was not the important part of the tour — because of the tabloid war in England. If a paper like the *Mirror* thinks it's got a story bigger and better than the *Sun's*, they're not really bothered if it's not true. They'll worry about that afterwards, because the problem is that in England under the present legal system the average man in the street cannot take on a newspaper in legal battles. The paper has a bottomless pit in terms of money, and the average man in the street . . . I mean, I wouldn't be prepared to risk a quarter of a million pounds fighting a newspaper. Why the hell should I?

Penthouse: When you had the situation where *News Of The World* was printing the Lindy Field allegations, and another Murdoch publication, the *Sun*, was printing "They Can't Break Our Love — Kathy Botham", didn't it strike you that you were being used unmercifully by the Murdoch press?

Botham: Of course I was. And the ironic thing about that trip was that my father-in-law was with me in Barbados. Montgomery was the Editor of *News Of The World* at that time, and my father-in-law, Gerry, was sat in a TV studio when he got home and they put Montgomery in a studio in London, and Gerry told Montgomery in front of the nation that he was a bloody liar. And Montgomery had no comeback. Gerry said: "I was there." Montgomery said: "We've been told . . . " Gerry said: "I wasn't told anything — I was *there*." And he asked Montgomery: "How much did you pay her?" And Montgomery said: "Oh, well, er . . . " Twenty-five grand I think it was.

Penthouse: Why did you eventually stop writing for the *Sun* — because you finally realised it was only making life harder for you?

Botham: No. They sacked me. Hah!

Penthouse: You didn't make a decision to stop contributing to Rupert Murdoch's wealth?

Botham: No, no, no. My attitude was, if you're going to throw shit at me — which they're still doing now, and I haven't worked for them for over a year — well if I can cop some money as well, for writing my piddly little article, then fine. I might as well get something out of it. But on the day of my operation, my solicitor got a phone call from them saying: "He's no further use to us." Well, we'll see who's further use to who yet. I won't give interviews to that newspaper at all now.

Penthouse: So what do you think of the view that you've constantly searched for publicity, that you sought to manipulate the media to that end, and when it all went sour you became reclusive and retired to the "bat cave" (Botham's term for his private suite when on tour)?

Botham: I mean, that *is* jealousy. Who wrote that?

Penthouse: It's an overall impression gained from feature articles and the various biographies, including Don Mosey's biography of you.

Botham: Well, there again is a man who writes shit about me all day long, who sledges me on radio over in England, then writes a book to make money out of me.

Penthouse: You once said that cricket writers on tour had asked you to score marijuana for them. Were these the same individuals who gave you hell in the press in 1986 after you'd admitted to having smoked marijuana?

Botham: Yes.

Penthouse: Were they the same guys who were actually creating headlines about drug use on tour in the tabloids?

Botham: Look, I don't know. I haven't got to the bottom of it yet. It's amazing — I seem to keep on finding out little bits of information as I go along. But certainly, one gentleman — and I'm not going to name him because his day will come and the time's not right yet — one gentleman came to my room when we were in Pakistan. I didn't actually have any, but I said: "I can get it if you want some." So I got him some. In 1986 that same person wrote: "He's let me down, he's let the children of England down", and so on.

Penthouse: Is this a cricket writer or a tabloid journalist?

Botham: I don't want to give it away. I've got to be careful. But he's a bloke who's been around for a long time.

Penthouse: Did your notoriety lead to a situation where there was one rule for Botham and another for the rest? For instance, being fined 2000 pounds for a harmless quip about Pakistan — that wouldn't have happened to anyone else, would it?

Botham: No. I must admit that after one of the hearings I faced, my solicitor, asked how he thought I'd been treated, replied: "Well, they could have hanged him." I mean, what did Mike Gatting get fined over the Rana incident in Pakistan? [This was a very explosive altercation between the then England captain and an umpire.] I bet it wasn't two grand. I mean, all I said was the truth.

Penthouse: One of the more amusing stories in your wife's book, *Living With A Legend*, concerned Allan Lamb. Thinking he was about to be "set up" by the press when a girl approached him during the West Indies tour in '86, Lamb apparently dived into some bushes and injured his leg. Can you tell us any other stories of attempts by the so-called "fifth columnists" to set people up?

Botham: I've certainly seen them try and set us up. I'll tell you one incident that was rather funny. The wife of one of the players was stood at a reception at a hotel, and one of the pressmen there came up to her and said: "You know, the England players are around if you want to have a good time — there are plenty of those around." She said: "Oh, yeah? Is that right?" The pressman said: "Oh, yeah. They're good for a laugh. The boys are over there. We'll perhaps see you for a drink later, then?" In other words, you know, "If you have a good time you can tell us about it later" sort of thing. With that, she walked over to her husband, sat down and gave him a kiss, then turned around and winked at the press boy. I mean, it's a bit sad, isn't it? That's really the reason I won't go on tour. It's not just a fear of being set up in that way. I mean, things have a habit of appearing in suitcases, and that sort of thing. I personally don't think there is any means the English press will not resort to if they want to get a story badly enough.

Penthouse: Do you still fear some kind of set-up even when not on tour?

Botham: All the time. I always have a witness whenever I pack my bags, and I always have Andy, my personal assistant, to do the actual packing for me. I don't touch it. That's not to say I think it's going to happen — it probably won't happen now, because forewarned is forearmed, isn't it? But I think it was certainly heading that way with me. I mean, a lot of strange things started happening in my life. I'm convinced that my phone was tapped for a while.

Penthouse: Why did you think that?

Botham: I'd pick up the phone, get a dialling tone, and then I'd hear a *click-click*. I wrote to Telecom and explained it, and they said: "It sounds like your phone's being tapped. But unless we can find out where the tapping's actually happening, it's impossible really for us to do very much — not without going through thousands and thousands of cables." Anyway, I contacted my solicitors, who contacted the local constabulary, and after a period when a few waves were made, it finished.

Penthouse: When was this period of "strange happenings"?

Botham: There was a period in about the mid-Eighties when everything suddenly started going a bit weird. I was definitely being followed — I haven't got a clue who by. Once he twigged that I'd twigged to him, he disappeared. Maybe there was someone else after that — I don't know. I've become very defensive, as well, now. I mean, I used to be such an extroverted, easy-going person. But now, every time I meet someone the barriers are up, because I'm thinking: "What's this guy want from me?"

> According to this "Zelda", I was a regular heroin user, an alcoholic — barbiturates — you name it. Do I look like that?

Penthouse: And so you became a recluse when on tour mainly because of your fear of a set-up?

Botham: That, and also because it got to the stage where I felt I was spoiling the fun for the other lads. Wherever I went, there always seemed to be one or two pressmen appear, or amazingly there'd always be one or two sat at the end of the bar whenever I went for a drink. So the lads were always looking over their shoulders, they couldn't relax, and I thought the easiest way for us all would be if I just went fishing. So that's what I did. And when I'm at home now, I go fishing and go for walks. Perhaps it'll make me a healthier, better person. I don't know.

Penthouse: Were you a bitter and twisted man when you were occupying the "bat cave"?

Botham: The West Indian tour [1986] wasn't too bad because I had so many good friends there and I could always get out on a yacht or whatever. The Windies boys were great. Viv Richards, Michael Holding — all these guys knew the score, they've all been around. I mean, any cricketer will tell you: "Beefy's the guy. He cops it all. Watch out." And the guys went out of their way to do the right thing by me. Australia — again, not a big problem because I have enough friends here. I can go out fishing, and it's very hard for them to find me 15 miles out. But particularly when my wife's not there, I do spend a lot of time in the room because I get paranoid about being set up. But I wasn't constantly morose or bitter. We used to have great parties in my room. Sometimes the whole squad would be in there. But I was reclusive in the sense that I wasn't prepared to go anywhere else.

Penthouse: You have always propagated the view that you've been victimised by the press, and generally it seems the public has believed that. An alternative view, advanced by your former captain at Somerset, Peter Roebuck, is that you've been in reality the most protected player in cricket history. He has written: "No cricketer, no friend and no enemy, has ever uttered a word about Botham's private life." The implication, obviously, is that you have in fact been much wilder than the public has ever imagined. What's your response to that?

Botham: Well, Roebuck's the sort of bloke . . . I haven't spent a social day with him in my life. He's not that sort of person. How the hell he can pass judgement on me . . . In fact, I think if he'd had the same investigations done on him, who knows what we'd be reading? Strange statement, that. He's a strange bloke . . .

Penthouse: It's extremely difficult to keep up with your legal position. Who are you suing at the moment?

Botham: At present I'm not suing anyone. I've given it up. Suing is a waste of time. It costs a fortune, you risk everything, and at the end of the day it comes out three years later and you get an apology three lines long. The hell with it. If people took the tabloids seriously, then I'd think about it. But I know that they don't.

Penthouse: Your libel action against *News Of The World* over the Lindy Field allegations seems to have petered out. What was the end result?

Botham: In the end, I couldn't afford to go on with it, to be quite honest.

Penthouse: It was reported that *News Of The World* was holding taped evidence and various affidavits concerning drug taking on the West Indies tour. Did that alleged evidence ever get an airing in court?

Botham: No. You can't tell me that if *News Of The World* had that, they wouldn't have used it.

Penthouse: It was supposedly being held as a back-up for the stories they did print. Your libel action presumably didn't get so

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Just drive,
they said.
Noakes drove
in up to
his neck.

Some experiences take time to digest. Like surfacing from under a metre of warm salt water to find 50 people wading towards you, stark naked.

I cougned and spat and watched them in a dazed way while litres of Sydney Harbor drained out of my Y-fronts.

The sexes walk differently through water. Men plough ahead, chins down, pretending it isn't there. But the girls come high-stepping, shoulders back, breasts high, hair streaming. A tanned-all-over blonde led this pack, all honey and caramel, like a palomino.

I tore my eyes away and lifted them to the ragged gap that had been torn in the cliff-top bush by the car. It seemed a mile away.

Behind me, a Brobdingnagian gulp signalled that the Jaguar XKE was going down for the third time. Its boot, sprung by the impact, gaped at me accusingly. Until now, I hadn't noticed half a dozen bulky packages, plastic-wrapped, stacked there. One of the smallest floated free, rolling shorewards in the swell. As it bobbed past, I saw it was a human head. A familiar face sneered up through the murky PVC.

The first waders were close now. And beyond them, stepping down on to the sand near the sign that said, NUDE BEACH: BATHERS ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT, were the two goons in bargain basement black suits who'd dropped me here in the first place.

I submerged and started to struggle out of my clothes. For the next few minutes, naked was going to be the best disguise. You were right, Willie Nelson, I thought. Some days are diamond, some days are stone. And some are just plain shit . . .

Unless you count a $300 overdraft, 97 outstanding parking tickets, a raging Hermitage hangover and associated case of brewer's droop, I hadn't, 24 hours earlier, had a care in the world that strong black coffee couldn't cure.

I cruised Bondi Beach twice without find-

RUNNING DEAD

FICTION BY JOHN BAXTER
ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

RUNNING

ing a parking place before I realised it was Sunday. Pushed out of Double Bay by the Ferrari set, yuppies had taken to brunching on my patch. There were more Volvos and RX7s parked along the beach than squashed cane toads on the road to Rockhampton.

I finally hid the Toyota near the stinking dumpster behind George Massoulas's fish-shop — it would be a courageous parking cop who looked there — and lurched round to the Sorrento.

It was seething. At the corner table I thought of as mine, a couple were nose-to-nose over *cafe lattes* and a *mostacello*. If my resentful look embarrassed them, they hid it well. I wriggled to the counter.

"G'day, Anna-Maria."

All I got was a grunt. But you could forgive a woman who was single-handedly serving eleven tables with *cappuccinos, cafe lattes*, long blacks, short blacks, flat whites, snail buns, *foccacias* ("Extra *carcioffini*, please") and the odd toasted cheese sandwich.

Half a minute later, she clunked down, unasked, my morning *machiato*; espresso short and bitter as an addict's life, redeemed by a splash of milk briefer than love.

The TV was on, a familiar face filling the screen. Tom Willeman, Australia's meanest investigative reporter, was baying after some dope dealer or strip-club king. I only gave it half an eye until a face more familiar that Willeman's popped up. Even through my hangover I felt a premonitory chill at that axe-hard profile, that erect body in the Savile Row suit.

"Superintendent Charles Maitland Colby, head of the special Serious Crime Task Force," said Willeman's whingeing voice-over. "Twenty years in the service, and a list of commendations as long as your arm. Your typical top cop, one would think. But Superintendent Colby has a nickname. To the villains of this city, he's just plain 'Cutter.' Why 'Cutter'? The answer to that and other interesting questions after this message."

Everyone knew why they called Colby "Cutter" — and it wasn't only because he took a cut of every dirty business in town.

His trademark was the knife. An impudent SP bookie who tried to grass his way out of Long Bay was found in a gutter in Redfern. And a garbage can in Camperdown. And a dumpster outside the Eveleigh Railway Yards. Select sections were also deposited on his wife's doorstep, wrapped in that day's *Sydney Morning Herald*.

To take on Colby, Willeman must have balls big enough to carry around in a wheelbarrow. I suspected he wouldn't have them long. Anna-Maria refilled the cup.

"Any calls, love?"

She slid a folded note across the coffee-puddled counter. Her Calabrian scrawl just said "Spurt" and gave a number somewhere on the lower North Shore.

Spurt? I decided it could wait.

Back at the other end of the counter, a Cammeray cowboy was insisting that his short black should come with a sliver of lemon peel. As Gina slammed down a hand grenade-sized lemon transfixed with a six-inch Sabatier boning knife and invited him to cut his own, I reached over the counter and lifted out the phone.

The number of Reuter Repossessions rang four times before Alice answered.

"It's your dime." She'd heard this in a Sam Fuller movie and instantly adopted it.

I could visualise her too-heavily-made-up green eyes, her bitten fingernails, her freckles, the crooked tooth at the corner of her grin and the "Death Before Dishonor" T-shirt pulled over tea-cup breasts.

"How come we never talk any more, Alice?"

"Hey, Noakes! What's happening?"

"I was going to ask the same question. Got anything for me?"

"Everybody knew why they called Colby "Cutter" — and it wasn't only because he took a cut of every dirty business in town"

"I don't know, love," she said uneasily. "He's still pissed about that BMW."

"He" was Ernie Reuter, a thick-waisted ex-police sergeant who'd left the force one step ahead of the last-corruption-scandal-but-three and opened a repo service.

"Is it my fault if identical cars are parked in the same street?" I said.

"What do you mean 'identical'? One was white and one was brown." She paused. "And he didn't like that crack you made."

"Yeah." The conversation had gone fine until I said, "Everyone makes mistakes, Ernie. That's why they put rubber on truncheons." Not the most diplomatic comment to an ex-cop.

"He'll forget eventually." Her voice softened. "You coming round this weekend?"

"I don't know, sweetheart. I've got another message here. Could be a job. I'll get back to you." I hung up before I could feel too guilty.

Every time I turned up at Alice's flat, she'd taken a two-hour bubble bath, done her hair, trimmed her toenails, painted her fingernails, doused herself in *L'Air du Temps*, changed the regular cotton sheets for black satin, draped a pink scarf over the bedside lamp, put *The Joy Of Sex* on the bedside table, a Tony Bennett tape on the stereo and a bottle of Seaview Brut in an ice bucket. Maybe I'm perverse, but all that stage setting puts me off.

Which left "Spurt." I'd decided to give it four rings, then cave in to Alice. But a girl answered on the first.

"Spirit Records. May I help you?"

"Eh?"

The chill factor in her voice dropped below zero. "This is Spirit Records. Who are you calling, please?"

I knew the type. She'd wear Armani suits and walk as if a dollar coin was clenched between the cheeks of her bum. But only one person would be calling me from Spirit Records, and it gave me some satisfaction to ask for him.

"Give me the boss, love."

Which was why, on a sunny Monday morning, I was parked on a loading zone in front of Australia's hottest recording company.

The two top storeys of the three-storey building carried a billboard big enough to be visible from Parramatta. It said "Spirit. Home Of The Hottest Hits." The rest was given over to a seven metres tall picture of the hottest hit-maker of them all.

She was slim and dark and small. A black spandex mini-dress covered her from shoulder to mid-thigh, as close as ten layers of hand-rubbed enamel clung to a Porsche mudguard. Snowdon shot her last album cover, Patrick White wrote the copy and Peter Weir did the rock video. Her name was Diane Dennehy but some flack in a seizure of originality had christened her "Flair." I walked between her delectable calves and entered another world.

The lobby was decorated in 21st Century Mortuary. Slate, black glass, sheaves of white lilies and black steel stairs leading to the upper floors. The receptionist had skin as pale and smooth as a poisonous plant.

"Alan Tasker. Name's Noakes."

Before she could answer, someone spoke from the top of the stairs. "Mr Noakes?"

It was the voice from the phone yesterday. Maybe she wasn't Sigourney Weaver's twin sister — but then the light was bad.

"Mr Tasker's expecting you. I'll take you up."

I followed her. I'd been right about Armani, but wrong about the dollar coin. Those cheeks would part for nothing less than a Krugerrand.

There's a timber from Sumatra they call Paradise, with a grain like toffee swirled into Devon cream. In the Twenties, Jacques Emile Ruthlmann thought he was doing well to have a few wafer-thin veneers on a cabinet. Alan Tasker's desk was a solid slab of it, only slightly smaller than the flight deck on the *USS Nimitz*.

He ducked out from behind it before I got halfway across the royal blue carpeting and came hurriedly at me.

"Noakes!" Faking a left to my belly, he swung a right that connected on the point of the shoulder and threw me hard against the wall. "Good to see you, you old thief."

I straightened slowly, rubbing the shoulder. "I thought you were in Los Angeles these days, Alan."

"Came back a month ago."

Alan was three or four years older than me, but he could still pass for 30. I wondered why. He hadn't put on any weight, but I'm no Oliver Hardy either. And though his Bijan suit cost what I make in a good year, straight Salvation Army would have looked just as good on him.

It hit me. "When did you get a rug?"

"Rug, my arse!" He touched the top of his head like a high-roller stroking his rabbit's foot. "It's a bloody transplant." He sat down behind the desk again. "I got it from the same bloke who did Elton. Cost ten grand."

I dropped into all that was left — one of those black leather and chrome instruments of torture they called Breuer chairs. "What did he use? The pubic hair of Cuban virgins?"

He looked away. Joke time was over. I heard business mode kicking in like high quality software.

"Still lifting cars, Noakes?"

"Check the statute books. Repo's legal."

"Business good?"

"Comes and goes."

"Got time to do a job for me?"

I looked past him at the vista of lower North Sydney and the city beyond. "Nice view," I said. "On a clear day, you can probably see the Purple Pussycat."

He tattooed his fingers on the desk. "You're not still pissed off about *that*?"

"A year gives you time to think. Even with four months off for good behavior."

"Then let me make it up to you. I need a driver for a week. Pays a grand."

"For that, you could have Wells Fargo."

"I don't want armor plate and hoons with pick-handles. This needs a personal touch. And someone I can trust."

"I'm not moving dope for you, Alan, if that's what this is all about."

He looked away. "You've been reading too many newspapers, mate."

"It was even in the *Stone*. So it must be true."

Laundering Colombian coke money through Spirit Records outlets is how *Rolling Stone* told it. The report was illustrated with flash shots of Alan in the back of a limo, a newspaper held up to his face. It was his standard pose these days; he probably had it in his passport.

"The LA District Attorney's office went over our books for three months. Never found a thing. The record business isn't marbles, mate. Some bastards will say anything to screw you."

"If I'm not shifting coke, what *do* I do for this thousand?"

He fingered a black and silver high-tech toy that was almost the only object on his desk. A door opened across the room. He stood up.

"Diane, meet an old mate, Mark Noakes."

The billboard didn't do her justice. There was tautness and toughness under her fragility, like the engineering in a great sports car. She didn't hurry across the room. I had time to savor the way she moved.

I took her hand. No 14-year-old watching his first X-rated video ever sweated more.

"G'day. I'm a fan."

"That's sweet." Her smile made me feel that the sun was rising under my breakfast.

Tasker said, "So. You on, Noakes?"

I dragged my eyes away from her. "What's the catch, Alan?"

"No catch."

I hung a stare on him until he caved in.

"Okay. We've had some crank calls. Kidnap threats. I'd feel happier if Diane's driver knew his way about."

"I'm no bodyguard."

"You don't have to be, mate. If you see anything shonky, just call the cops. We've been promised special handling. Deal?"

I made a show of thinking about it. At least three seconds. "Yeah."

"You want cheque or cash?"

"Doesn't matter." I would have done it for nothing. Hell, I would have paid *him*.

I nosed the big Merc into the roundabout at the hilltop entrance to the Harbor Bridge freeway and pushed it out and away from the city, towards the leafy upper North Shore. It was a struggle to keep my eyes on the road and off the rear vision mirror.

She wore the sister to that black Spandex dress on the billboard, with a leather bomber jacket. Some designer had put 500 bucks' worth of pumice stone and elbow grease into making that jacket look like it survived a hundred Cobra sorties over Khe Sanh. I had one just like it — only mine was in the boot of my Toyota, wadded up against the spare to stop it from rattling. It had got me thrown out of pubs where I'd drunk since infancy; she could have worn hers to The Lodge for lunch with Bob and Hazel. Star quality.

"How long have you known Alan?" she asked.

"Years. We worked the clubs together."

"Performing?"

"Christ, no! Alan managed. I spruiked." I fell into the familiar nasal chant. "That's right, gentlemen. Show's just beginning. They're naked, gentlemen, and they dance . . ."

"I can imagine." She was mocking, but sexy with it. The back of my neck felt hot. "Where did all this happen?"

"The Cross. A dive called the Purple Pussycat. It's a McDonalds now."

"Wasn't it raided or something?"

"Or something."

"You punched a cop."

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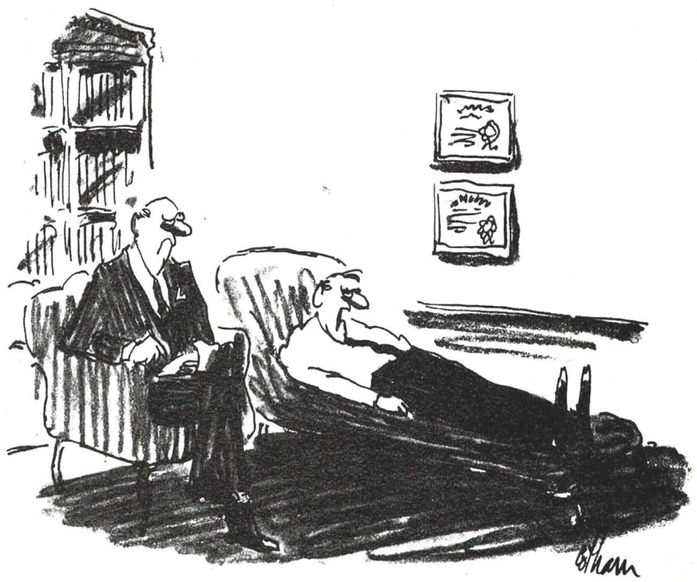
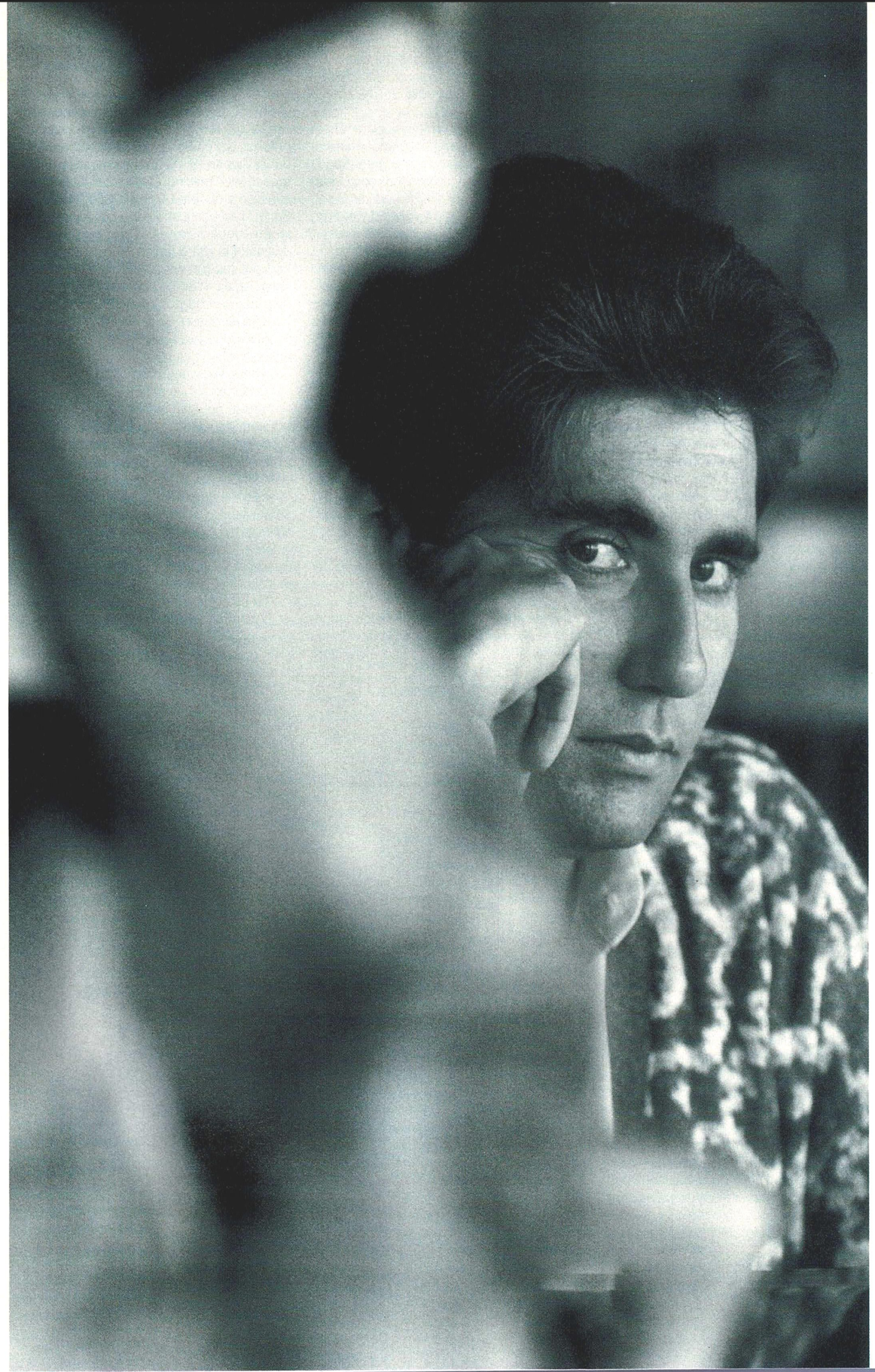


"If you weren't so stupid, maybe you could figure out why people automatically dislike me."



waterhouse BLUES

Five years after Fine Cotton, should bookie Robbie Waterhouse be allowed a fair crack of the whip?

The rotund and beloved British screen actor Charles Laughton, playing Captain Bligh in the 1935 offering of *Mutiny On The Bounty*, has just witnessed a jolly good flogging from his station high above the assembled ship's company. In the fruity tones which helped make him one of the finest character actors the cinema has produced, Laughton calls down to Clark Gable, playing Fletcher Christian: "Give that man one hundred lashes."

Christian, moustache twitching in disgust, stares at the carcass of a seaman lashed to the mast, looks up at Bligh and says: "But sir, this man is dead . . ."

At this, Bligh smiles his hooded smile and sneers his contemptuous sneer, points his nose even higher in disdain and delivers the film's classic line: "Carry out the punishment."

There is an analogy somewhere between Bligh and the bloodied seaman on one hand, and the committee of the Australian Jockey Club and the bookmaker Robbie Waterhouse on the other.

Well, all right, Waterhouse hasn't been caned by the AJC committee as excessively as that, but nonetheless it is difficult to comprehend why, after five years, he has still not been pardoned for having had prior knowledge of the Fine Cotton ring-in, which has gone down in turf history as perhaps the greatest cockup of all time.

Two sets of laws apply in racing for all "licensed persons", which in the quaint lingo of racing means the prime movers directly involved in the industry such as trainers, jockeys, bookmakers and so forth. The first law is the civil code, which of course applies to us all. The second is the AJC code, meaning the Rules of Racing as interpreted by the club's omnipotent committee.

If it is merely difficult to beat the civil laws of the land, then it is almost impossible to beat most of the rules of the turf. In fact one would have more hope of a satisfactory result when urinating against the wind. Robbie Waterhouse beat the civil code in the sense that he and others were cleared by NSW District Court Judge Smythe of conspiracy charges in connection with the Fine Cotton affair, but so far he is still failing — after five long years — to beat the AJC code.

Furthermore, there is a possibility (but not a probability) that he may never beat that code. Again calling on the Captain Bligh analogy, it appears that he is being used by the AJC committee as a whipping boy, and that its members intend to keep him strung up on public display as a warning to all other "licensed persons" who dare to transgress.

How seriously from the path of righteousness did Waterhouse wander? A good deal of background is needed here. In the New Year of 1984 the credibility of the turf was severely damaged by a series of crime-related incidents. The period opened with most of the necessary ingredients for the production of some lurid TV cops and rob-

BY NEVILLE PENTON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

BLUES

bers show. A cast of doubtful performers had boogied their way into several plots and counterplots, and it was all a bit of a joke until the scriptwriter went bananas and offered a murder so grisly that it could have been lifted from a *Rambo* movie. Suddenly the audience wasn't laughing.

It seems likely that the scenario opened in Brisbane when two acceptors for a Doomben meeting, Wishane Myth and Aquitane, were late scratchings after notification that they had been doped. This revelation proved the substance of fears inside and outside the industry that some shonky shakers and movers were operating in Brisbane. Indeed, some Sydney bookmakers believed they were being dudded to such an extent that they were considering ditching their big white bags and taking an early retirement.

At the end of March the Sydney trainer George Brown, a mild-mannered chap who appeared to be well liked and respected in the trade, raced a filly named Risley at Doomben. She finished second-last in a field of 13 after being backed from twelves to eights in Brisbane, and from fourteens to fours on course at Wollongong, in NSW.

It is almost certain that this Saturday run held the key to an horrific sequel. On the Monday night the body of Brown was discovered in his burning car on the F6 Freeway, 16 kilometres north of Wollongong. Petrol tins were found in the burnt-out sedan, and the trainer's corpse was so mutilated and burned that it took some time before it was identified.

A post-mortem examination showed that both his legs had been broken above the knee, his upper right arm had been shattered, and his left arm had been twisted up behind his back until it had snapped. His agony had been halted only when his tormentors clubbed him to death, and then his body and car had been doused with petrol and set alight.

God alone knew how much Brown must have suffered at the hands of the scum who took his life, and the manner of his gruesome dispatch struck just as much chill into the hearts of the honest members of the racing fraternity as it did into the dodgy ones.

The Fine Cotton sting was much more amusing as a piece of theatre. In late August the same year, at the Eagle Farm races, the apprentice Gus Philpot was legged aboard a runner in the Second Commerce Novice. He had been engaged for Fine Cotton, which he had never previously laid eyes upon, and it was a pressure ride because he had been told that although his mount was an eight-year-old plugger from the bush it had been widely and heavily backed.

That was about all the jockey was told, and it occurred to him — and many thousands of others around the country — that something very odd was going down. Why would a horse with such pathetic form, and which had never won at the distance (1500 metres), be supported with such confidence?

As Philpot was cantering to the barriers more and more cash was flowing in for Fine Cotton. Like Topsy, the plunge kept growing, with punters being mesmerised by the weight of money for the horse and then blindly following the lead.

Bookmakers and TAB staff were put under a kind of siege. They were being flooded with money for Fine Cotton at every venue in Australia which was accommodating the Eagle Farm races, and even in Port Moresby and other far-off regions.

In Queensland the odds came in from 33-1 to 7-2, and in Sydney from 20-1 to 6-4 favorite. In the idiom of the turf it was a big plonk, later estimated at more than $2 million.

Young Philpot rode the plunge horse well and it prevailed in a camera finish from Harbour Gold. The innocent apprentice had just kicked home a ring-in named Bold Personality, an animal which had changed ownership only a few days before the race and which earlier in the year had won four metropolitan races. Under normal conditions this horse could have given Fine Cotton two minutes start and still thrashed him. Well, one minute.

There was a kerfuffle over the winner's registration papers involving the trainer, Hayden Haitana — a glib, wide-eyed conman from New Zealand — and the fast-talking Maori was last seen downing a Fourex before fleeing from the racetrack. The correct weight signal was delayed, and it was not until about 40 minutes after the horses had crossed the line that Fine Cotton was disqualified.

This meant that all money gambled on him remained with the bookmakers and the TAB, and the Eagle Farm punters turned nasty. Indeed, horseplayers throughout Australia turned nasty on learning they had done their money cold.

Later, after he had embarrassed police forces in the eastern states by eluding detectives, the fugitive Haitana appeared on national television via *60 Minutes* and claimed that the lives of his family and himself had been threatened by criminals if he didn't play ball with their ring-in plans. According to Haitana, who had by now become a media celeb, a man showed him

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BACK ON THE TRACK: THE PRECEDENTS

The AJC committee's unrelenting attitude towards the Waterhouse case is baffling if you take a line through a precedent involving a Queenslander named John Mort Green.

This man, a professional tipster or "adviser" as he describes himself, was charged by the Queensland Turf Club — a principal club and ostensibly on the same footing as the AJC under Australia's long-established racing hierarchy — with having prior knowledge of the Fine Cotton ring-in.

This was exactly the same charge as Robbie Waterhouse and his father faced, and a further parallel can be drawn from the fact that the three men were also alleged to have connived with others to back the substituted horse.

The QTC committee dealt with the counts against Green and sustained them after the flamboyant, sartorially splendid gadabout and one-time bookmaker, then 55, declined to supply any information. Green was warned off but after ten months on the outside he was allowed by the QTC to return to the racetracks.

Even though the Waterhouses and Green were charged with identical offences there was a technical difference involving status: the Waterhouses were "licensed persons" in turf nomenclature and therefore subject to the "in-house" rules. Green, known in international turf circles as "The Butterfly" because of his jetsetting, needed no licence to step on to a racecourse.

But even allowing for this, the disparity in time served between he and the Waterhouses hardly seems reasonable.

George Moore was rubbed out "at the committee's pleasure" on several counts including conspiring and owning a racehorse. That was back in 1954, and when it began to appear that the great jockey might have to spend the rest of his days riding the range on his farm, the AJC committee handed back his licence.

Moore had served a few months more than two years outside of racing, and if the mercy shown by the AJC in his case can fairly be used as a precedent then the Waterhouses have surely paid a heavy enough price, considering the nature of the charges against the bookmakers and the jockey.

Moore was out for 27 months on counts which in this author's opinion appear to have been considerably more serious than the prior knowledge of the father and son of an event in which they were shown, before the public, to have had no personal involvement.

There have been many other examples of clemency on the turf, and with August heralding the start of a new racing season, it may also usher the return of the Waterhouses.

Hair, make-up and styling by Susan Daub; Red satin bustier, purple and red vests, money belt and suspenders from Risk, Crown St, Sydney; Black and white Mexican suit and black ruffle top from Wheels And Doll Baby, Crown St, Sydney; Photographed on location at the San Pedro Motel, Sydney.

Nikki

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZIE SAUVAGE

The DeviL in Miss williamS

"I've got my sweet and innocent side," says gorgeous Nikki Williams, "but I have my alter egos. Friends call me 'Grandma', I guess because I don't mind going out of my way a bit to make them more comfortable. But my boyfriend calls me a Tasmanian Devil — and he's got the scars to prove it." For her disrobed debut, Nikki explored her Spanish roots, her true colors.

Nikki, 21, from Sydney, has a hot Spanish/French ancestry pumping in her veins. But this is a woman who's not from Barcelona. "I'm planning a science future," she says.

Nikki was studying for her science degree when approached to model — and since then the work has been flowing in. The scientific world might just have to wait for a while, as Nikki makes inroads into the *Penthouse* world. "Nudity doesn't worry me. Society's getting to people now. They're too busy worrying about what other people think, so they seldom get to show their true colors."

Nikki isn't so much into the traditional Bronzed Aussie look in men. "I go for the more nocturnal type," she says. "I'm attracted to a touch of the bizarre — definitely extroverts."

"I'm not the type to go for guys that I get along *too* well with. Some couples seem to get along so well that they don't have anything to talk about. I like a good, old-fashioned argument."

future fun

Rapid technological advancement in home entertainment systems allow you to turn your home into a pleasure dome

Imagine this.

After a wonderful meal, cooked in minutes by your house computer, you feel like spending the night at home. As you approach your specially designed entertainment room the voice-activated door slides quietly open to reveal a darkened room lit only by the faint glow from a giant wall-sized television screen. Outside the temperature is a sweltering 45 degrees. As predicted in the late Eighties, the hole in the ozone layer has opened wider and 30 years on Melbourne is suffering its worst ever heatwave with temperatures soaring into the fifties during the daytime. However, in your climate-controlled listening room the temperature is a comfortable 23 degrees. You tell VAL (your voice-activated central control computer) to close the window blinds as you lower yourself into your ergonomic control chair. The chair recognises your imprint and instantly adjusts itself to fit your body contours. You switch to massager and lie back, enjoying the exquisite touch of the senso-rub. You are all set for a great evening's entertainment. First you'll want to catch up on the world news, so you set your receiver on scan. The wall screen dissolves into 16 smaller screens, each displaying a news report from a different part of the world. The Australian Rules World Grand Final is being held in Tokyo. As the players run on to the oval in their protective armor you zoom in on the crowd, panning from left to right. On another screen the new American President is making her inaugural speech — but you're fed up with politics. The Russians have launched another Pepsi-sponsored sightseeing tour of Mars, and in London old

BY GARY OLIVER

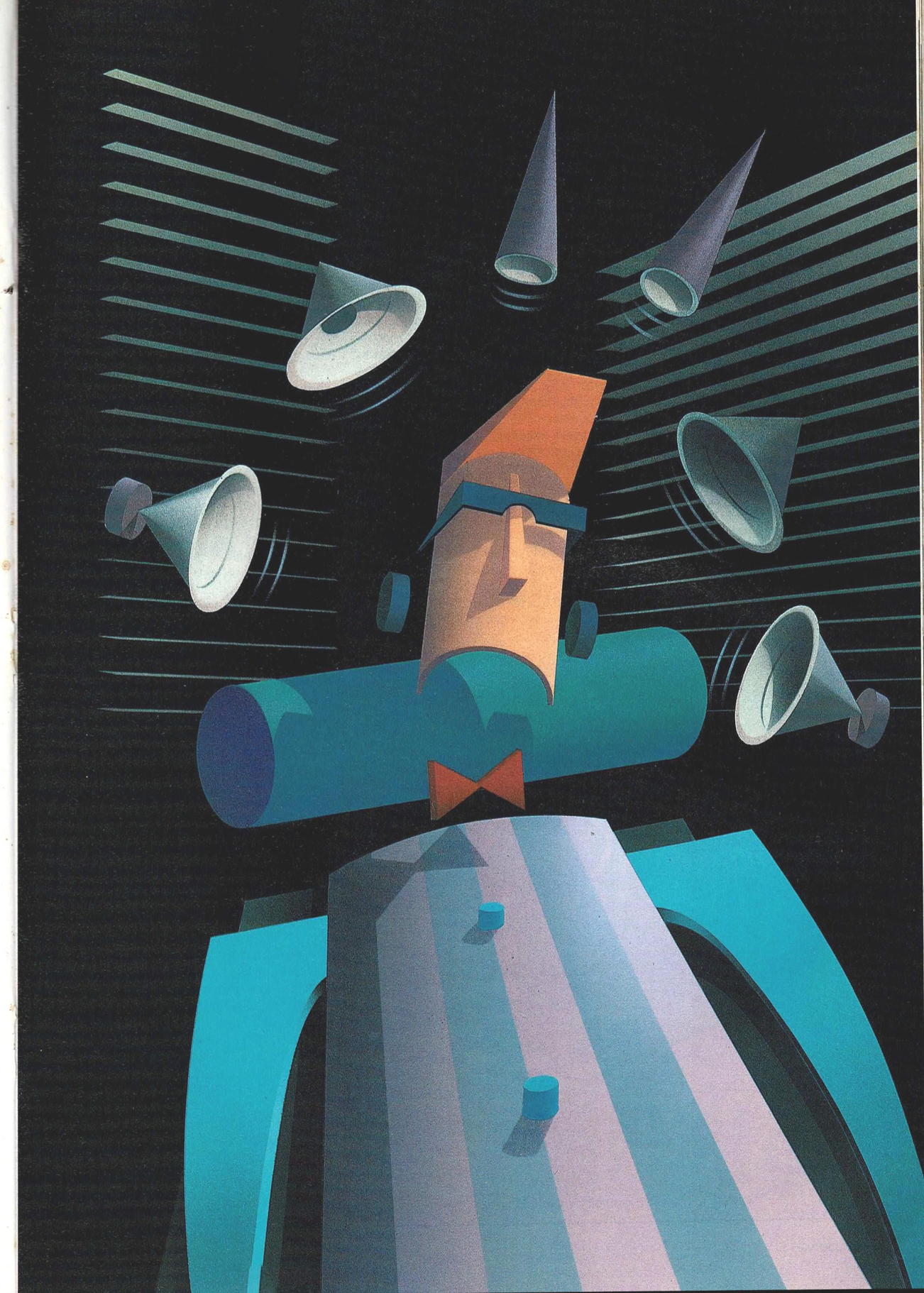


ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

future fun

President Gadaffi is opening Parliament.

It's all so predictable . . . Why not take in a movie? You ask VAL to select something historic: action, lust and adventure. Your personal preferences are well known to VAL and you need excitement.

The control chair hovers over the living grass carpet, then carries you straight through the centre of your wall screen. You are now in the middle of a large room with a domed roof. The chair settles in the middle of the room and the lights dim. The opening titles for the movie float at eye level. The titles fade and your viewing room is transformed into a Roman villa. Walking towards you is a Roman Senator; his purple robes cover an enormous obese body. He is shouting and gesticulating. Suddenly, from behind, you hear a woman's voice. You swivel round and there stands the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. She is staring right through you at the Senator. Tears are running down her face, leaving damp patches on the thin material stretched tightly across her breasts.

Wow, this is fantastic! And of course you know what will happen next. After all, you've seen this movie three times already. Slowly the woman reaches up and unties the knot that holds her tunic together. It drops to the floor revealing . . .

You are pleased you invested in the very latest holographic imager. Not only is everything truly three-dimensional but the sound is superb. When characters speak you can actually hear the words coming out of their mouths. And since it's a hologram, you are right in the centre of the action.

Sounds too good to be true? Well maybe at the moment, but in the year 2025 this could be the level of home entertainment the well-heeled buyer will be experiencing. Remember, television broadcasts only began in Australia in 1956. Think about the developments in the past 30 years, extrapolate them into the next century, and you'll agree that this scenario is on the cards.

Yet in many respects the future is with us now: digital television, Video Compact Disc (CDV), Surround Sound, total remote control, split-screen VCRs, speaker connection by infra-red, voice-activated computer systems . . .

While most companies are now investing their research and development dollars in complete integration of audio, video and home computers, a good quality hi-fi system is still the heart of a home entertainment system.

But buying a good hi-fi system can be an expensive nightmare if not approached in the right way.

It's possible to lose the plot, but the first thing to remember is that hi-fi is about *listening to music*. Though you will not find a system that can accurately reproduce a "live" sound, by shopping wisely you can buy a system that is pleasing to the ear for a surprisingly low cost.

Home hi-fi has come a long way in the past few years. New technology has produced innovative products like Compact Disc and more recently Digital Audio Tape and Surround Sound. Compact Disc (CD) in particular has revolutionised the way we listen to and play music.

The first question most people ask is: "How much should I spend to get something good?" The answer, of course, is as much as you can afford. Like most things in life, you get what you pay for. There are very few real bargains to be had in hi-fi. $1200 is a good starting price for reasonable quality high-fidelity equipment. From then on the sky is the limit. A true "top end" system including integrated video can cost upwards of $50,000.

The first question you *should* ask yourself is: "What do I need?" For example, how often do you listen to the radio? If you only listen over breakfast you can cross an AM-FM tuner off your list and use a portable. This will give you more money to spend on other components. If you have a large collection of records you'll need a turntable; otherwise start with a Compact Disc player. A cassette deck has a place in most systems as a means of making tapes for your car or portable, but if you don't use tapes in this way don't bother. Tapes used to be popular in the past for parties because of the turntable's inability to cope with vibration, but with the introduction of Compact Disc this is no longer a problem.

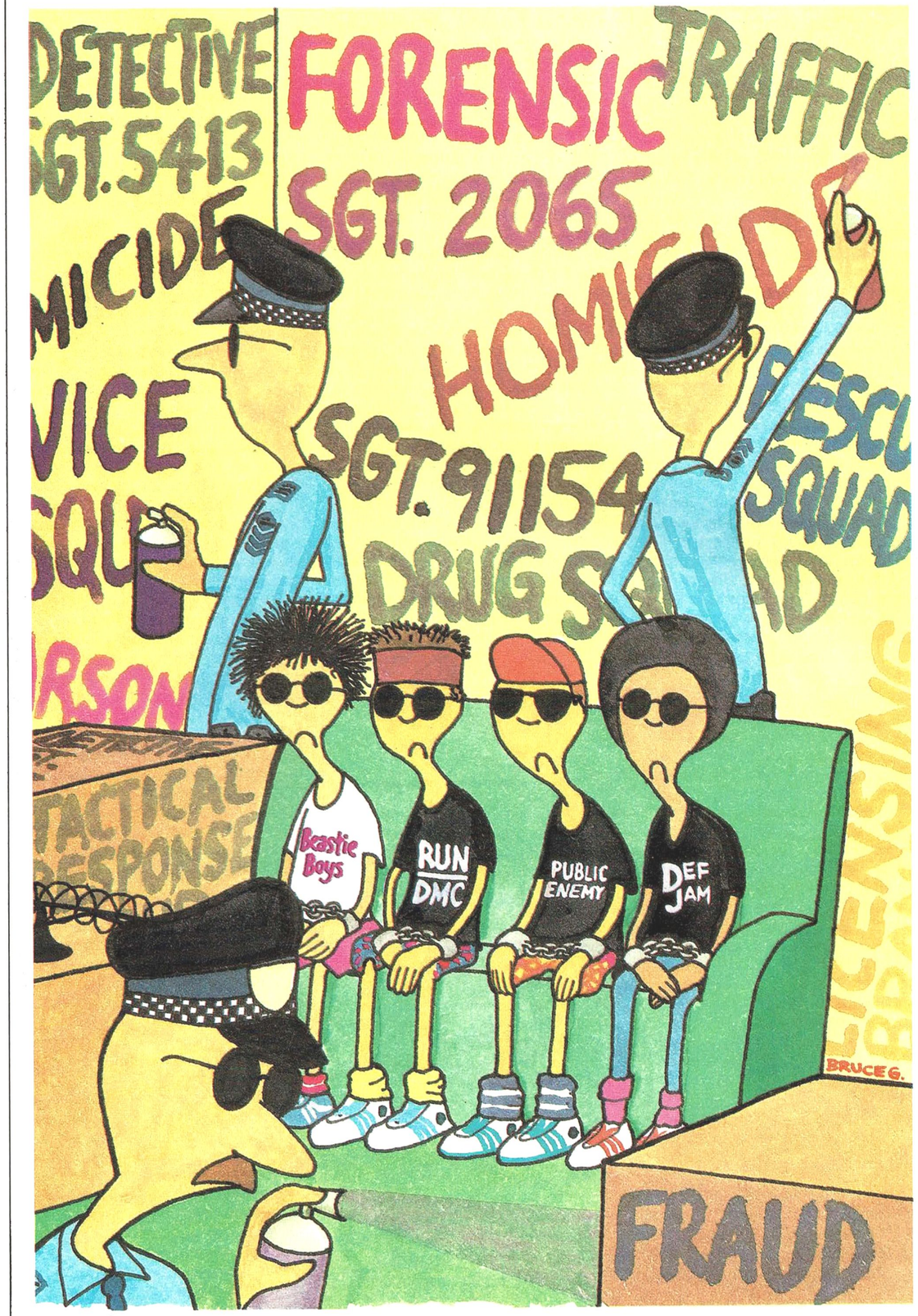
The basis of a system is a good amplifier, one sound source (CD player, turntable or cassette deck), and well-matched speakers to suit your particular requirements. You can always add on other components later.

Next question: "What brand should I buy?" This is a difficult one to answer as you will almost certainly be on the receiving end of a great deal of conflicting advice from salespeople and well-meaning friends. It's as open-ended as asking, "What brand of car should I buy?" As a general guide, look to the companies that only manufacture audio equipment — and perhaps video — rather than those that also make pop-up toasters, washing machines and microwave ovens.

To assist in your search for the right equipment, make a rough sketch of your proposed listening room indicating room dimensions, including the height of the ceiling. Position furniture and drapes as accurately as possible. Note details about floor coverings and the type of flooring (wood or concrete slab). These are important criteria.

Just because a friend's system sounds good in his home doesn't mean it will sound good in yours. Each room has individual acoustic properties and these play an important role in determining the type of system you should buy. Just as important are the type of music you listen to, volume requirements, whether you are a party animal and whether the system is for use by

"Only fair to warn you — I shit people to death."



others — or a shrine to your musical idiosyncrasies.

For example, if you walk into a hi-fi store and say, "I've got $2000 to spend. I want an amplifier, CD player and small unobtrusive speakers — I play heavy metal with plenty of bass" a good salesperson will tell you you have a problem. You will either have to spend more money on very high quality small speakers and an amplifier capable of making them work, or put up with less expensive but larger speakers to give the desired results. An experienced hi-fi salesperson will use your notes as a basis for their recommendation.

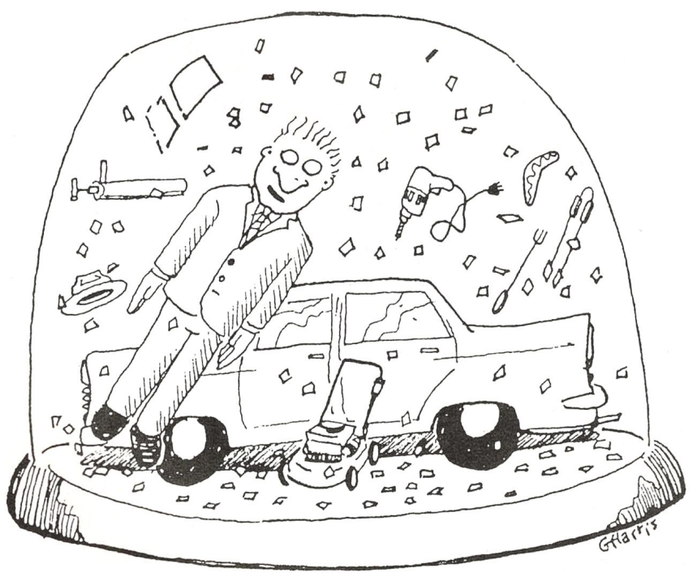
Next, select a recording that you know well, preferably a record or compact disc, and take it with you when you shop around. This will make your comparisons easier between different systems and different stores.

Don't underestimate your own abilities to judge sound quality. At first you may not know the type of sound you like but it's amazing how quickly your ears will become attuned to the often subtle differences in equipment. If you don't like the sound of what you are hearing, don't be afraid to say so. Ask to hear something in a higher price category than you wish to spend as it may help you decide on the price limit you set yourself. If you have decided to spend $2000, listen to a system costing $3000 and decide if it sounds 50 percent better. The law of diminishing returns has particular relevance when buying hi-fi. You may also find you prefer a less expensive system than you thought.

Beware of buying equipment just on looks. Many brands look impressive in the showroom but fall down badly when it comes to musical performance. Don't be put off by simple-looking equipment; once again, let your ears be the judge. Remember every additional feature costs money to produce.

If your time is limited and you want to get the buying process over as quickly as possible, buy a few audio magazines. While some reviewers can be notoriously biased (especially those in some overseas magazines) the reviews will at least give you some insight into the various brands, models and key features. If a brand consistently wins awards you can be sure that its products will be of a reasonably high standard.

Ignore specifications. As with all facts and figures, hi-fi specifications can be juggled to produce a desired result. With the exception of amplifier power ratings, they will tell you little about how the equipment will actually perform. For example, a common mistake is requesting a 50 Watt amplifier to drive a 100 Watt pair of speakers to prevent damage. In fact, the exact opposite is what you should buy to achieve the best and safest musical performance.



In accordance with his wishes, Mr Goitre had his remains and a few possessions placed in a huge snowflake paperweight he'd spent his final years constructing.

If you already have a good system there is an exciting new concept which will immediately inspire a visit to your bank manager.

Surround Sound, when connected to an existing system with an additional two or four loudspeakers, enables you to recreate the natural sound field experienced in concert halls, open air concerts or small intimate jazz clubs. Units such as Yamaha's DSP-1 digitally reproduce acoustic response patterns recreated from actual measurements taken in performing environments from around the world.

The echos, reflections and reverberations created by the room are all part of the sound of a "live" performance. It is these spatial effects which give live music the extra dynamics that are missing from the studio performance. Surround Sound addresses this problem and helps bring music in the home back to what it's really all about: an emotional experience that's felt with body and soul, as well as *heard*. The new digital technology employed by companies like Yamaha has opened up a new dimension in hi-fi sound. Of course, it comes at a price; this is where the purchase of only relevant components comes into play.

Another exciting aspect of building on to your system is the integration of VCR, stereo television and Surround Sound. With the advent of large screen televisions of up to 60 inches, and even larger video beam projectors, you can recreate the audio and visual excitement of the big screen at home. Hiring videos of films like *The Mission* or watching sport has a whole new dimension that, once experienced, is very hard to forget.

The future of home entertainment is definitely audio-visual. Imagine a small gathering of friends relaxing after dinner being stunned by your presentation of a blockbuster film or late night *MTV*...

For those with unlimited bank balances it is possible to integrate your complete audio-visual system with the very latest in customised remote control.

A Sydney company, Audio And Video Design, specialises in remote systems offering the most advanced technology. With their special remote control panels you can surround yourself with video and audio programs wherever you are in the home. These allow you to play different music in different rooms simultaneously — in as many rooms as desired. There is no limit to the number of audio-video components, lighting, curtains or other devices you can control, all via an infra-red remote. The speculations in the opening scenario are not too far away!

Whatever your budget, needs or desires, list your requirements, do your research, take the time to listen — and there's a good chance you'll end up with a great sounding system that will give you years of pleasure. If you choose wisely, you'll also be able to integrate the latest in video equipment as it becomes available. Maybe then you'll build your very own pleasure dome. Happy fantasies!

Ian Botham

Continued from page 53

far as to involve that material?

Botham: No.

Penthouse: I've been unable to find out what was the upshot of the allegations made by Vivien Kinsella, otherwise known as "Zany Zelda."

Botham: Well, she's dead.

Penthouse: She made a number of allegations concerning the 1984 tour to New Zealand, including one that she had personally injected you with heroin. But you never made any response, did you?

Botham: Do you know what annoyed me most about that? Every single pressman knew the woman and knew what she was like. She'd been passing that story around for 15 months, trying to sell it to someone. But every newspaperman in England, and every reporter on the tour, knew that she was just a junkie liar. Those allegations were made by a stupid, ridiculous woman and it didn't even make news in England. The crazy thing is that they have to actually hold me down to give me a typhoid injection. I'm paranoid about needles; I literally pass out.

Penthouse: But you did get an injunction placed on those allegations, and it was lifted in April 1986 after you dropped your libel action against the *Mail On Sunday* over previous allegations of drug taking on that same tour . . .

Botham: She OD'd in a Darwin hotel, a few months ago. I think that sort of puts all that to rest.

Penthouse: It seems extraordinary, given the nature of the British press, that those allegations did disappear after the injunction was lifted. After all, even if the newspapermen knew Vivien Kinsella was crazy, the public didn't know that, did they?

Botham: No, but the public *do* know . . . Let's be realistic. According to this "Zelda", I was a regular heroin user, a regular cocaine user, an alcoholic — barbiturates — you name it. Do I look like that? I said: "Look, here's my arms. Check 'em." The only place you'll find a needle hole's up here [points to shoulder] and then they have to hold me down for it. The England boys pissed themselves over that. And the English press did publish articles writing her off, saying: "Hasn't it reached an all-time low when we've got to put up with this in the papers?"

Penthouse: Why did you decide to plead guilty to the marijuana bust in 1985 if, as you've subsequently claimed, it was a set-up?

Botham: How do you plead not guilty when you walk into the court and there's four policemen who say they found it in a drawer? Well, they didn't say that because I pleaded not guilty, but what I'm saying is, how did it get there in the first place? And I'm not saying the police put it there; in all honesty, I don't know what happened. If it *was* mine, it had been there a long, long time, and I find that strange because my wife had just cleaned out the drawers three days before [the bust]. So I don't know what happened — but to me it's very hard for you to plead not guilty when it's found in your house.

Penthouse: But you pleaded guilty and you were saying quite publicly a short time afterwards that you'd been set up . . .

Botham: It didn't actually start with me saying anything. A letter was written — I think to the *Times* — pointing out, quite relevantly, does it make sense that someone would knowingly leave in their drawer 0.9 of a gram of marijuana? [The actual amount was 1.9 grams.] You couldn't even roll a joint with that. Let's be serious. You couldn't do anything with it. It just seems strange to me that it was such a small amount. A lot of things didn't ring true. But it was this letter which started all the rumors of a set-up. It was quite a cynical letter, saying: "I'd rather give Ian Botham back his 100 pounds

> "If you haven't got a name to name out of the England team, who are you going to go for? Who's going to sell your papers?"

(which was the fine I got) and I'd be more interested in knowing how it got there in the first place." And that's how the allegations of a set-up suddenly appeared, and the press started delving into it. I'd actually said nothing. Then I had two policemen who were going to sue me, because in a women's magazine article I was attributed as saying I'd been set up, which I had never said publicly. I'd left people to make their own minds up. The woman who wrote that article admitted she hadn't spoken to me about it and had written it off the top of her head. So, as it turns out, it was just another case of piss-all journalism in England, basically.

Penthouse: Another puzzling aspect of that case was that a year after it was concluded, it was reported that a quantity of cocaine had been found in your trouser pocket at the local laundromat, and it was this that led to the original police raid on your house . . .

Botham: Well, why wasn't I charged with that?

Penthouse: That's what I want to know. The county Prosecution Department decided not to lay charges against you on the basis of that alleged evidence. Why?

Botham: There's a lot of things that don't make sense to me about that case. Basically, I wanted it out of the way. That's why I pleaded guilty . . .

Penthouse: According to the *Mail On Sunday*, there were supposedly eight players involved in smoking marijuana on the 1984 tour to New Zealand, yet you were the only one named in that context. Were you ever tempted to "tell all" about what really goes down on an England cricket tour as a means of taking pressure off yourself, especially when you were suspended for two months in 1986 after dropping your libel action against the *Mail On Sunday* and agreeing to a statement that you had smoked marijuana in the past?

Botham: Well, I was suspended in '86 for saying, yes, okay, I have smoked marijuana in the past. That's all I ever admitted. As regards the eight guys who were meant to be smoking marijuana on the New Zealand tour — that was the biggest load of hogshit I've ever read in my life. The reason no-one else was named was because there wasn't anyone else. And there wasn't anything going on in the first place; two or three times that the allegations were made, I mean, I wasn't even in the same town. But the thing was, I fought that article for a long time — but I realised suddenly that I couldn't afford to go on with it. I couldn't risk that kind of bread. Initially it was a shock to the system. But of course they didn't name any other names, because they didn't know any other names because there were no more names to name. If you haven't got a name to name out of the England team, who are you going to go for? Who's going to sell your papers?

Penthouse: So you didn't pull out of your libel action because it was becoming clear that they had too much on you and you couldn't win the case?

Botham: No, no, not at all. I've got 15 affidavits from team-mates — that's pretty fair back-up, isn't it? I just paid my own legal costs and got the hell out. It would have cost me my house had I lost. Now, over a newspaper article, is that worthwhile? That was the be-all and end-all of it. I've got better things to spend my time and money on.

Penthouse: It was suggested that if you were banned for life by the Test and County Cricket Board you might have been lining up for Australia against England in the Ashes series of 1986-87, because the Australians were preparing to welcome you with open arms. Would that outcome have pleased you?

Botham: Well, if I got banned for life by the English cricket authorities because I confessed to smoking a couple of joints a few years ago, then the death penalty would come back for swearing at an umpire, wouldn't it? It's too much. I mean, had it been anyone else, the press wouldn't have bothered wasting their time writing an article about me coming to Australia to play. I don't know where they get these ideas from. Did

Continued on page 110

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

BETWEEN SATIN SHEETS

"I love luxury," says the stunningly attractive 22-year-old Julie with a smile calculated to send any red-blooded male wild. This blonde bombshell is worth her weight in silk sheets, caviar and vintage champagne.

"I want to find a man who appreciates a real woman and knows how to treat her in style." A self-admitted femme fatale, Julie says: "I'm basically a man's woman. I don't seem to make too many girlfriends. I think probably because of the effect I have on their men. When I go out with a group the men tend to give me their undivided attention."

"I'm not the kind of woman who enjoys white-water rafting," Julie says. "I'd rather sit over a candlelit dinner than a campfire anyday. I guess I would call myself an old-fashioned romantic. With me it has to be red roses all the way."

Polocrosse, Australia's own horse sport, is poised to sweep the world

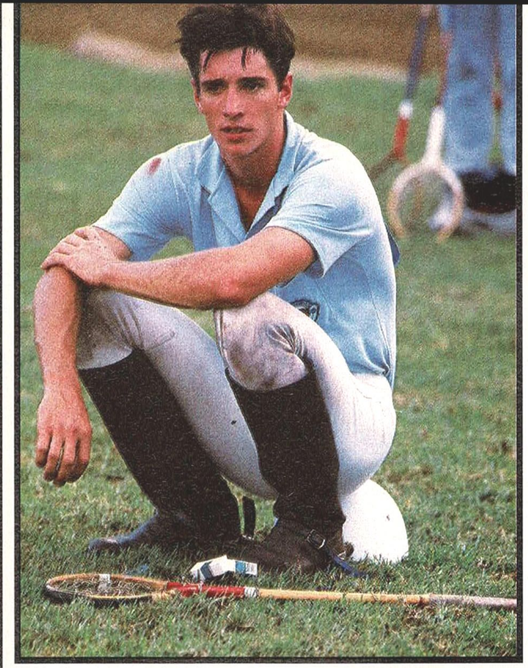
BY GREG HUNTER

PHOTOS COURTESY GRAHAM MONRO/ STOCKSHOTS & PETER MORRIS

ROUGH *riding*

There aren't too many sports Australia can lick the world at these days. Things have reached a pretty low ebb when the Yanks can come over here and beat us at boomerang throwing. If you were to speculate on which sports, if suddenly accorded Olympic status, would virtually guarantee us a gold medal, you'd probably come up with Australian Rules, Rugby League and surfing. None of these, of course, is on the short list, nor ever likely to be.

Then there's polocrosse. Not only are we the best in the world at it, we've got to take on a combined Rest of the World team just to make a game of it. Hardly surprising, given that the sport was invented in Australia exactly 50 years ago and exported around the planet by expatriates. But polocrosse is the fastest-growing horse sport in the world, it is poised on the brink of a quantum leap in expansion, and now there are a few hard-nosed people around (more of whom later) who are absolutely deter-



Far Left: In remote areas of Central Queensland polocrosse has a strong following. Still, these members of the Longreach team have to cover a lot of miles to find some opposition. Top Left: David McNeill, manager of Murph's Turf and already representing NSW at only 20. Bottom Left: NSW vs South Australia at this year's Royal Easter Show in Sydney. In "mixed" games such as this, men play against men, women against women, in alternate chukkas.

ROUGH *riding*

mined that the horsemen and horsewomen who play this game will eventually get the recognition they deserve. Maybe, one day, that will come in the form of a gold medal.

Mention polocrosse to most urban Australians and you'll get either a blank look or a tentative notion that the game is "a sort of poor man's polo." But if you venture into the attic in the homes of the landed gentry — or indeed any country people who've had much to do with horses — nine times out of ten you'll find, in amongst the footballs and cricket bats and golf clubs, a polocrosse racquet. Just about every horseperson has had some sort of a go at it. And whilst it *might* be described as a poor man's polo — in the sense that you don't have to be obnoxiously rich to be able to play the game — it is no poor relation in any other respect. Polocrosse is far more popular than polo (about 10,000 regular players throughout Australia, compared with around 500 polo players); it's currently undergoing a boom among the trendy professional classes; it requires far superior horses and far superior levels of horsemanship when played at the top level; it is infinitely more accessible to spectators (polocrosse is played on a much smaller field than polo, so you don't need the vision of Superman to work out what's going on); and by virtue of its very physical, highly combative nature, it is a great deal more exciting.

Gut-wrenchingly exciting. When you watch a game from high up in the stands, as Sydney people can do at the annual Easter Show exhibition matches, you get no sense of the heavy-duty action going down on the field. Get on to the sidelines, though, and it's all the thunder of hooves, the clashing of racquets and the thump of horses colliding. Riders get thrown regularly, and on rare occasions crushed under the weight of a somersaulting horse; they get belted with racquets, mostly around the hands and arms, and otherwise battered and bruised. (At this year's Easter Show one young lady from South Australia finished up flat on her back with blood gushing from her nose, but played on regardless.) Polocrosse is not by any stretch of the imagination as dangerous as, say, Rugby League; but neither is it a game for wimps of either sex.

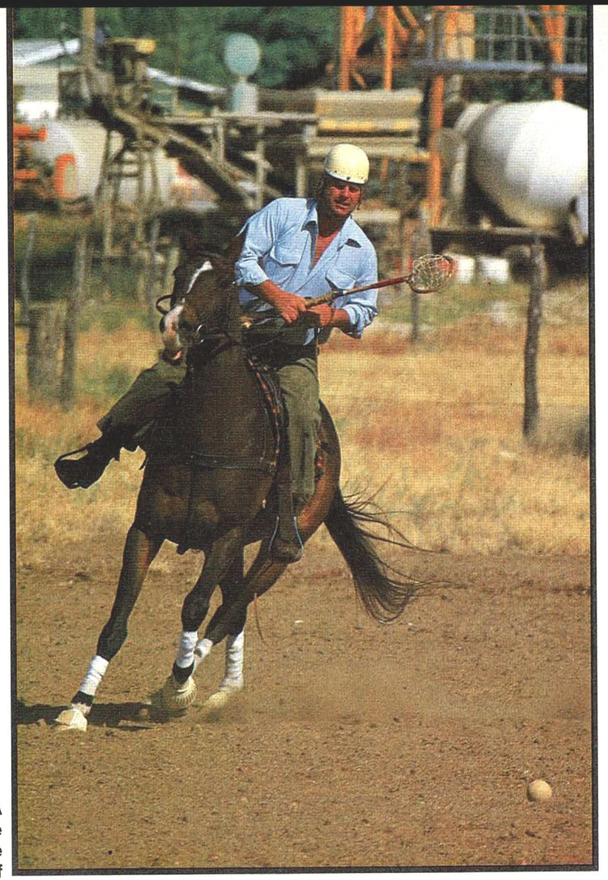
The name of the game was coined as a cross between polo and lacrosse, but it's easier to think of it as a sort of basketball played on horseback. Teams consist of six players, but only three play at a time; when an eight-minute "chukka" is completed, the replacements step in for the next chukka, allowing the horses a rest. Thus you only need to transport one horse to a polocrosse carnival, rather than half a dozen or more, as in polo, and this is why the sport is accessible to the common man. The racquet is basically a net on the end of a metre-long stick, allowing the soft rubber ball to be passed between players, the object being to get it to the Number One player — the attacker — so that he can throw it through the goals. But fundamentally, the game is all about one-on-one marking; you've got to stop your opponent from breaking away with the ball, basically by putting your horse in the way and using your racquet to belt the ball out of his. Contact between horses is supposed to be shoulder to shoulder, and no further back than the girth; players aren't allowed to charge in on another horse at an angle greater than 45 degrees. So it's all a matter of stopping, starting, circling, pivoting, pirouetting, and finally bolting away when you get to see daylight.

Can you imagine the level of horsemanship required to do this really well? At the A-Grade standard there are subtleties comprehensible only to equestrian cognoscenti. David McNeil, who at just 20 is already one of Australia's best players and appears destined to become *the* best, explains: "People playing B, C and D-Grade back their horses up every weekend, but when you play A-Grade weekend after weekend, if you use the same horse all the time it'll get too knocked up and you can't get much out of it. I usually have three or four horses in work. The top horsemen in A-Grade find the weaknesses in their opponents' horses and work on them — and you find if that keeps happening week after week, those horses eventually don't want to play polocrosse anymore. You always find the horse you're opposing has some weakness — it mightn't like to turn one way, it mightn't like taking a knock — and you just work on those points. After a while you find you can almost wrap your opponent's horse around your little finger, because you've broken its heart a bit and got it under control. And if you're familiar with an opponent's horse, you already know its weaknesses before the game even starts."

It follows that getting a really good polocrosse pony, and *keeping* him really good, is a lot easier said than done. A top horse will generally have some elements of Australian stock horse (for quietness and general tractability), thoroughbred (for speed and intelligence), and quarterhorse (for manoeuvrability). There are of course all sorts of considerations involved in getting the optimum combination of bloodlines, but even these physical factors are over-ridden by the two characteristics of a great horse: it genuinely likes playing the game and it understands precisely what it's supposed to be doing.

Where do you buy such an animal? The answer, at least traditionally, is that you don't, because no bastard will sell you one. Polocrosse is as much a contest between horses as between men, and for a player to unload such an animal at the peak of its powers would be unthinkable. It takes at least three or four years of training and playing to get a horse up to that quality, and a polocrosse player will be lucky if he can produce two top-class horses in his life. For true horsemen, breeding and training a horse so that it can compete at A-Grade level and beyond, at representative level, is understandably a source of tremendous pride and satisfaction. Therein lies much of the traditional beauty of this sport: any jerk with money can buy a Ferrari, but to acquire the equivalent in a polocrosse pony has always taken talent, experience, perseverance and passion.

Polocrosse was invented in 1939 by Edward and Marjorie Hirst, two horse enthusiasts from Ingleburn, near Sydney. During the postwar years and throughout the Fifties, the game had an extremely high media profile — it used to get almost as much coverage as football — because it was the sport of what passes for aristocracy in this country. Every tournament was a fashion parade and a social event. But somehow, in spite of the fact that polocrosse has continued to expand right up to the present day, its profile has receded into near-obscurity. The game is now well established in Zimbabwe, South Africa, New Zealand and PNG, and has at least a toehold in the US,



Top Right: A practice session at the back of beyond. Top players constantly hone their racquet skills. Bottom: The pride of Longreach horsemanship. Polocrosse players say the sport allows them to get the most out of their horses. It beats trail riding.

ROUGH *riding*

Canada, Hawaii, the Philippines, Vanuatu, and France; it's extremely well organised, with club championships, zone championships, interstate clashes, and regular international Test match series; and yet, apart from people who've actually played the game, nobody but a tiny contingent of spectators knows the first thing about it. It's almost as if all this activity were taking place in another dimension; or, to put it another way, polocrosse is the most underexploited sport in Australia.

The reasons aren't altogether mysterious. Polocrosse is played by very conservative country people and administered, likewise, by people who are not into making a big noise and wouldn't know how to anyway. They are not people with business and promotional expertise; as one long-serving official put it: "We just don't know where to get started. Some of our executives haven't quite got the get up and go that you need to market a sport in the Eighties. Some of them, in my opinion, couldn't sell pies at a football match."

Enter Mr Christopher M. Murphy, or "C.M." as he prefers to be known. Murphy is in the business of making a big noise. As manager of the phenomenally successful INXS, he was named Entrepreneur of the Year in 1988 by *Business Review Weekly*. According to *Rolling Stone* writer John O'Donnell, "Murphy has a reputation as probably the toughest, most uncompromising and ruthless operator in the Australian (rock) industry." That's no mean recommendation. The man is a kick-ass merchant from way back; he gets things done. And while INXS is his business, his passion is polocrosse.

Murphy got involved with the game about two years ago when he realised that playing polocrosse was about the most interesting thing you can do while sitting on a horse. It didn't take him long to also realise that the sport was somewhat underdone in terms of promotion. He wanted to learn everything he could about polocrosse, so sent out his minions to find everything ever written on the subject. "I discovered, unbelievably, there was nothing. The sport's been going 50 years. I thought: 'Who's running this joint?'"

So began Project Polocrosse. Its object is to amp up the game's image — make it "sexier" in Murphy's parlance — lift its media profile and "make the Australian public aware that we've got something unique here — something we didn't get from the English or the Americans. Aussie Rules is unique to Australia and has a market in the rest of the world, and the only reason it has that market is *because* it is unique. The only other thing we've got that's unique is polocrosse — a game developed in Australia and very much a part of the Australian character. It's not polo, it's not Prince Charles, it's not Kerry Packer, but a lot of Australians play it and it's very accessible to a lot of Australians." There is also, incidentally, the possibility of Murphy eventually making a buck on the side. It'll be a long while, though, before he recoups anything like the three-quarters of a million he's invested, so far, in polocrosse.

The first move was to produce a book. After a long and painful gestation, *Polocrosse — Australian Made, Internationally Played* should be in the stores soon after you read this. The plan is to market it throughout Australia, then in the US and Canada and finally around the world. Also in the pipeline are an instructional video on the game and a TV documentary based on the book, later to be released on video.

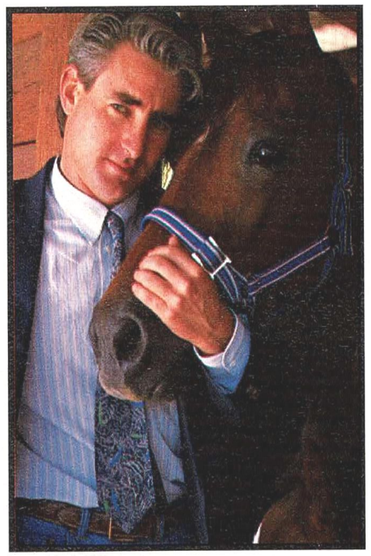
Murphy's next move was to set up a polocrosse field at his property, "Murph's Turf", at Lisarow near Gosford on the NSW Central Coast. He'd missed the polocrosse season in '88 because of overseas commitments, so decided to stage his own tournament, inviting some of the country's best players and using connections to whip up media interest. The success of this promotion convinced the entrepreneur that if you could set up a regular polocrosse tournament, to be held at this central venue, instead of floating carnivals held at various showgrounds all over the country from time to time, then you could get together a "fan base", and thus you could realistically call for sponsorship, and from that would flow some degree of professionalism, hence ensuring the survival of the sport.

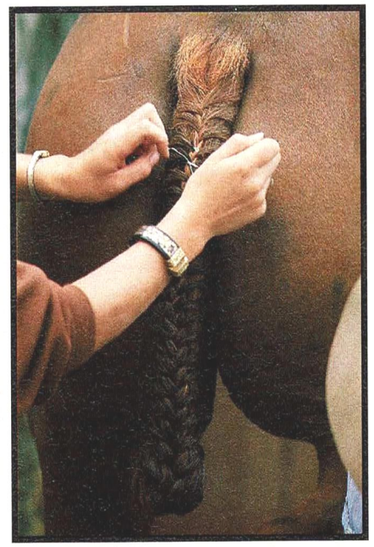
So that's where he's at now. Murph's Turf is the first polocrosse training centre in the world, with young David McNeill managing the property, conducting coaching clinics for beginning players and training up polocrosse horses to competition standard. Murphy will take an Australian team to the US National Championships in August this year, arrange for McNeill to conduct clinics in the States, and hopefully stage an exhibition match in England in December. He plans another "Twilight Series" next January, featuring a visiting American team, and subsequently he intends to stage the first ever polocrosse horse sale.

That will be, self-evidently, a quantum leap for polocrosse. As Murphy explains, "The whole sport seems to be totally disjointed . . . I mean, where do you get a horse from? People have paid lots of money for horses that didn't turn out to *be* polocrosse horses. Now, through Murph's Turf and David McNeill's expertise, we've just about mounted everyone on the Central Coast. But we're going to get the *top* polocrosse trainers in Australia to put together three or four horses each and we'll be running a big sale at the end of the Twilight Series. So, to sum it up, what we're doing is all about *consolidating* the game. The players all think it's absolutely fantastic."

For the most part, that's true. As Jenny Spackman, secretary of the NSW Polocrosse Association, points out: "A lot of people work very hard and live very carefully so they can afford to play polocrosse. It really has to be very desperate before they'll give the game away. Polocrosse is a total, utter obsession for so many people." Talk to any polocrosse players and they'll tell you of their dangerous "addiction." The rising costs of petrol and feed have forced a great many of them — ordinary country folk who are the lifeblood of the sport — on to the wire. So the concept of semi-professionalism, which is central to the Murphy push, seems like mana from heaven to them. The coincidental injection of $10,000 in prizemoney by John Singleton for a carnival held in the Hawkesbury Valley last May was the biggest news in the obscure history of the sport.

The Donnelly brothers, from Donnellyville, near Macksville on the NSW North Coast, are typical of country battlers who've virtually mortgaged their lives to polocrosse. Terry, Kevin and Morris form the nucleus of the Macksville team which won the NSW club and zone championships last year. All three have played for NSW and Terry has represented Australia. When Terry and Morris went to the 1988 National Championships in Darwin, the entire exercise cost them $13,000. These guys are on ordinary wages, and during the season they reckon they'd invest half their take-home pay on polocrosse. "It's got to the stage where our wives are saying we've got to swap the horses for cows," says Kevin. "The 1990 Nationals are going to be in Tasmania, and that'll cost heaps. But it's like a drug — you can't leave it alone." When the Donnelly boys, representing NSW, won the men's competition at the Darwin Nationals, they received for their efforts a map of Australia. A piece of paper with several noughts on it would have saved them from the possibility of being squeezed out of their sport.





Top: Entrepreneur C.M. Murphy, kicking down the doors with Project Polocrosse to usher the sport into the Eighties. Middle: It may be a horse's behind to you, but polocrosse players turn their horses out immaculately for the exhibition matches at the Easter Show. Bottom: Members of the NSW Mixed team prepare for a round robin tournament against Queensland and South Australia at the Show. The Blues won convincingly.

So it is that polocrosse is at a crossroads: it can continue to be a charmingly insular activity — a forum for country people to gather for displays of astoundingly skilful horsemanship, then swap yarns around a campfire before dozing off in the back of a truck — or it can accept with open arms the expertise of men like C.M. Murphy and move toward taking its place on the world stage, at the same time sacrificing perhaps a little of its endearing naivete.

Politics will decide the issue. A lot of old guard administrators have had their noses well and truly dislocated by the Murphy push. Many are fundamentally opposed to the idea of sponsorship and prizemoney, and some have apparently been moved to question what the hell polocrosse has to do with the rock industry. As well, on account of a dispute between Murphy and a former associate, plans to market polocrosse horses and gear throughout the potentially huge American market via a proposed International Polocrosse Company have stalled at the barrier. The reasons behind this conflict are far too complex to address here. Murphy himself — a man not unused to the phenomenon of hysteria — expresses astonishment at the amount of political backbiting his budding polocrosse revolution has caused: "It's like with INXS — now that I've shown how to do it, suddenly *everyone* supposedly knows how to do it. People who've always been involved in polocrosse have suddenly started saying things like: 'It was all my idea' and so on. But I'm not running a monopoly. I want *everyone* to go out and produce books, send teams to the States, start their own training centres, or whatever . . . But right now it's like Michael Hutchence trying to get into the limo after a gig, with people pulling his hair out, ripping his sleeves off . . . it's that same desperation."

Indeed, this unseemly scramble is not the only evidence of polocrosse being ushered kicking and screaming into the Eighties. As with other sports, the pace and the standard of the game have increased enormously in the past five years. Jenny Spackman points out: "If you increase the pace by half as much again, as has happened, it can just become mortally dangerous . . . Some of the players, especially at club level, would be better off on motor bikes. If the umpiring is not tightly controlled, it will be the death knell of the sport. It doesn't matter who puts money into it, or how wonderful the players and horses are. If our umpires are not credible and capable, you might as well give it all away."

No doubt the animal liberationists will be interested in those words. "So far," says Mrs Spackman, "they've been soft on us. But they've said they want to ban camp drafting and polo within five years, and I think polocrosse is in there too . . ."

You'll be hearing a lot more about this sport in the future. If you ever get a chance to catch a game, don't miss it.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

JADE NIGHTS

They met in Osaka. Alycia had come to study design, Cheryl to do financial research. Strangers in a strange land, their friendship blossomed easily then turned more intimate. Both confessed a curiosity to learn the oriental ways of lovemaking, the ancient Tao of sex and the ancient positions of ecstasy. Both flushed at the Paired Dance of the Female Phoenixes — not with embarrassment, but with a desire to experience it.

They dreamed of being love slaves in the days of shogun power. But like the female phoenixes, they entered and satisfied each other without the "jade stalks" of men.

Having exhausted all the old, mysterious ways, the travellers pursued new paths of their own imagining. They whispered what they knew, that the moonglow of these jade nights would linger forever.

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Up Here for Thinking PH966

RUNNING

Continued from page 57

I caught her eye in the rear vision mirror. "That how Alan told it?"

"Alan tells me lots of things. I don't necessarily believe them."

I said, "There's a cop you have to pay off if you want to operate in the Cross."

"Colby."

I wondered how she knew the name. Maybe she watched Tom Willeman too.

"Yeah. Colby. Alan got behind in his payments. Cutter sent some boys round to close us down. I was on the door."

We were well up the highway now. Young matrons took morning coffee in sidewalk cafes under beige canvas umbrellas. It was a long way from Kings Cross and 1978. But I could still smell the stale beer and sweat, see the tired white thighs and drooping breasts moving mechanically under the lights, the lifeless eyes staring over the heads of the punters huddled in the dark . . .

"I hit the buzzer to warn Alan. He got to the top of the stairs, saw them coming up . . . and shoved me down on them."

"The way he tells it, you tripped and fell."

"Yeah? Anyway, I landed on this big Dutch sergeant. Stoffels. When he tried to straighten up, he couldn't. Hernia."

"You went to jail for *that?*"

"They called it resisting arrest and aggravated assault of a police officer. I did eight months in Long Bay." Plenty of time to contemplate the limits of friendship.

"Down here," she ordered.

I took the turn. The winding lane ended in a cul-de-sac and a high metal gate between bougainvillea-covered piers. I thumbed the electronic release on the dash, and the gates majestically parted.

It was a modest little place: too small for a Bruce Springsteen concert, though you could have squeezed in a boy scout jamboree. Middle Harbor glittered at the foot of a lawn for which any bowler would have sold his children into slavery.

"Cosy."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning nothing in particular. I'm sorry. Nostalgia doesn't agree with me. Should I wait?"

"Yes." She opened the door. "But you might as well do it inside."

We sat on a leather couch the size of a double bed. Beyond a wall of glass, the pool was a slab of captured amethyst. Her legs were curled up under her. If the skirt rode up just a centimetre or two more . . . I sank another swallow of Laphroaig. That left about half a litre in my glass. My head was ringing.

"Feel like some lunch?"

I held up the glass. "Isn't this it?"

"Then what about a swim?"

I was conscious of my cheeks burning. "I don't want to sound like Kylie Minogue, but I didn't bring my togs."

She stood up, grasped the lower hem of the dress and pulled it over her head. Wadded up, it barely filled her palm. She tossed it away. She wore no underwear. Her body, even to the crease between her thighs, was as hairless as a ten-year-old.

"I don't want to sound like Marilyn Chambers," she said throatily, "but you don't need any."

We swam for ten minutes. Then she climbed out and lay along the diving board, right leg draped over the edge so that her foot brushed the water. I surfaced beside her and slowly licked the length of her sole. Then I took her toes in my mouth and used my tongue. She shivered.

"Well, so much for lunch," I said.

She looked down at me, eyes narrowed against the glare from the water, and draped her left leg over the other side of the board. "You forgot dessert."

"Other women cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry where she

> She wore no underwear. Her body, even to the crease between her thighs, was as hairless as a ten-year-old

most satisfies," I murmured.

"Hmm?"

We were on the living room floor, out of the sun. The carpet seemed woven of the same stuff that covered Alan's scalp.

"Shakespeare. *Antony And Cleopatra.*"

She looked up across my stomach. "Alan told me you were into all that."

"Let's leave Alan out of this."

"You think this is disloyal?"

"I haven't decided. Maybe he owes me."

"So it's vindictive intercourse?" *When your friend has it in for you.*

I reached down and ruffled her silky hair. "I like you."

"I don't mind you either, Noakes." She dipped her head again. The art of conversation may be dead, but there are some very adequate substitutes.

Later, responding to the reflex that rules all freelancers, I rang around the traps. That included Reuter's.

Alice wasn't happy. "Where the hell have you been? I must have left a dozen messages with that Anna-Maria woman. Can you pick up a Jag?"

"Where?"

"North Sydney. I can probably get an extra 50 for you."

I looked up the stairs, where she'd strolled half an hour ago. She'd said she needed a nap; I figured that meant at least an hour.

Even on a grand a week and the best worker incentive plan since Antony marched into Cleopatra, I still thought like the old Noakes. This job would only last a week, I told myself. I needed to be sweet with Reuter again. And North Sydney was just down the road . . .

"Okay. What's the address?"

It was your typical North Shore high rise; offices for the first ten floors, then overpriced units that were little more than bedsitters glued to the view.

The guard on the gate was fawning over a blonde in a powder-blue Rolls. I took a ticket from the machine, slipped under the barrier and walked down into the club basement. The silver grey XKE was right where Alice had said I'd find it. I slipped the thin steel strip down the driver's side door and tripped the lock. The third in my set of funny keys started the engine.

As I gunned it up to the barrier, the guard frowned, trying to reconcile a familiar car with an unfamiliar driver. I put on my thinnest lips and nodded over my shoulder. "You know there's some kids down there skateboarding?"

His frown turned to a glare. "No, sir, I didn't." He took my ticket without looking at it. "I'll deal with them." Bullying a few 14-year-olds would make his day.

I cruised into the sunshine I'd left two minutes before. The Jag purred like a contented cat. Someone had kept it tuned. The credit company would be grateful. Waiting for the lights at the top of the hill, I checked for valuables. United Impersonal Insurance might own the car, but anything in it still belonged to the defaulter. Nothing on the back seat. Just as the light turned green, I opened the glove box. A long black-handled hunting knife slid out and landed on the passenger seat. Fresh blood coated the blade, black and sticky.

I was still staring at it when I heard the wail of a siren behind me. Growing larger in the mirror was an unmarked black Commodore.

Some reactions are quicker than thought. I flattened my foot to the floor and floated over the crest half a metre off the ground. At the next turn, I dodged left off the highway. I hoped to lose them in the suburbs that cling to the slope above the harbor. I was disappointed. They stuck, never more than a block behind, two motionless silhouettes behind the dusty windscreen.

Part of my brain counselled: *You haven't done anything, shithead. This is a legitimate repo. Pull over, show them your papers, get them to call Reuter.* But the other part looked at the blood-stained knife and sensed the jaws of a trap.

If I'd concentrated on driving, I'd never have taken the narrow one-way. Suddenly I was in thick bush. Lantana brushed the side of the Jag. And my tightening scrotum told me this twisting thread of blacktop must soon end.

Blue water glinted through the trees. I took a final screeching turn — and nearly mowed down three half-naked girls. A freeze-frame of bare bobbing breasts, G-strings, thongs and startled stares — and I was off the road, crashing through bush.

Branches swatted the windscreen, scratching and tearing past the windows. Then they were whipped away. I faced a dazzling vista of water and sky. And suddenly the Jag was airborne. Flying. Diving towards a blinding shield of water-reflected sun . . .

It was dark and cold in the front seat of the Bronco. I started the engine again, ran the heater until mist formed on the windscreen, then reluctantly killed it. Someone might wonder why a 4 x 4 was idling with its lights off in Jubilee Crescent, North Sydney, at 9.17pm. Since it was stolen and I was naked, not many explanations were likely to satisfy them.

A figure loomed on the driver's side. I reached for the heavy torch, the only weapon I'd found in the car.

"Open up, Noakes."

Alice climbed in and looked me over with interest. "If I'd known it was this kind of party, I'd have brought a toothbrush."

I snatched the airline bag. "Just drive."

She cruised the streets while I struggled with the clothes and told her about my day.

"I recognised the body." I tried wriggling into a pair of jeans. "Jesus, Alice, your brother must have hips like a taipan."

"I thought you said it was cut up in bits."

"They were big bits. Wouldn't you recognise me if I was cut into bits?"

I still only had the jeans to my knees. She looked down. "Depends," she said thoughtfully. "Who was it then?"

"Tom Willeman."

"The TV bloke?" She stared at me. "You *sure*, Noakes?"

I took time out from struggling to glare.

She chewed her lip. "What was it doing in the Jag?"

"Search me. How come I got that car anyway?"

"Ernie told me to call you. Specially. Said he wanted to do you a favor."

"I'll bet."

My mind made a belated connection. Reuter was an ex-cop. I didn't need the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to guess who'd been his superior on the force. It wasn't only the straight side of the law that had a long arm.

A phone booth glowed half a block ahead. With luck, it would be one of the half dozen in Sydney not vandalised.

"Pull over, love." I had an important call to make.

Spirit Records was even more funereal by night. My battered Slazengers squeaked on the slate floors as I crossed the foyer and climbed the stairs. A light showed under the door of Alan's office. I pushed it open.

They were bent over the desk, reading a computer print-out that flowed off the surface and pooled on the blue carpet.

"It doesn't look so good under the light," I said.

Alan looked up first. "What doesn't?

I dropped my airline bag on one of the black leather and chrome chairs and sat in the other. "The transplant." I pointed to the lamp that shone across the desk and through his hair.

"Screw you, Noakes." But he still changed position, sliding into the chair behind the desk.

Flair glanced at me for the first time. She could have doubled for one of those cool Greek sphinxes in the British Museum.

"How are you feeling?" she said.

"I'll live."

She smiled — if marble can smile. The smile said, *I wouldn't be too sure of that.*

"Yeah. I shouldn't be here, should I?"

Alan said carefully, "It wasn't something we banked on."

"It was a nice frame. Plant Willeman's body in the Jag, get me into it, put the cops on to me. And what then?"

"I expect you'd have tripped going downstairs on your way to being booked," Alan said. "It's happened before."

"And if I survived that?"

The second door opened; the one she'd come through the day before. Cutter Colby walked across the pool of light over the desk. He was a cool bastard, armored in a kind of arrogance that no bullet could have pierced. Evil had its own star quality as well.

"You wouldn't," Colby said.

"Survive, he means," Alan said.

"And in return, I suppose he runs dead on this drug business?" I said to Alan.

Colby smiled and put his hand on Flair's shoulder. Proprietorially. I could imagine them together — by the pool, on the couch. Perhaps with Alan as well. I looked away.

"Sorry I screwed up your script."

"It's salvageable," Alan said.

"I doubt it," I said, nodding towards Colby. "Willeman and him? It's too obvious. The papers'll put it together in a second."

"They can't prove anything," Alan said. "And with you in the middle, they'll never be sure."

He leaned back, proud of his cleverness. "You know what made me think of it? The Kennedy assassination. Once Ruby killed Oswald and died himself, nobody knew which story to believe. Texas oil millionaires, Castro, the CIA . . . the real killer got lost in the rumors." Colby stopped caressing Flair's shoulder. "Do we need to talk any more?"

"No, you've probably said enough," I said.

I zipped open my airline bag, lifted out the miniature Sony TV camera, small enough to fit on my spread palm, and laid it on the desk. While they stared at it, I walked to the

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Amazing grace

Penthouse road tests the BMW M5 — the best sporting saloon on Earth

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Even before Adolf got into his stride, Bayerische Motoren Werke was producing desirable sports cars and sports saloons for the rich and famous. Throughout its glorious history BMW has designed and built brilliant performance cars to sate the discerning enthusiast market. Many of its magical models over the last six decades have gone on to become auto Hall of Fame classics — 328 Mille Miglia, 2002, M1, M3, Z1.

And now the M5, the express version of the popular 535i mid-sized saloon. Yuppies tend to become very excited when a 535i glides by. The M5 will send them into paroxysms. Or penury.

Let's mention the good stuff up front. The engine employed in the M5 is a 24-valve 3.5-litre six-cylinder originally used in the legendary M1 sports car. The venerable old donk has been tweaked and massaged and coerced and prodded. And now, thanks to modern technology, it kicks out even greater performance while offering some concessions to the environment.

As a consequence of all this German sweat and application, the power output has been hiked to a mightily impressive 315 bhp, or 232 kilowatts. That's a whole lot of under-bonnet muscle for a road car.

The performance is startling. Put the hammer down and this sucker gets up and boogies. The manual M5 surges from standstill to 100 km/h in a Porsche-like 6.3 seconds, charging toward a top speed of 250 km/h. It could go faster except that a thoughtfully-included electronic cut-off prevents the high-priced missile from diving off the edge of the Earth at warp speed.

Other factors preventing it from heading into space, or at least into combat with trees, armco rails and other roadside furniture, are the refinement and precision applied to the suspension, steering and aerodynamics of this vehicle.

Penthouse drove the M5 in conditions a sane driver would not normally confront with any degree of enthusiasm — snow and sleet and, in better moments, merely buckets of rain. Yet zooming around the countryside near Munich simply demonstrated the vehicle's extraordinary ability to provide swift and sure transport on narrow roads full of nasty surprises in some of the most

Amazing

appalling weather conditions. Even at the worst moments, the eternally composed M5 never failed BMW's marvellous heritage. Never did it lose its elegance, or grace.

It helps that the M5 is based on the excellent 535i, that splendidly porportioned model launched in Australasia in 1988. It's proving to be one of the most successful BMW saloons of all time, and with good reason.

The M5, in main hand-built at the modern BMW Motorsport premises on the outskirts of Munich, is more for the connoisseur who places greater importance on individual style and class. There is a price premium attached to this exclusivity, as Australia will discover next year when the M5 goes on sale here. The price hasn't been defined yet, but somewhere between $150,000 and $185,000 is logical. Even at this slab of money, BMW Australia expects to sell about 60 annually.

BMW Motorsport is a narrow term for an operation extending way beyond its touring car racing involvement. The road-going M cars are a major part of the business, generating each year a few thousand sales and many millions of Deutchmarks. Plus the intangible: image.

The M (for Motorsport) concept is ten years old. It started with the M1, a rakish mid-engined sports car made in limited quantities in the late Seventies.

Never let it be said that there isn't a demand for high velocity prestige saloons, cars quick enough to hog the fast lane without the need of a rear gunner.

Today, BMW Motorsport is a booming business with 460 staff in its large and scrupulously clean and organised premises. Four years ago it sold 244 cars; this year it knows it will sell precisely 4436 cars. In that same four-year period turnover has leaped from 50 million DM to 215 million. These are impressive figures for a business which boss man Karl-Heinz Kalbfell says makes cars for BMW's inner circle of customers.

By designing a carefully understated performance motor car, BMW has assumed there is a subtlety about M5 owners. So pleasing to the eye is the original 5-series shape that no-one with a modicum of good taste would wish to see it bastardised.

In the case of the M5, differences are all allied to the quest for improved stability and better aerodynamics. Discreet yet efficient front and rear air dams and side sills combine to reduce lift forces on both front and rear axles. These streamlining measures help give the M5 the same drag coefficient as the 535i, despite its wider wheels and tyres which affect the overall slipperiness of a motor car.

The suspension package is tauter than the standard 535i which, logically, must make a greater concession to ride comfort. Stiffer springs and dampers, heavier anti-roll bars, low-profile 45-series Pirelli tyres, and lightweight magnesium/alloy wheels make no compromises — in terms of the M5's practical value in day to day driving conditions. Okay, so the ride is firmer . . .

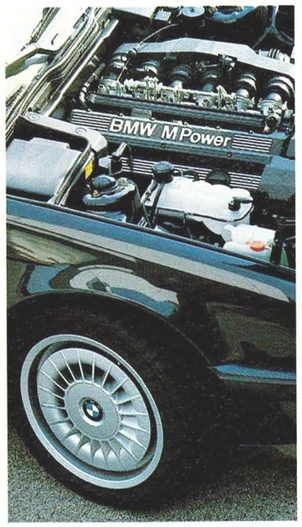
Hands up those who wouldn't trade a slightly less compliant ride in return for handling and steering levels that outgun any other saloon on Earth. Bet you voted for the National Party. Bet you wear a hat. Bet you drive a HQ Premier. Bet you just *love* polyester and aluminium cladding. Bet you're reading this magazine in a service station waiting room.

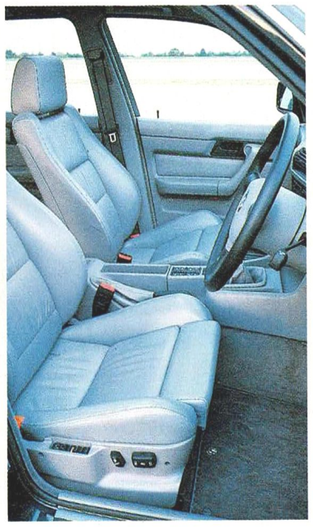
Standard issue on the M5 is a self-levelling rear axle and a limited slip differential and large disc brakes (ventilated at the front) with anti-skid ABS system. Incredibly, too, for a front-engined car, the fore-aft weight distribution while empty is a perfect 50-50.

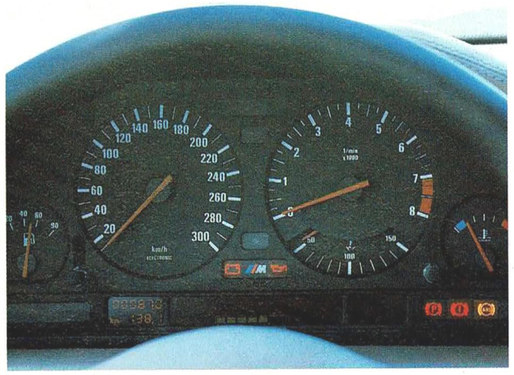
The improvements flow to the M5 cabin. Obvious are specially trimmed sports buckets and two individually-contoured rear seats (the M5 is a four-seater with a storage drawer separating the rear passengers). All the desirable comfort and convenience features are in place — air, audio, powered everything. Apart from the price there is nothing — absolutely nothing — to find fault with. It is the best sporting saloon on Earth.

For all this, an ogre looms large on the horizon. The rules of the motor car game are rapidly changing. Global warming and associated problems will dramatically and permanently alter the face of the motor car. Usage of fossil-based fuels — and this obviously means the stuff we pour into the petrol tanks of our cars — must be significantly reduced over the coming decade. Government legislation will force motor vehicles to become far more fuel efficient; this means better engines and much smaller cars. It's a repeat of the mid-Seventies fuel crisis, only much worse.

The US Government, reacting to the need to reduce carbon dioxide emissions, has already foreshadowed legislation requiring local manufacturers and importers to meet an awesome 40 mpg corporate fuel economy *average* by the year 2000. Think about that for a moment. Achieving 40 mpg is out of reach of many of today's little tin boxes, let alone bigger cars.







From far left: The M5's engine is a 24-valve 3.5-litre six-cylinder with a power output of 315 bhp, or 232 kilowatts; The interior features specially trimmed front sports buckets and individually contoured rear seats; Close-up of the M5's uncluttered instrument panel.

Some car makers, specifically those outside of the US and Japan, are nakedly oblivious of the threat to their existence. A few of these mainly European marques will struggle to survive beyond 2000. The petrol driven piston engine as we know it is an endangered species. The quest for alternative energy powered vehicles has been stepped up.

BMW isn't one of those looking down the gun barrel. As the auto industry heads towards the turn of the century, BMW's enormous challenge is to meet growing environmental demands whilst satisfying the expectations of its traditional buyers, the majority of whom expect a serving of dash for their cash.

The big question remains: is this generation overseeing the death of the performance car?

This is all the space a good operator needs for forty Australians.

Imagine this area is the inside of an ordinary suitcase.

Think of yourself as a small native Australian animal, who has been drugged and bound and crammed into this suitcase with thirty-nine of your fellow countrymen.

It will be dark. There will be no ventilation, no room to move or breathe. This is what it feels like to be exported overseas illegally.

If you survive, you will be sold for profit. Unfortunately, nine out of ten of you will die. From suffocation, from loss of blood, or by drowning in your own vomit or urine.

Taking native animals out of Australia is not just wrong, it's cruel.

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I would like to donate $_____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia by ☐ cheque ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard, ☐ Visa Card. Card No. _____

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Your stamp will help Australia's wildlife. ☐ Please send me information on membership of WWFA.

Ogilvy MWW 0073/PentH

Ian Botham

Continued from page 79

anyone bother to ask me whether I wanted to live in Australia? No.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the various penalties you've been forced to pay in light of the heavy sponsorship of cricket around the world by tobacco and alcohol producers?

Botham: It is ironic, isn't it? Hah! I hadn't even thought of that. It never crossed my mind. No-one's ever said it to me, either. But it's double standards again, isn't it? There they are, doing deals with . . . I mean, let's be fair — look at the state some of the administrators can get themselves into. Hah!

Penthouse: On the subject of "gin-slinging dodderers", did you ever find out who taped that speech [in which Botham used those words to describe the England selectors] and sold it to Fleet Street, as you swore you would?

Botham: Yeah, I know his name.

Penthouse: What are you going to do about him?

Botham: Nothing. As long as he knows I know who he is, he's not going to walk in next time. I mean, there must be a thousand after-dinner speeches made every week around the world by ex-sportsmen. All I did was take the mickey, right? It was just a piss-take. I don't understand the mentality of someone who would go to a dinner like that — a charity do where everyone's having a laugh — and tape-record it and tout it around Fleet Street for money. Apart from anything else, it was a charity do, for Christ's sake.

Penthouse: Weren't you being rather trusting, though, given your track record with the press?

Botham: The point I'm making is that there are other cricketers in England who make speeches more often than I do, and certainly say more outrageous things than I ever say, because I *am* careful. Why haven't they been taped? Because there's no fucking mileage in Fleet Street for them. I mean, it's a ludicrous situation, isn't it? Do well in your sport so you can get ridiculed . . .

Penthouse: Are you a man who believes that the standards of behavior for cricketers, or for sportsmen in general, should not be significantly different than those which apply to rock stars? In other words, are the attitudes of cricket administrators totally archaic in your opinion?

Botham: Well, they expect you to go out on to a sports field and compete — and, if you like, that's our stage, our arena, and people pay money to come and watch us . . . They seem to expect us to go out there and fight for our country or whatever in a physical sport — and cricket is a physical sport — and they expect you to come off the field and just sort of be wheeled away. I mean, do you just turn yourself on and off? They don't seem to realise that you build up, psyche yourself up, and you don't just come off the field, get wrapped up in cotton wool and put in a wooden box and sent home. It just doesn't happen that way . . .

Penthouse: No-one expects a rock star to do a gig, go straight home, kiss the wife and kids goodnight and go to sleep.

Botham: Correct. I mean, it's like a Catch 22 situation: go out and be aggressive, knock a few on the head, then come off the field and be all airs and graces, curtsies and bows. It just doesn't happen.

Penthouse: Even other sports, though, seem to be a hell of a lot more tolerant of individual players' idiosyncracies than cricket is. Tennis is a case in point. And it's long been known that a great deal of cocaine gets consumed on the tennis circuit, and an unofficial clinic exists for players suffering from the effects of addiction. Obviously it's thought that these players are earning a hell of a lot of money while operating under great pressure, and to some extent, that's life. Looked at in that light, cricket does seem pretty archaic, doesn't it?

> I get a death threat once a month. I don't think there's anything you can do. If a guy wants to get you that badly, he'll get you

Botham: Yeah, but by the same token, I've seen the ugly side of what drugs can do. Fine, you know, everyone to his own thing, but the last thing you need in sport . . . Well, I find it hard to understand how these guys can play sport when they're tooting or smoking or whatever it is they're doing. I find that, particularly in cricket anyway, it's just impossible to do. Your brain has got to be spot on. I mean, that cricket ball can kill you. Personally I'd rather have all my faculties there. See, the allegations that have been made against me are not so much *annoying* — it's more the sheer ignorance to even suggest that you could compete at that level . . .

Penthouse: That you could bat stoned against a ball travelling at 90 miles an hour?

Botham: To me it's the most stupid and ludicrous thing I've ever heard in my life. That'd be like saying to a brain surgeon: "Rlght, drink three bottles of vodka before you do the operation." I think that's why, if you like, it's just water off a duck's back. I just ignore those kinds of claims because they're too stupid to be comprehended.

Penthouse: Did the death threats you apparently used to receive ever seriously concern you?

Botham: The first time it ever happened to me it concerned me, yeah. But if I could show you the mail I get — I get a death threat once a month. I don't think there's anything you can do. If a guy wants to get you that badly, he's going to get you, and I'm buggered if I'm going to change my lifestyle every time some crank writes. I mean, I've had all sorts. My mother actually had sent to her house a shoe box containing a turd. What kind of fucking mentality is that? That's my mother who has to open that. I've had pubic hair sent to me. I get all kinds of shit. I mean, those are the people the police ought to be investigating, instead of hounding the shit out of me.

Penthouse: Let's go back a bit. There's this chestnut that you deliberately failed your Eleven-plus [examinations] so you wouldn't have to go to the school where they played rugby instead of soccer . . .

Botham: That *is* true.

Penthouse: And also because you wanted to continue to run a protection racket with your mates?

Botham: That's the press. The truth is I wanted to play soccer. I went to school basically for one reason, and that was sport. That was my only concern. I was a larrikin, but I was a lovable one. There was always a sense of humor. If I did something crazy, it was usually pretty funny.

Penthouse: When you had the altercation with Ian Chappell — it seems to be accepted on both sides that you knocked him off his bar stool, although what happened after that is subject to two different versions — did your own gall astound you? You were 18 years old, playing grade cricket in Sydney, and he was the former Australian Test captain.

Botham: It wouldn't have mattered who it was, to be quite honest. I've never hit anyone in my life who hadn't asked for it.

Penthouse: What do you think of Ian Chappell now?

Botham: I think he's a waste of fresh air. I find it amazing that you guys over here can stick him, to be quite honest.

Penthouse: You also had the gall, in one of your first Test matches, to deliberately run out Geoff Boycott, who was then the England captain. How did he react, given his obsession with his average?

Botham: He wasn't too bothered because we won the Test match. He didn't know I'd done it on purpose then. The lads did — the whole of the team did. He was out in the middle when we planned it. We had to get very quick runs and we changed the batting order and sort of said: "Right, lads, let's get out there and throw the bat" and what have you — and after something like 45 minutes, Boycs is 9 not out . . . So we thought, in the interests of the game and the team, we

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SOUNDS

LUST AND RAW SEX

Clockwise from far left: Jenny Morris strikes a consistent and simmering chord on her latest solo album Shiver; A welcome return of Phoebe Snow on Something Real; Sandie Shaw's notable latest, Hello Angel; A joyous experience from six-piece ensemble Gipsy Kings.

"Another song about raw sex" is how **Jenny Morris** jokingly refers to the title track of her latest solo venture *Shiver* (WEA). "I've got a life of my own and baby I want you there," she proclaims to a pounding beat. The album is, however, no mere bump and grind workout — that's just not this lady's style. Even though she claims not to care whether people bother to comprehend any message in her lyrics — "I'm doing it primarily for me . . . to purge myself of my thoughts" — the songs contain some fairly direct sentiments about how we treat each other in our environment. "I've been a schoolteacher and I don't want to appear preachy," she claims, though the directness of "Humanity" ("We'll get by with humanity") and "Conscience" ("Does your conscience bother you?") are hard to miss. Most

comfortable in a standard pop feel, you can almost hear her teeth grinding through her clenched smile during these beaming clap-alongs. Her other main song about "lust and raw sex" is "Saved Me" — "You saved me from this boredom once before, I'm a lady lamb and I'm coming to the slaughter once more." Its gentle Spanish invocations inspired director Richard Lowenstein to whisk her off to Nicaragua for a film clip. She found suitable broadness in her lyrics to accommodate that country's problems ("Feel the freedom, I can feel it coming"). This first-hand experience of the reality of a small country monstered by America suggested a suitable eye-opening destination for narrow-minded chauvinists in Australia — especially in the music business. Morris's efforts haven't always been enthusiastically received by the local power brokers but have achieved reasonable success anyway. This time her sights are definitely set overseas where she and band will be performing later this year.

The album is a much more consistent collection than her previous *Body & Soul*, which suffered from too many producers, musicians and writing styles. A more consistent band sound and a year's pre-production with producer/guitarist Andrew Fariss from INXS has had the desired effect. Her other main collaborator in song is Paul Kelly but the sentiments throughout are Morris's, especially the beautiful ballad "Little Little" written for her baby son. A physical byproduct of motherhood was the lowering of her vocal range, so she simmers more on tracks like "Saved Me" as opposed to the consistent top-end belt of other incarnations.

Jenny Morris's studio drummer Ricky Fataar (The Rutles, Beach Boys, Tim Finn) was also recently helping pilot (as producer) the re-entry from an eight-year orbit by the much-missed **Phoebe Snow**. The title track of *Something Real* (Elektra) has the gentle acoustic lilt of her first album and major success of 1975, *The Poetry Man*. Catapulted into the limelight in her early twenties, she's since endured numerous personal problems but now claims her life is "as under control as any life will be, which is why I can go back to work." Snow is mistress of the bitter-sweet. Her opening sentiments, "This time when I reach out it may be my last try, I want something real one time before I die," belie the resilience found in the album's more uptempo tracks. Always with an emotional flipside though, she admits in the same song: "I don't want you to lie, but you're such a beautiful liar." Her sultry vocals are at ease in both the more gentle laidback feels as in her rocky anthems of sorrow. "It doesn't take much to make me happy," she sings in her cover of "Best Of My Love" — just staying there may be a problem, so relish her while she's firing.

English label Rough Trade has in the past housed acts like Robert Wyatt and The Smiths. Label head Geoff Travis, who encourages his acts to take chances, has a new local distributor (Festival) and an octet of new releases. These include the Chicago swamp music of Souled American on *Fe*, the English gentility of stringed duo Shelleyan Orphan on *Century Flower*, and the first album that **Sandie Shaw** has ever wanted to do. *Hello Angel* (Rough Trade) comes 25 years after her 1964 chart-topping debut as a gangly 17-year-old beauty singing "There's Always Something There To Remind Me." Fans such as Morrisey and the rest of the Smiths, as well as people like Chrissie Hynde and the Communards' Richard Coles (keyboards) have rallied to perform on this set of tunes.

The passionate fire of the *Gipsy Kings* (CBS) is a joy to experience. This six-piece ensemble features two sons of famed flamenco singer Jose Reyes. The others are all cousins or brothers-in-law of the Reyes. Some have permanent homes in France while others keep to the traditional gipsy way, living in travelling caravans. These are freewheeling unbridled spirits. It's apparent in their guitar playing and singing (in *Gitane* — a mix of Spanish, French and Gipsy) which are married to understated bass, drums and synth. Their power is such as to make even a version of "My Way" sound uplifting. — *Jeremy Cook*

FILM

SCANDALOUS LIAISONS

Scenes from Scandal, the film that recreates Britain's most infamous sex scandal, the Profumo Affair. Stars Joanne Whalley as Christine Keeler and John Hurt as Stephen Ward.

No-one, but no-one, has dirtier sex than the Poms — and this is in no way meant as a reference to their notorious aversion to soap and water. The nation renowned as the home of the world's worst lovers has a way of portraying anything to do with the procreative act as nudge, nudge, wink, wink, naughty fun. European films, and I flagrantly generalise, tend to show sex as the natural pleasure that adults should regard it as — a part of life to be savored alongside other sensual indulgences. The Americans, baby, they strip the sensuality from the act to render it little more than a conquest — make the team, get the driver's licence, get the job, get laid. We Australians never seem to know quite how to handle this ticklish subject and thus we avoid it in our films or get it over with as quickly and politely as possible.

Ah, but the Poms, the race who gave us the Page Three girl, the *Carry On* movies and Benny Hill, simply revel in the gorgeous grubbiness of it all. Fish and chips be damned — hot, saucy crumpet is the staple diet of the British masses. Childish, this obsession with norks and knickers and games of hide the sausage, but no-one can deny the forbidden, naughty fun of it all.

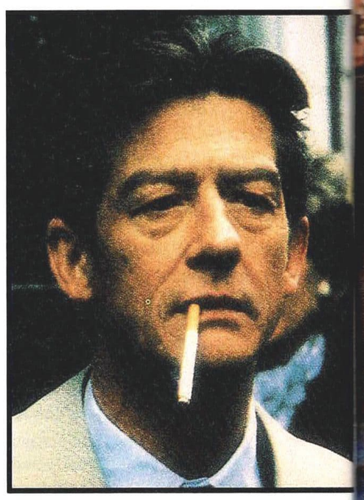
A few recent quality British films have managed to capture the British attitude to sex while not compromising standards in favor of smutty gags. All have been based on true stories. And now **Scandal**, based on the most famous British sex scandal of them all, the Profumo Affair, plunges us up to our privates in the exhilaratingly naughty world of indiscretion in high places in the uptight London of the late Fifties and early Sixties.

The film's early scenes take place in a late-Fifties tits and feathers cabaret joint where we meet 17-year-old working class beauty Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley) as she struts her stuff in pasties and glitter. Into her world wafts middle-aged playboy Stephen Ward (John Hurt), osteopath, friend and pimp to upper-echelon figures with a penchant for a bit on the side. Noted for his taste in pretty showgirls, Ward "appropriates" the impressionable Keeler, enticing her into his glamorous world and grooming her in the sophisticated ways of the mannered and moneyed. His Pygmalion efforts are a roaring success and, at age 18, Keeler is the stylish companion of movers and shakers, among them Soviet Naval Attache and rumored spy Eugene Ivanov (played by Jeroen Krabbe) and British Minister For War John Profumo (Ian McKeller).

It is in this first half of the film that we are danced (to a scintillating Sixties score) through scenes of deliriously decadent peccadilloes of the British gentry. Following the confidently wiggling behinds of Keeler and her even younger friend Mandy Rice-Davies (Bridget Fonda), as they exploit their youthful powers to bring the very pinnacles of the British establishment literally to their knees, is a juice-charged delight. Here, too, the urbane voyeur Stephen Ward shines brightest, manipulating the strings of political and sexual intrigue, wallowing delectably in the details of his protege's sexual adventures and overseeing no-perversions-barred society orgies as he sits back wearing only socks and a happy satyr's smile.

When the restless Christine leaves Ward, she drifts aimlessly, dabbling in the exotic attractions of marijuana and West Indian men. A year after breaking with her mentor she finds herself being fought over by two black lovers, a sexual battle that results in a knifing and gunfire. It is this incident that brings the press to her door, and it is her own confusion, vulnerability and desire to escape with Fleet Street money that sees her spilling her damningly concupiscient story. Thence Britain's greatest sex scandal, a scandal that led to Keeler's imprisonment and sentencing to life as an outcast, Ward's suicide, Ivanov's expulsion, Profumo's political ruin and the eventual downfall of the British Government.

Scandal was written by Australian Michael Thomas and directed by Michael Caton-Jones. As Keeler, Whalley surpasses the performances that drew her such attention in the acclaimed TV productions *Edge Of Darkness* and *The Singing Detective*. Bridget Fonda debuts with brittle sass as Rice-Davies, and there are many well-observed supporting performances. But the heart of the film lies in John Hurt's portrayal of the complex Stephen Ward, a performance that registers perfectly the social climbing, sexual and ultimately dignified motivations of the previously little understood pivot and scapegoat of the affair.



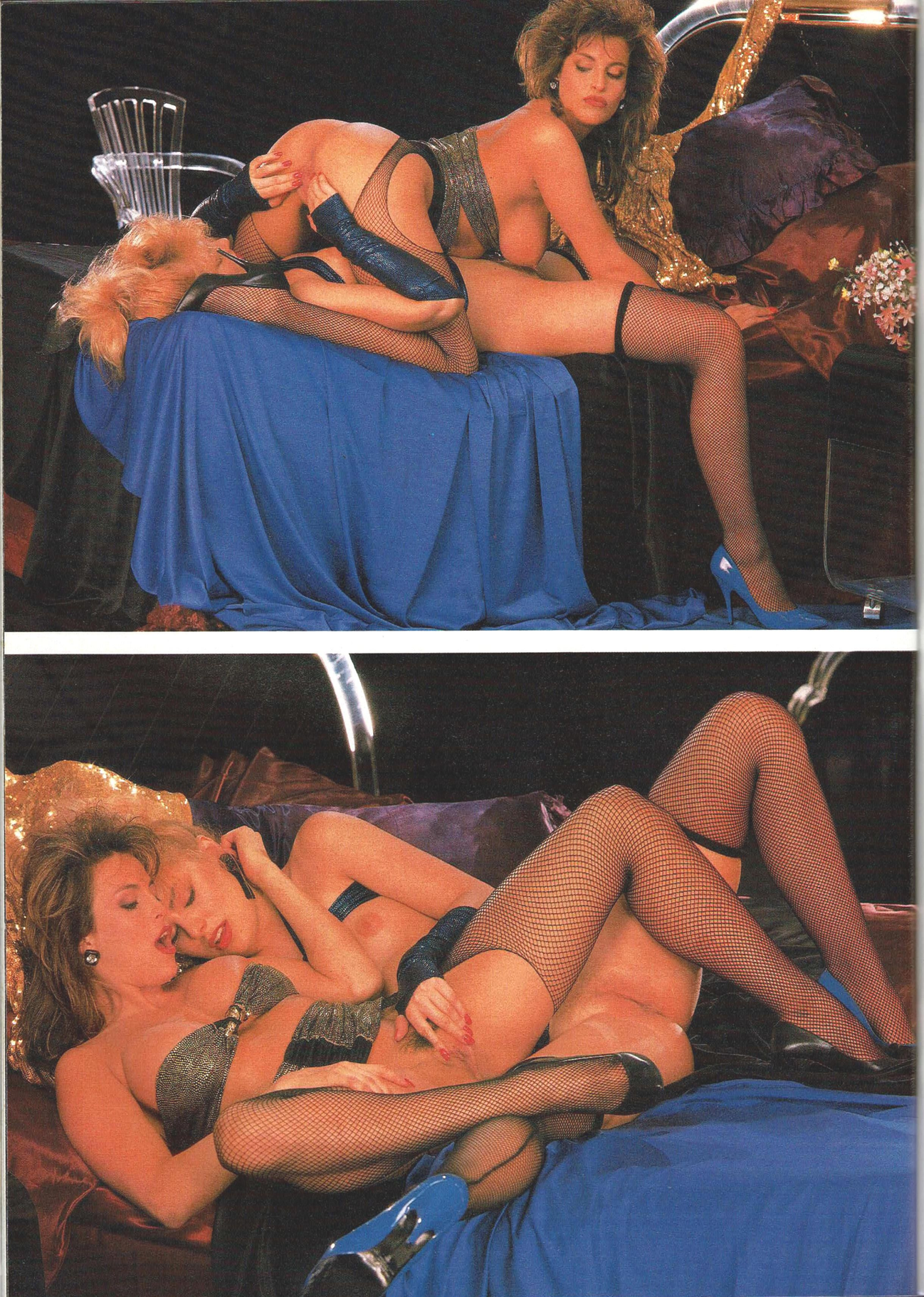
The making and release of this film sparked much harrumphing from elements in the British hierarchy still smarting from the quarter-century-old scandal. Such was the hoohah that it was tempting to expect the film to be a load of tacky and empty sensationalism. It is not. Whether or not all actions portrayed conform to the letter with the memories of the affair's real players, this is a fine film — stimulating, moving, seductive and so, so teddibly British. — *C.J. Mackay*

KISSING COUSINS

Tonya and Sasha were talking about a subject never far from their lips — men. Sasha, envious of Tonya's lustful experience, admitted tearfully she had never lost her maidenhood. "Don't cry, my dear," Tonya whispered, "let your cousin show you how it's done."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

From gentle beginnings the cousins let their passion run wild into the long dark night. Sasha's blonde locks meshed with Tonya's as they writhed in a tangled embrace. As dawn lit the sky the women slept in one another's arms, dreaming of this sweet initiation.



Ian Botham

Continued from page 110

didn't need him. After I'd done it he said: "Ian — Ian — what have you *done*?" I just couldn't look at him.

Penthouse: You said you couldn't go to South Africa on the rebel tour because you'd never be able to look Viv Richards in the eye again. So what's your attitude to the men who'll no doubt be in the England side this year — Gooch and Emburey — who went on that tour?

Botham: I have no criticism. If any guy wants to go there, fine — they're professionals, that's their job. I just said that I had no interest in going.

Penthouse: Was that the real reason, though?

Botham: No, it was one of about 30 reasons I gave, but it was the one the press chose to print.

Penthouse: At one stage you must have been keen to go, because you spent a good deal of time talking to other England players about it, but according to Patrick Murphy in his biography you actually pulled out because your lawyers advised against it on commercial grounds.

Botham: I was interested . . . No-one seems to get this story right. I must have told it a thousand times and no-one has actually printed it.

Penthouse: We will.

Botham: Good. I was interested in taking a multi-racial side to South Africa to play multi-racial cricket. Then it got convoluted and it became an England side — a rebel side — and I started to "um and ah" then. Then I spoke to my solicitors and my agent — they flew over to Bangalore — and they advised not only me, but also a number of the players who pulled out, that they didn't think it was a sensible thing to do because the vibes were that you'd be risking a big ban — and as it turned out, it was three years — and one thing and another. I also thought that for the money that was on offer, I could make that anyway in England and still be playing Test cricket. So there were a number of reasons, but that was the one they chose to print. I mean, it's not as good a story, is it, when you start talking about multi-racial this and multi-racial that . . . But I had spoken to Viv [Richards], and Viv and I had spoken to one of the African officials about it. I'd also spoken to two or three other players, and then it all seemed to fall through because . . . Well, I'll never forget one thing that was said. This guy [the African official] was sat there and we were discussing the possibility of taking a multi-racial side and perhaps breaking down a few barriers in South Africa and doing some good. Anyway, he said "yes, yes, yes" to about 30 different questions . . . and then I said to him: "Just out of interest, if Viv and I wanted to go to, say, Cape Town for the weekend, what's the situation regarding us jumping in the plane and sitting in first-class?" "Oh, no problem," he says, "we'll just make Viv an honorary white man." That was the point where the meeting broke down and Viv and I left . . .

Penthouse: It's been suggested that you actually believed all the hype Tim Hudson [Botham's former manager] laid on you about making you a Hollywood star. Did you?

Botham: No. I was very embarrassed by him, so consequently he went out the window very quickly.

Penthouse: Were you embarrassed, though, that you listened to his suggestions that you were a man of immense charisma and star quality?

Botham: Well, the amazing thing was, I was never around when any of this was said. And when I did hear it, I used to kick him in the shins and say, "Come on, Tim. It's the real world." But he did have some good ideas amongst all that waffle and what have you, but they seemed to peter out and that was as far as they went. But at the time when I got involved with him I was at a pretty low ebb. I was pretty pissed off with life at the time — it was that weird period of my life — and I suppose he was the tonic I needed, even if it was for a short period, just to zap me back up a bit. I enjoyed the initial part of it but it all got out of hand rather quickly. The thing with Tim Hudson was, I'm a very loyal person. I said I'd give him a go, and I did give him a go.

> I do plan to do another charity thing of some sort. But winning the Ashes for England would certainly be good enough at this stage.

Penthouse: Basically the jury has been out on your character from the word go, but after the Queensland sacking the press became a great deal more negative. It culminated in the Sun's summation: "Botham is a foul-mouthed slob. He is also a bullying lout, a drug-taker and womaniser. And those are only his good points." Nobody's perfect, and you have also been recognised for a great many good qualities as well, but do you acknowledge that this darker side of your character does exist?

Botham: Well, I've answered your question regarding the drug taking and womanising already. That part of it I don't acknowledge. As to the rest of it, well, I'm no angel, and I've never claimed to be. I've said things and done things that I've regretted, just as anyone else has done. But I think on balance I'm not a bad sort of bloke. I've been a bit boisterous in my time, and I like to enjoy myself and have a drink with the lads. But I think if you ask any of the players who are over here now what they think of me, you'll get a pretty positive response.

Penthouse: How did you actually feel when ten members of the Worcestershire club who didn't approve of your signing resigned as a result of it, and one called you "a loud-mouthed, selfish and greedy exhibitionist" — not in a London tabloid but in the *Worcester Evening News*?

Botham: That doesn't take into account that the club's membership doubled after I went there . . .

Penthouse: I was going to mention that. What I mean is, do you simply take comfort from the fact that a great many more joined the club than resigned, and carry on regardless, or does it still hurt you inside, even if only a little, that there should be any such acrimony in the first place?

Botham: Well, I think at the end of the day you can't please everybody all the time, and you can't really even try to. I suppose it does concern me a little bit, but I've had a marvellous time at Worcester, the people have treated me marvellously well, and I couldn't be happier with the situation I'm in.

Penthouse: You haven't been exactly trouble-free since you signed with Worcestershire. It was reported after the Queensland sacking that your major sponsor, Carphone, would be keeping a close eye on you. Is there any suggestion that the sponsorship is dangling in the balance?

Botham: What trouble? What are you referring to?

Penthouse: The reports in the Australian media concerned a row at a rugby match and an assault charge involving a cab driver.

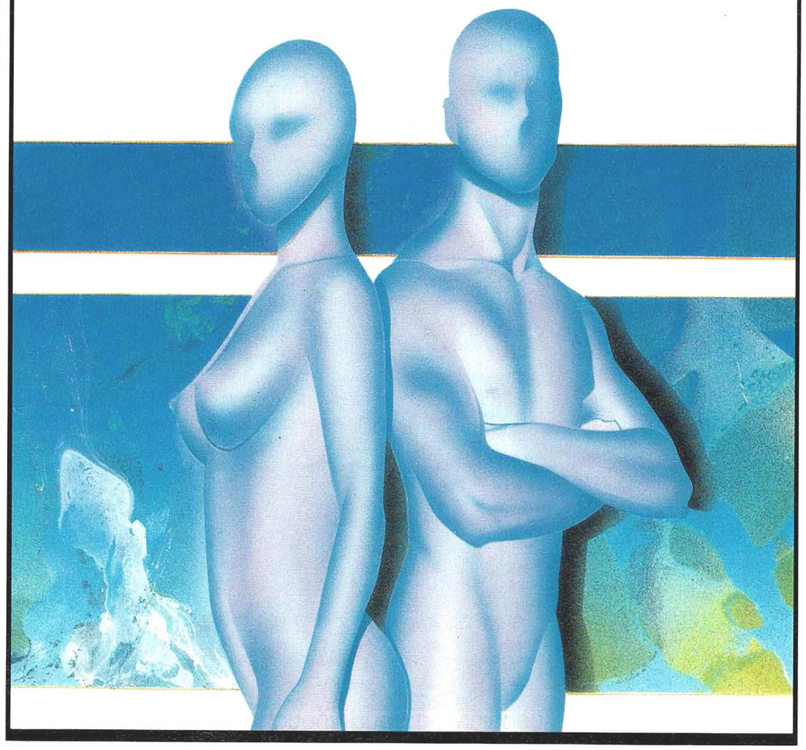
Botham: The rugby thing was nothing — a total trivial incident, exaggerated again by the press. As to the assault charge, that's *sub judice* at the moment. But no, there are no problems whatsoever with Carphone.

Penthouse: Did you think that after the Queensland debacle you'd actually lost much of the massive public support you've always enjoyed, and that no grand gesture would get you back up there? Or do you still see yourself as a sort of working class hero, boring it up the stuffed shirts?

Botham: Well, I think that's been a large part of my appeal, as far as the public's concerned. As I said before, I explained what happened in Australia to the British public and I think they accepted that. And I think people recognise that I've done a lot of good things, useful things, for charity.

Penthouse: On that subject, do you have another grand gesture left in you, or will winning the Ashes for England be sufficient?

Botham: I do plan to do another charity thing of some sort in the future, yes. But winning the Ashes for England would certainly be good enough at this stage.



SEXUAL FAVORS

Is your partner using sex as a reward for getting her own way?

Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and television programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

The relationship started with a bang. One of its great attractions for you was her sexual enthusiasm. She seemed to enjoy sex as much as you did, to look forward to it as much as you did. But something has changed. Sex is still great, when it happens, but it seems to be happening less often. When you think about it, you see a pattern: her sexual enthusiasm seems to depend on her getting her way. She appears to be using sex as a bargaining tool. What can you do?

The idea of sex as a trading commodity obviously isn't new or unusual. Prostitution in its various forms must be one of the few enduring successful industries, perhaps because it doesn't lend itself to much technological innovation. It's not even all that long since many people would have seen sexual availability as one of the wife's expected contributions to a marriage. In chauvinist societies that carefully reserved most of the power for men, being able to withhold "sexual favors" may have been the only power that was available to many women.

However traditional, I don't think using sex as a bargaining tool is in the interests of a successful relationship. Good sex plays an important role in the overall success of a long-term relationship. If sex is rationed as a negotiating technique, the relationship is not only threatened by this but also weakened by the loss of shared sexual enjoyment.

If your partner is giving you the impression she can turn her sexual interest on and off, depending on whether or not she gets her way, you are likely to start seeing her expressions of sexual interest as phony and manipulative rather than genuine. Many men will start to withdraw emotionally under these circumstances. After all, if she is faking her sexual interest in me at least some of the time, how do I know when it's real? What happens if some day she wants something I really can't agree to?

Sexual bargaining is not only likely to put strains on the relationship, it is probably also symptomatic of other problems. So, if the relationship is important to you, it's time for some constructive action. If the relationship is important to your partner, she should also be able to see the need for that, even if your initial confrontation of the issue is uncomfortable for her.

Before you leap into a confrontation, check your ground. Try to distinguish between the normal ups and downs that occur in anyone's level of sexual interest, and sexual bargaining. It would be understandable for your partner to be less interested in sex if you have been arguing, or if you haven't shared much affection lately, or if there are other problems in your relationship. These situations will differ from sexual bargaining in an important way. Once the problem fades — say, yesterday's argument — her (and your) sexual interest should return.

But if it's sexual bargaining, you will be getting the message that her sexual interest is not going to return until you toe the line. It is that conditional offer, however subtly it's made, that pinpoints sexual bargaining.

If you think that is what you're facing, it's time for your constructive confrontation. You will be much more likely to be successful if you approach her in a cooperative way, rather than in a blaming mode. You should be saying something like: "I think we have developed a problem in our relationship that is upsetting me. I'd like to discuss it with you to see if we can solve it." You should not be saying something like: "I think you have a problem and I'm going to tell you what's wrong with you and what to do about it."

"You'll be getting the message that her sex interest won't return until you toe the line"

"Pinpoint exactly what it is in her behavior that is manipulative and tell her how it affects you"

The most constructive way of telling someone how you feel about something she is doing is to "level." The basic formula for this is: "When you do X the effect on me is Y and I feel Z." You will probably find using this formula feels artificial and stilted at first. Most people do. Put up with that, because you will find it works better than almost any other way of communicating.

In this situation you will probably level something like this: "When you are only interested in sex when you get your way, you are trying to manipulate me, and I feel angry (hurt, put off or whatever your own feelings are)." Tell her precisely what she does, how it directly affects you, and how you feel about it. Take some time to work out your levelling statement before you start the discussion. Practise saying it in your imagination, assertively rather than aggressively, defensively or submissively.

Her most likely reaction, at least initially, will be defensive. Quietly but firmly stick to your guns by pinpointing exactly what it is in her behavior that strikes you as manipulative, how it affects you and how you feel. And don't be talked out of it: you are the world's only expert on how you feel.

It's beneficial to follow a levelling statement with a request. You've told her what you don't like in her behavior. Now it's up to you to tell her what you do want instead. Useful requests are always clear and precise, for observable behavior, and expressed positively. For example, now you might say: "In future I would like to keep our sexual relationship separate from other issues in our relationship. Please tell me honestly how you feel about having sex, whenever that comes up. If there is something else that you want from me any time, please ask directly and clearly for it. I don't promise to meet all of your requests, but I am always willing to discuss them openly."

You may have noticed something important. If she has slipped into using sex as a bargaining tool, it's probably because she has never learned how to be open and assertive about her feelings and her wants. By levelling and making requests, you are setting her the best example you can of what she could be doing instead of bargaining with sex. If you and she want to learn more about levelling, making requests and negotiating within an intimate relationship, I recommend a self-help manual, *Living & Loving Together* (published by Viking O'Neil).

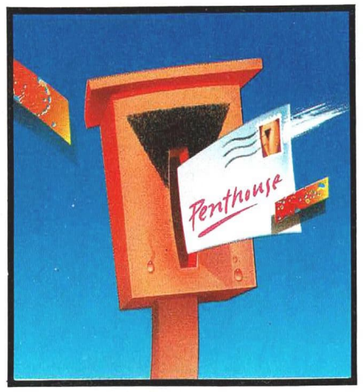
One final point: by example and request you are encouraging your partner to be more assertive with you, to be honest and open about her sexual interest and about other issues. If she does try, your reaction can either help or hinder that development. Listen carefully and show you understand how she feels, even if you disagree with her. Then negotiate a resolution where both of you will win. Successful relationships are based on mutual respect.

Born in Czechoslovakia, 24-year-old Lisa is very much a woman of the world. "I thrive on fine food, music and literature, and surround myself with classical *objets d'art*," she says. "My outlook is summed up by the title of my favorite film, *La Dolce Vita* . . . the sweet life. But I am certainly far from what you might consider decadent . . . In Europe we are raised to revere whatever pleases the senses."

La Dolce Vita

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

A professional model who's appeared on stage, film, and television, Katja's used to being admired. "I want a man to notice my body and appreciate it like an exquisite work of art. But it's even more of a turn-on when he can relate to me intellectually. I've yet to meet the man who can provide me with all the stimulation I require. Of course, if I ever do," Lisa muses, "he'll be one of my prized possessions."



FORUM

Continued from page 14

The three of us went to this bar that my girlfriend and I frequent. Lila happily sidled up to her current flame, Gordy, leaving me with Glenn. To my surprise, we engaged in a long, pleasant conversation and I felt excited by this tall dark-haired Irish guy with piercing blue eyes. Getting the message that I was really hot for Glenn, Lila let us chatter away — anyway, she was busy with Gordy.

It was getting late — Lila had already left with Gordy — and I offered Glenn a ride home. He eagerly agreed and directed me to his hotel, inviting me in for one last drink.

Once inside, he put on some music and poured us some nice cold white wine. We talked some more, but that didn't last long. Soon he was over by my chair, sliding closer and closer until he was able to kiss me. I felt very hot all over and my panties must have been soaked. He pulled me on to the floor and wildly caressed me. Thinking he was moving too quickly, I explained with a smile that I was not going to have sex with a guy that I hardly knew. Surprisingly, he was a perfect gentleman and made a date with me for dinner on Friday.

Well, Friday rolled around and I spent hours getting ready for our hot date. Lila had given me the keys to her apartment, whispering that we were free to do whatever we wanted. I was really excited — because I live at home with my parents I never get to be alone with a guy in comfortable surroundings, and Lila said she'd be out for the night!

We met at an Italian restaurant on the south-side of town where Lila lives. It was a really nice, romantic place and the food, like the wine, was heady and excellent. I was so amazed and turned on by this guy. I did not let him know it — I was playing it cool — but Glenn was pushing all the right buttons and I couldn't wait to get my hands on his gorgeous body. He had a certain twinkle in his eyes that I could not quite figure out, and I noticed that his strong muscles were rippling and playing under his shirt — he was really getting to me! I was totally excited by Glenn's presence, and I think he was fascinated with me being an 18-year-old student — he's 25.

Although it was already 10 o'clock, it was still hot and sultry as hell. The humidity was unreal and I suggested that we take Lila up on her offer, since her apartment block has its own private pool. A swim would be really nice!

After a short ride we were there. I opened the door and led Glenn into the living room. It was also hot and sultry inside, but I quickly remedied that by turning on the air conditioner. Instead of heading out toward the pool, Glenn suggested we cool off in air-conditioned comfort and watch some television. He was so adorable that I couldn't hold in my desire for him any longer. His lips found mine and we soon both lost interest in the program. Our tongues entwined in a long, involved, passionate kiss. He seemed so desperate and horny that the juices from my love tunnel trickled down on to my panties, soaking them. Glenn caressed my milky white breasts until my nipples were fully erect, then removed my top, revealing my firm, upper body. He kissed my breasts as if they were delicate rose petals. I, in turn, began to rub and massage his chest with one hand, running my fingers through his hair with the other.

He stood up and removed all of his clothing. His dick was so massive that I was just blown away — I didn't think that it would fit between my tight walls. I was trembling with a furious passion, but was so entranced that I could barely move. He smiled and lifted me up, removing the rest of my clothing. He laid me on the sofa, spread my legs, and licked and sucked his way to my already wet vagina. I grasped his hand in pleasure and moaned in ecstasy. Just when I thought that I was going to come, he once again lifted me and placed me on to the floor. "You are so fucking beautiful," he moaned, as his hard length pushed inside my waiting flower. It took some effort to get his hard dick into my opening, but the reward was worth the wait. He was so intense with his lovemaking that I literally just lost all control and bucked up and down, wanting him in me as far as he could go. He thrust in and out until I thought that I would die of a heart attack. We went on like this for some time, with me coming and coming like crazy.

Glenn was an expert lover, every so often enticing me into a new position. He was so strong that he was able to just pick me up and place me where he wanted. The final position had him fucking me doggie-style, and reaching around to fondle his balls, I could tell he was preparing for a massive blowout. We had been going at it for quite some time when I finally reached a full, hot climax, gasping for breath — I never had such an intense orgasm, and I cried out to him in extreme pleasure. Satisfied that I had come, Glenn pressed down on my back so I was lying on my stomach, then pumped away in a hard, raging style until his hot come shot inside me like a running faucet. We lay there holding each other, catching our breath. We were both so incredibly happy and content at that moment that we laughed and chuckled, caressing each other with newfound interest. — *Name and address withheld*

Hot tropics

I always thought that the letters in your Forum section were made up, but my boyfriend and I just had such a fantastic, erotic island holiday experience, I just had to write in!

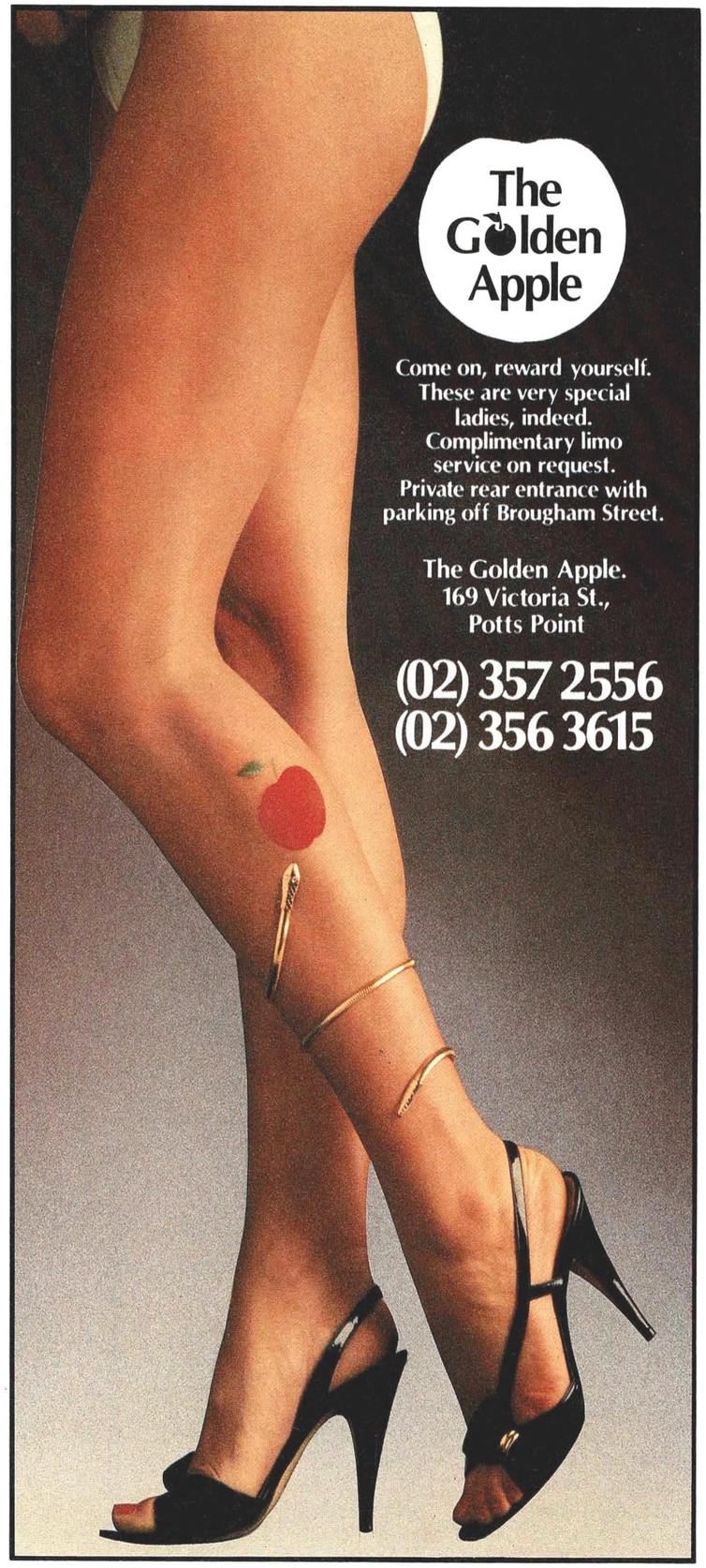
The weather was perfect for all kinds of outdoor activities. The sun was shining and we decided to take a drive around the island. Dave and I were both dressed in shorts and loose shirts, definitely too much clothing for the sultry heat of the countryside. Our Jeep was open with just a roll-bar on top. It was a great ride through rainforests that overlooked the deep-blue ocean. Every now and then we would stop to either take a picture or kiss. We ended up stopping frequently for these kissing breaks. We were both getting hot and bothered and it wasn't from the sun.

As the sun beat down on us, I thought I would enjoy getting an all-over tan, so I took off my top. As we continued driving with my tits bouncing all over the place, I decided to have fun with my boyfriend's bulging hard-on. I stroked his long, hard, thick cock through his tight cut-off Levi's. God, I love it when my baby wears shorts like that! They show everything and they are easy to feel through.

We pulled over to admire the view while the sun and wind worked their magic on our hot and horny bodies. What a perfect romantic setting. We kissed deeply and passionately while stroking each other. We were both thinking, "Okay, are we going to do it right here or not?" We both moaned out loud "Yes!" and took off our shorts, so we were both nude in the hot sunlight.

I moved into the back seat and Dave stood up, one foot on each of the front seats, facing me. He held on to the roll-bar, his hard, upright cock calling out for me to lick it. I took his tool in my mouth and stroked it, feeling the rock-like hardness. I went under him and licked his balls and shaft. He tasted so good — my pussy was soaked, aching for his cock. Dave knew it was my turn when I frantically played with my pussy while giving him head. He lifted me up on the roll-bar, pushed my legs apart, and got into the back seat. My pussy was wide open for his tongue and he explored every inch of my tropical garden. I was thinking that one of my favorite fantasies was finally coming true — getting it on in the hot tropical sun! Here I am, on this beautiful, exotic island, on an isolated dirt road, stark naked on top of a Jeep, getting the best tongue-fuck of my life. Just writing this letter is making me get wet!

Dave's tongue was busily licking my clit, sucking up my juices. Harder and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harder, his tongue hit my button and it swelled up waiting for more. I was so turned on — Dave is an expert when it comes to my pleasure — that I was on the brink of coming. Feeling an orgasm building up inside of me, I pushed Dave down on to the back seat and lowered myself from the roll-bar till my pussy was just inches above his erect tool. My pussy was dripping wet, aching to come, while his hard throbbing cock was begging to have me drop down on it. I couldn't wait any longer, so I slowly slid myself on to his swollen cock and wrapped my legs around him while he voraciously sucked on my tits. By that time, we were both about ready to come, so we rocked and pumped harder and harder and faster, until we both screamed louder and longer than we ever had. Only the birds heard our mingled cries of pleasure. I must say that besides getting an even tan, I was quite satisfied in paradise! — *Name and address withheld*

Fun in the sun

A group of people from where I work get together a few times a year to party and get crazy. This last weekend was one of those times. Usually our parties just include some drinking and a few cheap thrills in the sun, but this last one was a memorable experience. Since we got a taste of warm weather after a long stretch of cold and rain, everyone acquired a touch of spring fever.

It was Saturday morning when we all packed into my van and headed out to the hills. We drove up the coast to some beautiful country, and when we found the proper place, we hiked for about two hours. The sun was high and the wind warm, and we found the perfect spot for our revelry — it even had a swimming hole. After frolicking for a while in the water, we all just lay in the sun and proceeded to do some serious drinking. Things got pretty interesting when Tory decided to shed her suit. As a group, we're pretty loose when we get together, but Tory has a body that no man ever gets used to or tires of, and she likes to show off. I rolled over to enjoy her prancing among the scenery, but before long my dick was peeking out from the leg of my shorts. Penny, who was lying next to me, noticed my condition and grabbed my hard-on. In seconds she had me convinced that I'd do anything if only she'd just finish what she started.

It was then that Tory came over to us and urged Penny on. The next thing I knew, Penny and Tory were pulling my shorts off and Penny swallowed my cock right down to the balls. I guess Tory got horny watching us — she started playing with her pussy. I turned and said that my tongue could do a better job, and she came over and delicately lowered her dripping pussy on to my face. What an exquisite feeling! I had Penny giving me the blowjob of my life, and Tory — sweet Tory — rocking and moaning to the beat of my tongue. Penny must have been a beautiful sight to behold — sucking and licking my rod, her arse swaying in the air. It must have been enticing because Ben, my buddy, knelt down and started to tongue-fuck Penny, who squealed with delight.

The four of us were in fuck heaven! Ben decided to fuck Penny from behind, and when he entered her, she began to bob up and down on my rock-hard prick with a frenzy. Tory was rubbing her tits and I was still licking her statch, when Penny surprised us all by stating that she'd never sucked a woman's pussy before and wanted to now.

Ben and I happily obliged. It's not every day that two hot-blooded males get to see two gorgeous females — one blonde and one brunette — go down on each other in a hot sixty-nine. Tory lay down in anticipation with Penny on top of her. They made a dive for each other's snatches and before long they were both just a quivering pile of orgasmic flesh. It was an incredible sight. Both Ben and I were getting really horny now, and even though it was a shame to break up these two lovelies, we needed some tender loving care.

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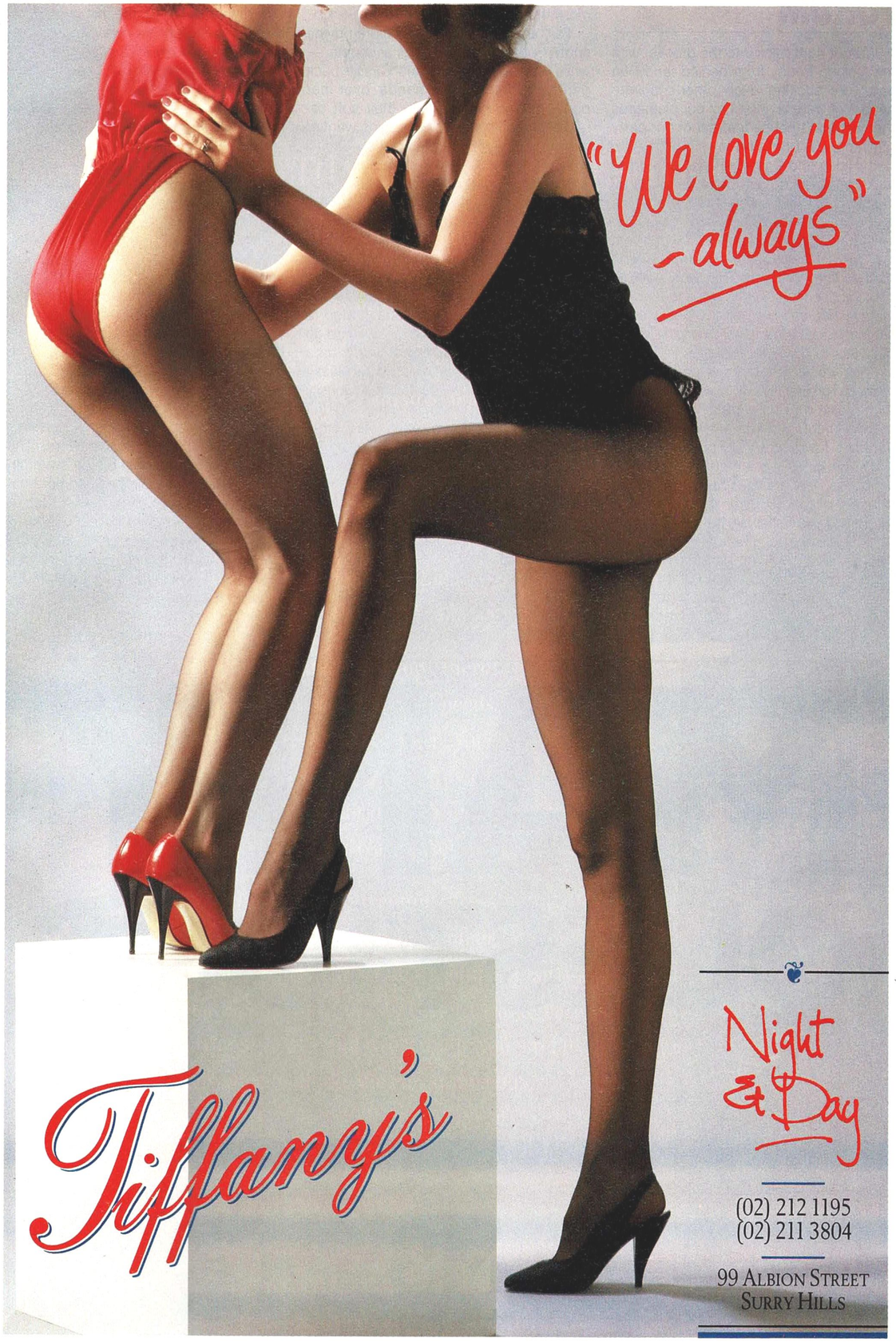


We got right back into the groove, with me fucking Penny from behind, and Ben and Tory sucking each other's private parts. We were so intent on our pleasures that we didn't notice the rest of our party rejoining us from the swimming hole. Both Helen and Cassie (God, I wanted to fuck her so bad) must have been standing there for quite some time, because they both had that glazed look of lust on their faces. I stopped and motioned them to join us. Cassie sat between Tory and Penny. They told her that she needed some loosening up, so they began to remove her bathing suit for her. Cassie seemed kind of nervous. The girls attributed this to her not ever having sex with another woman — but she proved them wrong. Tory stood up and announced that Cassie was still a virgin — and to my astonishment, she wanted *me* to take it from her. I was totally delighted!

Cassie looks like a model in a fashion magazine. Her hair is dark brown with strands of honey and russet running through it. She's small but well proportioned — she's got a beautiful, tight body that I couldn't wait to caress. This was something that I've dreamed of for a long time — I just couldn't believe that she had never been with a man before. I wanted her to remember this time forever, and I was intent on her pleasure more than my own.

Tory and Ben took off to a more private spot — they were kind of a couple — while Helen and Penny laid Cassie back gently, running their hands over her body, getting her hot with their soft caresses. I didn't care that the girls wanted to participate — I figured that Cassie would feel much more comfortable if she was among close girlfriends. Both Helen and Penny instructed me to bring Cassie to orgasm with my mouth while they caressed her tits (and made soft cooing noises as they tantalised each other, too). I tongued Cassie's pussy with reverence, for she had a gorgeous pussy, and sucked on her clitoris until she started to buck and moan in ecstasy. My hard-on was raging by now, but I didn't care about myself — I just wanted to please this wonderful girl. I was so happy, busily sucking away at her pussy, that I didn't realise that Penny and Helen were off in their own sexy world somewhere — I could hear their soft moans of pleasure in a nearby grove of trees. I put my head back down to Cassie's cunt, which by now was dripping with her juices. I looked up at her for a moment and asked, "Do you like that, baby?" She gasped and smiled while fondling her tits.

This girl was really soaked, and soon she motioned me to get on top of her, Carefully I eased my cock inside. She was so tight, so wonderfully snug, but I slid my prick in to the hilt and slowly began to pump my way to ecstasy. Cassie gripped my arse and brought herself closer to me. It was beautiful and I furiously pumped away at her. She now had the rhythm going and was calling out my name, telling me to let go and fuck her harder. I closed my eyes and gripped her even tighter — I wanted her as close as possible to me when I climaxed. We were in a warm, wonderful cocoon of our own making, and to my enjoyment, Cassie came with such intensity that I reached orgasm at the same time. That really doesn't happen too often, but when two people are so sexually in tune, I guess it just goes with the territory. I felt wonderful that I was able to pleasure this beautiful girl for the first time, and she held on to me so tight afterward, I thought my heart would burst.

When we finished, we went off hand in hand to look for the others, who by now were just as spent as we were. They were all lying in the sun by the swimming hole, and when Cassie beamed her beautiful smile at them, they knew that our loving was a complete success. Now we can't seem to get enough of each other. I'm so glad we decided to party on that day — if it weren't for Tory boldly proclaiming Cassie's yearnings, I might have never experienced such exquisite pleasure. — *Name and address withheld*

MANY QUESTIONS

There are still many questions about the causes of Multiple Sclerosis. More funds means more research and more answers. A cure could be only dollars away.

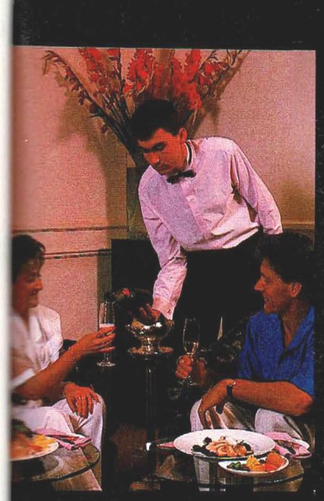
MS
Multiple Sclerosis.

WILLIAMS
100 WILLIAM STREET

MORE THAN JUST A NIGHT SPOT

In addition to being one of Sydney's premier nightspots, we offer you more than sophistication, elegance and a great night out.

From Friday to Sunday nights Williams plays the best music in town, accompanied by a stunning light show. Afterdark – our exclusive Happy Hour – appears on Friday Nights 8-11pm and Sunday 10-Midnight. Join Darren Williams – our piano man extraordinaire, for hot and cold canapes and half price drinks.



The party doesn't stop there! Williams will cater to all your needs. We invite you to entertain your personal guests and business associates in superb luxurious surrounds for corporate or private functions.

Host your next Convention, Press Release, Product Launch, Seminar, Fashion Show, P.R. Event, or company party in the venue that spells 'pure prestige.' Let us take care of all your arrangements and we'll help you create a function designed to please the corporate body.

Williams Night Spot, 100 William Street, Sydney. Tel: (02) 356 2222
Friday-Sunday 8pm-3am. Function Bookings to Sonia Francis Ext. 3202
The Sydney Boulevard, 90 William Street, Sydney NSW 2011. Tel: (02) 357 2277

touchdown

Desiree Colbert redefines the word sex appeal. Her searing good looks and perfect figure make one believe she has been dropped straight from the planet Sex.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEREMY FULLER

An international model with a jet-setting lifestyle, she finds it hard to form attachments. "I'm always catching a plane somewhere. Not many men can cope with a postcard relationship. I always find myself succumbing to the thrill of new affairs, new countries. I want to find a penfriend who can handle my fast lifestyle. When I touch down you can be sure I'll make up for the separation."

BLUES

Continued from page 60

a gun and said: "Look at this here. Do you want to end up like [the murdered trainer] Brown?"

The media, catching the scent of a ripping yarn, burst into a frenzy of feeding, and the Fine Cotton affair went on to become the biggest turf scandal in 20 years. It was to fuel the newspaper columns, the radio airwaves and the television tubes for many months, and its widespread publicity brought into prominence several unlikely characters including a Catholic priest, a merchant banker and a woman heavy with child, all of whom had plunged on the race.

It was all too much. The turf had become the set for a Hollywood movie. Sensations tumbled over each other, and just one of the ramifications was that Robbie Waterhouse, appropriately the bookie with the film-star looks, was sent down for having prior knowledge of the rort. His father, Bill Waterhouse, was also barred for the same reasons.

The Waterhouses certainly weren't on their Pat. An untold number of punters right around the country were also aware that the sting was in, as evidenced for example by the queue which formed at a TAB agency in Darwin on race morning. Fine Cotton, whose form was hopeless, was the only horse the punters wanted to try.

The bookmaking father and son were stripped of their licences by the AJC committee and warned off all racecourses in the world, and later Robbie Waterhouse and four others were committed for trial on conspiracy charges in connection with the affair. Pleas of not guilty were entered and the result was that they were deemed to have had no case to answer. This was a key decision, for it cleared Robbie Waterhouse and his old man of any involvement with the actual ring-in.

It seems highly likely that there were links between the 1984 New Year nobblings which led to the scratching of Wishane Myth and Aquitane, the murder of George Brown and the Fine Cotton Affair. There are many loose tongues in the racing game, and one day the connection will be made.

Having been cleared by a civil court, Waterhouse minor engaged lawyers and began to prepare for appeals for reinstatement to the AJC committee. He had a fight on his hands and he knew it.

To be detained at Her Majesty's pleasure means the imprisonment of a convicted citizen for an unspecified and indefinite period. To be warned off the turf means the same thing, the only difference being that the former cannot get outside (jail) and the latter cannot get inside (a racecourse).

One year. Five years. Twenty years. Or forever? That, at times, must be the way Robbie Waterhouse contemplates his future.

He was, of course, foolish to have become involved with the Fine Cotton rort, and there is no doubt on the face of it that greed brought him unstuck. He had heard via the turf grapevine — as had many hundreds of others both inside and outside racing — that a certain horse due to race in Brisbane was the biggest lay-down misere of all time. Unable to resist the lure of some easy dollars, he armed a team of agents with cash and sent them across the country to back the horse. Prior knowledge. It would be money for old rope.

Waterhouse, the dashing rails bookmaker with a turnover of around $30 million, was jeopardising his licence and his reputation. He deserved to be rubbed out. Everyone — probably even the man himself — agrees on that, but there is a difference between scratching your nose and tearing a lump out of it. Punishment is one thing and excessiveness is another, and the disgraced father and son have, after five years in Coventry, already suffered dearly for their indiscretion.

> Fighters fight. Footballers football. And R. Waterhouse can do nothing but keep his pencil sharp.

Bill Waterhouse, 66, is one of the greatest gamblers of modern times, and in the Sixties he was known as the Lord High Executioner as a result of his confrontations with such high-rolling punters as Frank Duval and Felipe Ysmael. He has had a huge innings with his cavernous white bag in the course of holding a spot as the nation's leading bookie, and one imagines that even if he did make a comeback he wouldn't be interested is swinging the satchel for too long. A couple of years would be tops.

But for Robbie Waterhouse, every day on the outer must be hard yakka at a time when racing needs all the colorful characters it can find to keep the turnstiles clicking. Who is this guy?

Robbie Waterhouse was educated at Sydney's Church of England Grammar and began to pencil for his bookmaking relatives even before he was old enough to drive a car or raise a schooner of Reschs.

After serving his time at bush meetings he was accepted into Sydney's main betting rings. He was only 30 yet he immediately challenged the biggest horseplayers at the tracks. Like his father and his grandfather, the young Waterhouse was the genuine article, bumptious and brilliant, aggressive and assertive, a buccaneer, taunting the punters to have a go and loving every moment of it.

His marriage to Gai Smith, only offspring of the legendary trainer Tom Smith, was an orgasmic event for the media. It was a wedding arranged in heaven because it forged links between two of the turf's most notable families. It was like a royal love-match, and the reporters were likening the newly-weds to a prince and his princess.

But, like a commoner, Robbie Waterhouse had his scrapes with the authorities from time to time, and then along came his nemesis — the Fine Cotton ring-in — and his professional world disintegrated.

All he has left is his money and his possessions.

The warning-off has stigmatised him and effectively destroyed his career as well as his business, and he is still paying heavy duty for having had prior knowledge of the conspiracy. There are (untrue) rumors that he has separated from Gai. Some members of his family have turned their backs. Many of his long-time friends don't want to know. The only positive aspect is that Waterhouse now knows who his real friends are. Life is like that.

But he has no mates within the AJC. Two appeals last year to the club committee fell on deaf ears, with no reasons being given, and a plea earlier this year to the NSW Racing Appeals brought a technical response: he was told he was "not entitled" to appeal.

It is quite within character for the AJC committee to pass a judgement on a "licensed person" without bothering to supply an explanation. It is the style of the committee of Australia's oldest and crustiest turf outfit. To a tee. The incumbents don't mess around with lesser mortals.

Banishment forever would be shattering for a man who reputedly has a passion for the turf quite apart from the fulsome turnover it may generate. But nothing could be as diabolical for Waterhouse as never knowing why such a prolonged period of figurative incarceration had come to pass.

Clemency, a fundamental human value, is itemised in the *Macquarie Dictionary* as "mercy or kind forebearance, especially as shown towards an enemy." We could translate this by holding that while it may be perfectly acceptable to kick a man in the goolies while he is down, we are not morally disposed to keep planting the boot, *ad nauseam*, until his tripe falls out.

Meanwhile, Waterhouse keeps a low profile these days and refuses interviews. He spends Saturday arvos with his children, Tom, 6, and Kate, 5. He concentrates on swimming in the summer and horseriding in the winter, and he spends time on his sheep farm at Hay.

We all do the best we can with what little talent we have. Fighters fight. Footballers football. Jockeys jock. And R. Waterhouse — a man in limbo — can do nothing but keep his pencil sharp while he waits.

Introducing Christine Fox and Clarry Wright — two Australians in the comic that doesn't kid around.

BODY GUARD

"GYM'N'TONIC", A YUPPIE GYM IN SYDNEY'S OXFORD ST, DARLINGHURST.
STORY, INKS + COLOURS DAVID de VRIES PENCILS + LETTERS GLENN LUMSDEN.
G'DAY, YOU THE BABE THAT WANTED TO SEE ME?
SHIT, IT'S YOU!
STRUTH, I DIDN'T RECOGNISE YOU WITH YOUR... ER... CLOTHES ON.
YOU KNOW, YOU SNUCK OUT SO EARLY THAT MORNIN' I NEVER DID GET YOUR NAME...
CHRISTINE FOX. AND YOU'RE CLARRY WRIGHT.
GEEZE, WHAT A MEMORY! IT MUSTA BEEN OVER A MONTH AGO, A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE CLIFF'S BIG FIGHT...
YES, WELL...
J. Lumsden + de Vries.

"...IT WAS A HELL OF A NIGHT."

BUGGER IT JOHNSTON, WATCHING A GYM... WHAT A WANK.

I DIDN'T JOIN THE FORCE TO FREEZE MY TITS OFF DECKED OUT AS A BLOODY HOOKER ON THESE PISSANTE UNDERCOVER STAKEOUTS.

"THAT'S "SERGEANT JOHNSTON", FOX!

NOW, UNLESS YOU WANT TO FIND YOURSELF ON A REPORT, BE A GOOD LITTLE CONSTABLE AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

IF YOU'RE FEELING COLD, I COULD ALWAYS HELP YOU LEND AUTHENTICITY TO YOUR PART AND WARM YOU UP...

SERGEANT OR NOT, IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR FUCKING HAND OFF ME...!

VERY WELL, LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO WARM MESELF AT THE PUB...

NOW KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT GYM. THE TIP SAID TEN BUT HE'S BEEN WRONG BEFORE. I'LL SEE YOU AT QUARTER TO.

AND FOX... TRY NOT TO GET YOURSELF RAPED UNTIL I GET BACK!

FITNESS CLUB

YOU'D BETTER DO THE CHAMP.. I BACKED YA AT 2 TO 1 TO WIN.

SO CLIFF... TWO DAYS TO THE BIG ONE...

* SPA
* SAUNA
* LADIES CLASSES
* DISCOUNT FOR THE DISABLED

SLACK PRICK.

NO WUCKERS, CLARRY. IT'S IN THE BAG.

THAT SUCKER'LL BE DEAD MEAT BY THE FOURTH ROUND!

BULLSHIT, FRENCH!

THE CLOSEST YOU'RE GETTING TO A RING IS WHEN THEY WIPE YOUR ARSE IN HOSPITAL!

SHIT, 9:30!

THAT BLOODY JOHNSTON!

STAY OUTTA THIS, CLIFF. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE TURDS.

I'VE BET A PACKET ON YOU, AN' I DON'T WANT YOU DAMAGIN' YOUR HANDS!

HE'S GONNA DAMAGE MORE THAN THAT!

YA GONNA HAVE TO DO ME FIRST!

ONE ON TO THREE, THAT BLOKE'S GOT GUTS...

CLIFF, RUN FOR IT!

GET HELP!

EEYOW!!

HOOLY DOOLY!

FRENCH... ARE YOU O.K.?

SO YOU LIKE NUTS, EH? WHEN I'M DONE WITH THESE DICKHEADS, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THEY WORK!

WHO ARE YOU CALLING A DICKHEAD?!

WHA...?

...HITTING A SHEILA FROM BEHIND...

THAT'S IT, MATE!

CRACK!

NO MORE FUCKING AROUND!

HOW'RE YA GOING, CLIFF, O.K.?

FINE MATE. THEY NEVER GOT NEAR ME.

AN' THE GIRL?

SHE'LL BE O.K., ALL SHE NEEDS IS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. BY THE LOOK OF HER IT'LL BE A CHANGE!

I WONDER WHO SHE IS?

"DUNNO, MATE...ANY RATE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER... HEH HEH.."

WELL, THAT'S CLIFF SAFELY HOME...

NOW WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU?

I KNOW, I KNOW...

...BUT ONLY A BASTARD WOULD ROOT A CORPSE...

DESERTING A STAKEOUT...

DERELICTION OF DUTY...

INSUBORDINATION...

WELL FOX... YOU'VE READ SERGEANT JOHNSTON'S REPORT...

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

WELL CONSTABLE.?

JOHNSTON... YOU AND THE CAPTAIN CAN TAKE YOUR REPORT-

AND THE WHOLE BLOODY POLICE FORCE-

AND STICK- IT- UP- YOUR-

ARSE!!

FOX!

BUMMER, EH? STILL, I'M WELL OUT OF IT...

BUT I HEAR WE'RE IN THE SAME BOAT, CLARRY.

WITH CLIFF FRENCH QUITTING THE RING AFTER THAT LAST FIGHT...

I GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB TOO.

AHHH, SOMETHIN'LL TURN 'UP... THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO NEEDS A SPARRIN' PARTNER.

TROUBLE IS, I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE TIRED OF ALWAYS BEIN' ON THE RECEIVIN' END.

YOU KNOW, THAT NIGHT WHEN YOU AN' ME DID THE BODYGUARD BIT FOR CLIFF AN' WALLOPED THOSE BASTARDS...

...GEEZE THAT FELT GOOD!

IT SURE DID!

THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU...

...CLARRY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO INTO PARTNERSHIP?

I DUNNO, WHAT'D YOU HAVE IN MIND?

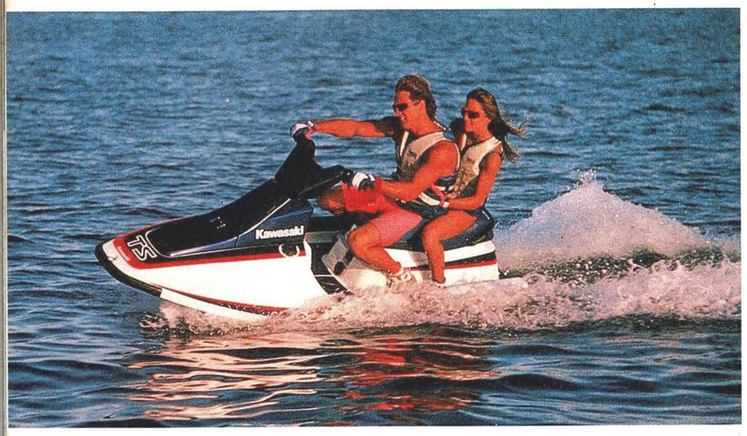
"We Watch Your Arse."
BODYGUARD
CHRISTINE FOX
CLARRY WRIGHT
PHONE: 904404 (Ask for Chris)

THE BEGINNING.

LOOSE ENDS

AQUATIC ACTION

The new Jet Ski TS from Kawasaki makes even amateurs look like an aquatic version of Indiana Jones with its powerful 635cc twin-cylinder engine and jet propulsion system. It also features an all-new extra-stable hull of a special design which allows riders to easily board the machine and makes it easier to handle while underway. The Jet Ski TS exhibits great straight-line tracking, great turning ability, and almost no porpoising even when riding duo. Other mod cons include a cast aluminium and stainless steel exhaust system to help reduce noise, a push-button electric starter for quick, easy starts, large 24-litre fuel capacity for long rides, a wrist lanyard connected to the craft's ignition to stop the engine if the driver falls off, and an automatic oil-injection system which supplies the correct amount of oil to the engine, so there's no pre-mixing. A large-capacity bilge system automatically removes any water that might enter the engine compartment and flotation cells in the hull makes the Jet Ski TS virtually impossible to sink. This waterborne mean machine sells for $6999 and is available through your local Kawasaki dealer.



SETTING THE PACE

New from Canon comes the EOS 630, a 35mm autofocus single lens reflex camera that sets the pace in automation with seven built-in automatic program modes and autofocusing that's twice as fast as previous EOS cameras. EOS 630 features include built-in five frames per second motor drive, automatic exposure bracketing with manual cancellation, multiple exposure capability, depth of field auto-exposure, illuminated LCD information panel and an improved version of Canon's evaluative metering system. Sells for around $1200 at photographic specialists.

COLD STEEL

Exceptional quality Australian-made knives for the hunter, sportsman, collector and investor are a true rarity, but they are becoming increasingly available through a small group of craftsmen from around the country who have united as the Australian Knife Guild. The Sheffield Bowie knife pictured was made by Victorian craftsman Kurt B. Simmonds. It features a 440C stainless steel blade, sterling silver fittings and a mastadon ivory handle. From his Castlemaine workshop Simmonds turns out a wide variety of plain and decorated knives to his own designs and to clients' specifications. His materials can include ivory, ebony, precious stones, and precious metals for intricate file work. For more information, phone KBS Knives on (054) 72 4387.

The Hardwear range of watches is the most innovative and different ever produced by Swatch, featuring as they do a full metal jacket and metal stretch band which slides on and off with ease. Of the three models in this new range we've pictured the "Steeltech", a streamlined see-through version.

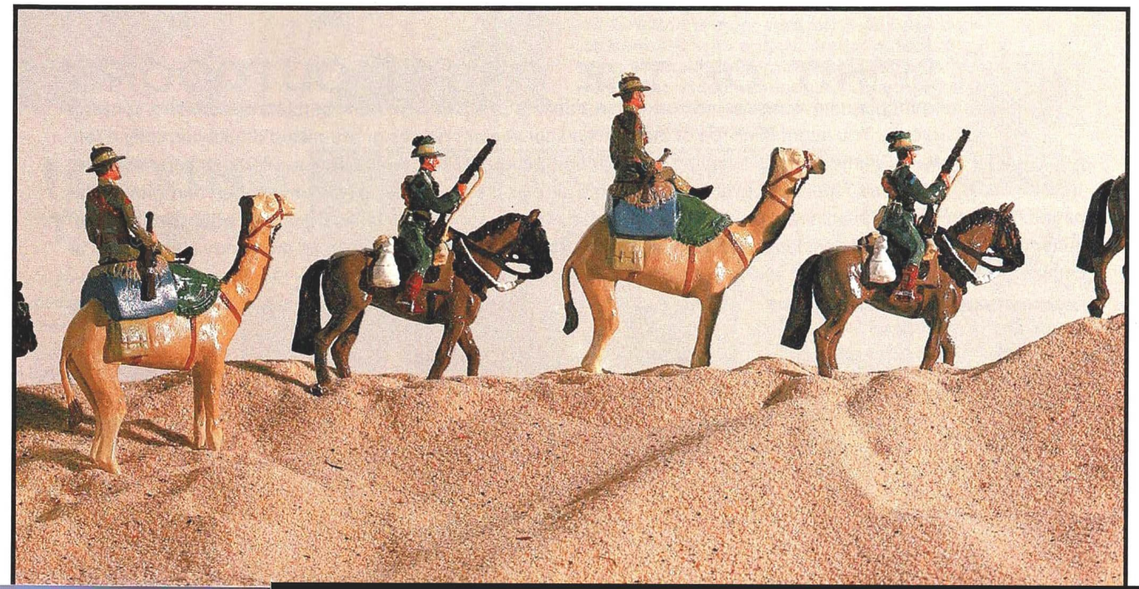
FULL METAL JACKET

SAVING FACE

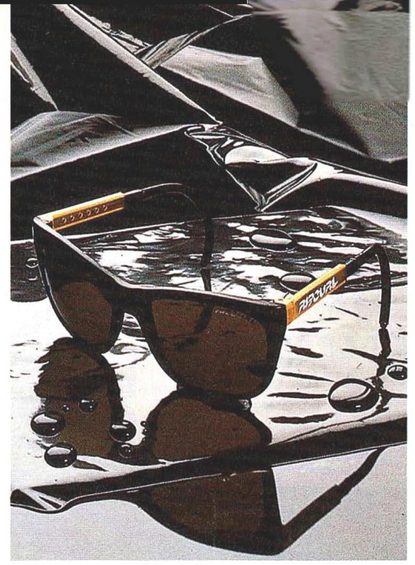
So you've just had a shave. Along with the whiskers you've removed significant layers of dead skin cells. Don't, whatever you do, splash on astringent aftershave lotion or you'll be doing your skin more harm than good. The skin experts at Madame Korner, Australia's leading skin and beauty salon, recommend that you close your pores with a mild lotion to prevent irritation and then follow up with a light moisturiser. The Madame Korner range of products for men who are man enough to look after their skin includes Skin Calmer, light moisturising Lustre Lotion, Super Moisturiser to balance the skin and Collagen Concentrate for more intense treatment. Available from Madame Korner salons in Sydney and Melbourne.

COLLECTABLES

The collectability of toys has been much in the news in recent months, with old and even not-so-old items fetching big bucks at auction. Toy soldiers are a favorite among discerning collectors and locally made Australian soldiers hold a special appeal. These WWI mounted lighthorsemen and Camel Corps soldiers are a part of a range of hand-painted white metal pieces made by two of Australia's small number of toy soldier makers. A wide range of Australian mounted and infantry sets are currently available. A stamped self-addressed envelope will get you a catalogue from Collectors Paradise, 233 Military Road, Cremorne, NSW 2090.

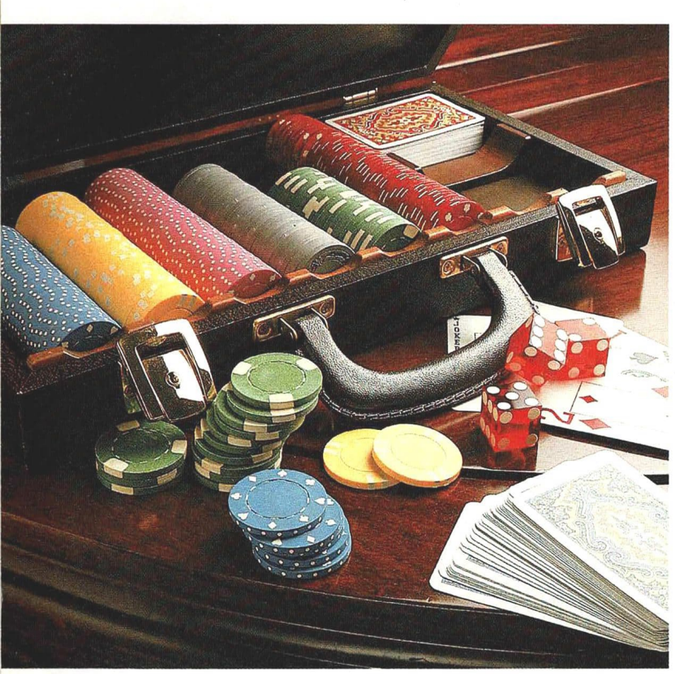


LOOSE ENDS



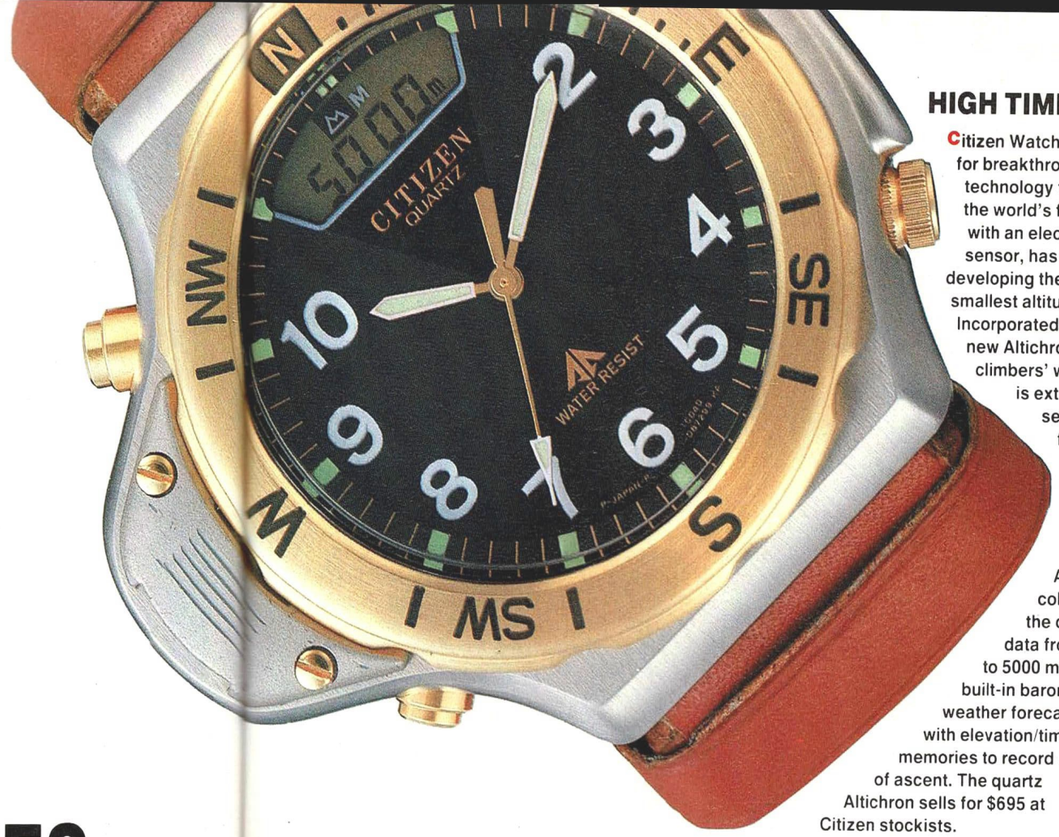
RUBBER GLASSES

Rip Curl, renowned manufacturer of wetsuits and ski gear, has moved into the shades market. The new and rugged Rip Curl range of sunglasses are French designed, featuring rubber frames and the latest in lens technology. The shatter-resistant lenses provide 100 percent protection from ultra-violet rays and the extremely flexible frames will not break or hurt the wearer in the event of a sporting spill. Packed with interchangeable hooked and straight arms, and a rubber sunglass cord, Rip Curl sunnies sell for $69.95 in most surf, ski and sports outlets.



HOME GAMES

Australian Casino Equipment Supplies (ACES), suppliers of gaming equipment to Australian and international casinos, also supply the serious home gaming enthusiast with a range of high-quality local and imported home games, poker chips, blackjack shoes and gift kits. They specialise in personalised gold foil hot-stamped poker chips in a wide range of colors and designs. Chips are priced from $1 each (minimum 100), precision dice cost $5 and playing cards range from $5 packs to a $45 twin pack of the famous plastic-coated KEM cards. Gaming kits made up to your specifications vary in price, of course, but all are packaged in sturdy polished wood carrying cases. For further details, phone (02) 319 1633.



HIGH TIME

Citizen Watches, known for breakthrough sensor technology that led to the world's first diving watch with an electronic depth sensor, has succeeded in developing the world's smallest altitude sensor. Incorporated in Citizen's new Altichron professional climbers' watch, the sensor is extremely accurate and sensitive to minute fluctuations in atmospheric pressure. Conventionally, mountain climbers carry big bulky devices known as aneroid altimeters. The lightweight and rugged Altichron, resistant to snow, cold, rain and dust, offers the climber instant elevation data from minus 300 metres to 5000 metres and has a built-in barometer for weather forecasting along with elevation/time memories to record stages of ascent. The quartz Altichron sells for $695 at Citizen stockists.

SPIRIT OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Spring is nigh upon us—time to start thinking of outdoor parties, barbies, picnics and sporting events. You might think too of the new and convenient ranges of pre-mixed drinks currently available. Pimm's No 1 is enjoying a new-found popularity and this is now available in cans in mixes known as Traditional (with lemonade and citrus essence), Classic (with dry ginger) and with champagne. Vicker's gin is available with lime, with lemon and soda, and simply with tonic. Cossack Vodka is mixed with either orange drink or with passionfruit drink, and Vat 69 Whisky is teamed with cola. All are handy alternatives or complements to beer and wine at spring and summer outings.

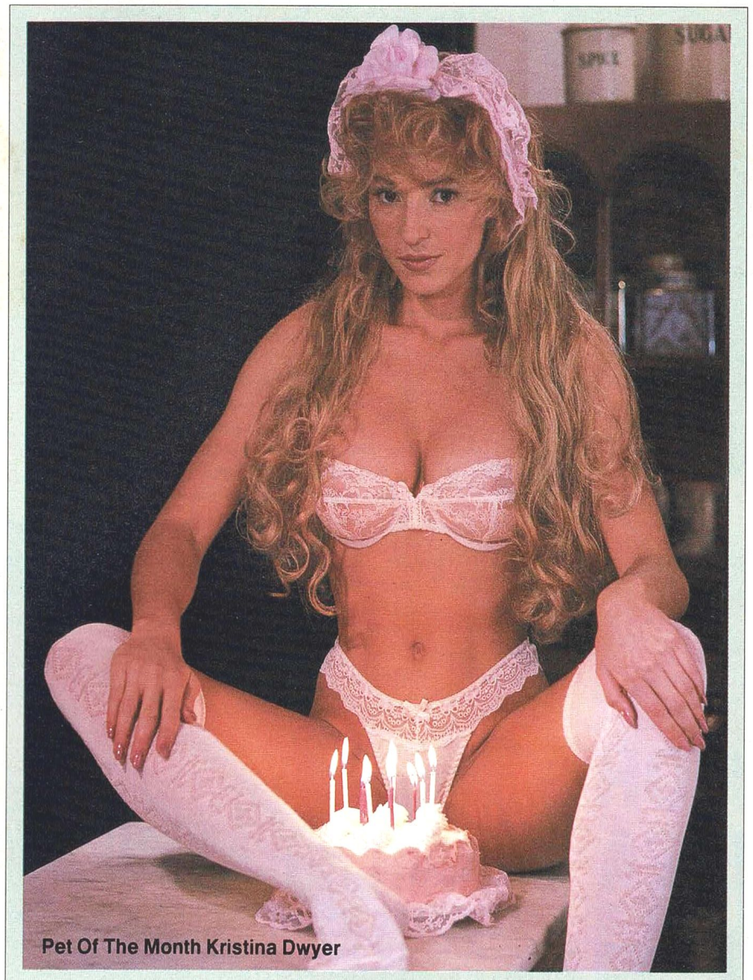
VICKERS GIN LONDON DRY and LIME Lemon & Soda 375ml
VICKERS GIN LONDON DRY and LEMON Squash 375ml
VICKERS GIN LONDON DRY and TONIC 375ml
PIMM'S No 1 TRADITIONAL WITH LEMONADE AND CITRUS ESSENCE
PIMM'S CLASSIC No 1 WITH CHAMPAGNE
PIMM'S No 1 CLASSIC WITH DRY GINGER

MIGHTY MIDI

Traditionally, midi systems have equated with low-budget, average performance hi-fi, but Sansui is out to change that image with the release of its Bar System 970/770 hi-fi midi systems. Consisting of 36cm wide components and ideal for shelves and smaller rooms, the Bar series offer Megalomix crossfader and CARS recording system to produce seamless, professionally mixed music tapes. The X-balanced amplifier deletes noise degradation while the Dolby HX-Pro double cassette deck automatically adjusts recording signals to combine low distortion with maximum output. Also featured: 57-function remote control, 3-way speaker system, CD with optical digital output, 3-mode programmable timer, direct digital sound switch and audio/video connection capacity. Three models are available from around $3000 at leading hi-fi specialists.

HITTING THE SPOT

An exhaustive study of the hit pattern of the "average" golfer has resulted in a new range of clubs from Spalding Australia. Called "Muscleback", the clubs are specifically designed for golfers in the 10 to 25 handicap bracket who tend to hit toward the toe of the club. Spalding research showed that most golfers, when using longer irons, tend to hit towards the toe of the club, missing the sweet spot and robbing themselves of power. When using shorter irons the golfers hit the ball towards the centre of the club. As a result the Muscleback range has been designed with a floating ridge of driving back muscle which brings the club's sweet spot back to the point where golfers hit the ball most often. In a range of shaft options, the Muscleback irons are in pro shops now.



Pet Of The Month Kristina Dwyer

A QUICK PEEK AT OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Special 10th Birthday Issue — Yes, it's been exactly one decade for Australia's number one men's magazine, but rather than bore you with details of our achievements down the years, we're celebrating with a bigger and better Bumper Party Issue. Sixteen extra pages to include a special pictorial of Adelaide's Lucinda Dunn, the lithe, lanky brunette who won the role of Bond girl in the upcoming *Licensed To Kill*, and to accommodate the return as Pet Of The Month of Kristina Dwyer, the blonde bombshell who proved one of the most popular Pets in our ten-year history. And there are a few more surprises as well. Pop your cork with us next month.

When Men Get Raped— One in nine boys will be sexually assaulted in some way by the time they're 18. But these victims have been largely ignored by a society obsessed with female rape victims, even though the resultant feelings of guilt, depression and despair are often just as severe in males. *Penthouse* looks at some disturbing cases of men whose lives have been shattered by sexual assault.

California Nightmare — The Beach Boys were harmonising about fun, fun, fun while The Mamas And The Papas produced the anthem of the age, "California Dreamin'." Among all the sweetness and light that radiated out of Southern California in the Sixties there emerged a string of astonishingly drug-addicted debauchees whose exploits are only now coming to light. Glenn A. Baker collates the damning evidence in a riveting feature.

L.A. War Part 2 — Again, the pictures tell a story of society out of control. In the second instalment of this unique piece of photojournalism, *Penthouse* looks at the L.A. Police Department's mission impossible: fighting the barons who oversee the crack war. They're hopelessly outnumbered and tragically outgunned, but these boys are determined to hang in there. Don't miss it.

RUNNING

Continued from page 105

window and spread the venetians.

An unmarked Combi idled in the shadows. The back doors opened and a figure stepped out, silhouetted against the pale wash of light from the monitors inside. He looked up and waved.

"The news and current affairs people from Willeman's old network," I said. "They were real keen to tape this."

As I looked back at the three of them grouped round the desk, Colby brought his fist down hard and the camera exploded. Components skittered across the desk. A raw gash marred the Paradise.

"Waste of time, mate. They microlinked the lot: picture and sound." I pulled up my shirt to show the mike strapped to my chest. "Smile. You're on *Candid Camera*."

I was halfway down the stairs when she called to me from the top.

"Noakes?"

My feet slowed against my will.

"You're just going to . . . give it all up? Everything?"

"I never really had it, did I?"

She looked down at me, leaning on the curved steel of the bannister. And for an instant, every angstrom of the force that could hold 10,000 people spellbound was turned on me. For a millisecond I saw the faked passport, felt the attache case heavy with cash, lived the quick first class flight, smelled the sun and oil of Copacabana . . .

Then I met her eyes, and recognised the emotion in them. Not love. Not even hate. Something else. Something that ate into my bones.

"Better get back in there." My voice grated. "The longer you're away, the sweeter you'll look as a scapegoat."

She said some things the network would have to bleep on the evening news. They echoed after me as I crossed the black cavern of the foyer and walked into the night.

I rang from an all-night drinking place in the Cross.

"Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?"

"You're pissed."

"You're not wrong, sweetheart. Come, let's have one other gaudy night."

"You know where the key is." She hung up.

It was three in the morning, but I knew she'd be changing the sheets and looking for the Tony Bennett album. Perhaps the Antony I was about to play opposite her Cleopatra wouldn't have star quality, but lacerated pride would ensure at least the competence of a good dress rehearsal.

Then maybe I could forget Flair's eyes, and the pity I'd seen there.

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